

Chatelaine

The Canadian Woman's Magazine

APRIL, 1946
TEN CENTS



The Fashion Story...and its new elegance



"Say! You act as though pastry were poison!"

"You can't talk ME out of eating cream puffs. They're my middle name!"

Sure—you and millions of others with a "sweet tooth." Those rich, creamy desserts are good, wholesome eating—but they *do* add up to more soft food on your menus.

"Well . . . who's complaining about soft foods?"

Not a soul. Just trying to point out that soft foods aren't *chewy*. So your gums get robbed of healthful exercise.

"What now—robbing my GUMS?"

That's it. So often, modern gums are sensitive, neglected. Your tooth brush may flash a tinge of "pink." But why wait for such a warning? Start helping your gums—and your smile now—by massaging with Ipana Tooth Paste.

"My smile? Sounds like double talk."

Not double *talk*, exactly. But double help for teeth and gums. You see, sound, sparkling teeth depend so much on firm, healthy gums. And Ipana, with massage, helps the gums to sounder health. *Twice* as effective, see?

"And what if 'pink tooth brush' turns up?"
Your dentist will have the answer to that. But take heed, lady—a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush says plainly: *The time to see your dentist is NOW!*

He may say your gums are tender—robbed of vigorous exercise by soft, easy-to-chew foods. And, like thousands of dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Listen to him carefully! For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans teeth but, with massage, it helps the gums. So each time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang" you feel, tells you circulation is speeding up in the gum tissues—helping gums to firmer health.

A bright, sparkling smile can hold a world of charm. What better incentive for starting, today, with Ipana and massage?



A Product of Bristol-Myers — Made in Canada

Wake up lazy gums with Ipana and Massage!



"Gothic" Brassiere Style 2926

Uplift beauty Special chic and glamour. A GOTHIC with its unequalled Cordtex support is rapturously

comfortable. It lifts, rounds and separates the breasts without binding under the bust, or shoulder strap strain. Ideal for youthful or maturish figures.

It's fashion plus function. Designed in five variations of cup sizes to suit every figure type.

THE CORDTEX BEAUTY LIFT THAT L-A-S-T-S

GOTHIC
Cordtex

E. Miller

GM-46-1



Bread for breakfast toast makes the centerpiece of this pretty setting of Spode Rosebud Chintz China.

Bread ON THE TABLE

....THE MEAL IS READY!

PUT the bread on the table—and call your family in! Bread on the table is the signal to eat!

Your baker's brown-crust, tender-textured bread looks *so appetizing* when nicely arranged on a pretty plate! And the bread Canada's bakers make for you provides hearty energy-stamina for every meal—food energy that sticks

to your ribs! It's important, too, as a source of protein needed for tissue building and muscle repair.

Serve plenty of good, nourishing baker's bread at every meal... sliced, toasted, cubed for soups, to transform left-overs into real treats!

No meal is really complete until you *put the bread on the table!*



BUY BAKER'S BREAD

Thanks to your Baker—you can easily serve the finest bread that can be made today. His baking skill, his modern equipment and methods, the fine ingredients he uses give you bread that is unequalled in wholesomeness and delicious flavor. Eat plenty of baker's bread—at least 3 slices every meal.



Sniffles? Sneezing?

Sore Throat?

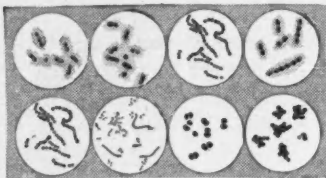
Gargle Listerine — Quick!

Germ Reduction

Fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, tests showed bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7%, and up to 80% one hour after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

THE "SECONDARY INVADERS"

These are some types of the threatening germs that cause so much of the misery of a cold when they invade the body through throat membranes.



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

OFTEN this delightful precaution, taken early and repeatedly, helps to head off a cold entirely or lessen its severity. Here is why:

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of the "secondary invaders". These troublesome germs, many authorities agree, cause practically all the misery and serious complications of a cold.

When Germs Strike

When your feet are wet or cold . . . when you are tired or chilled

. . . get into a draft . . . or go from a hot room into the cold outdoors . . . body resistance is often so lowered that the "secondary invaders" find it easy to stage a mass invasion of the tissue. Since they can aggravate an infection it should be handled like an infection—with germ-killing action.

So, remember, at the first hint of a cold, use Listerine Antiseptic. Better still, make the Listerine-gargle a morning and night habit.

Fewer Colds in Tests

Bear in mind Listerine's impressive record made in tests over a 12-year period; those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds than non-garglers . . . also fewer sore throats.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
Makers of

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

MADE IN CANADA

Foreword and Footnotes



CHATELAINE'S House No. 1, which will certainly stop you on Pages 8 and 9, owes its dynamic ingenuity to the three experts pictured here. First of all, there is John B. Parkin, A.R.I.B.A., at right, the architect who designed the house and gave it that delightful, uninhibited, free-flowing character. Like most of the young Canadian architects, he is a passionate believer in the modern point of view. He likes the open type of plan, using large areas of glass to relate indoor and outdoor living; maintains that through the employment of new materials now available, this sort of design can be as practicable in Canada as in California—and even more desirable in our sun-rationed climate. He is much in favor of the basementless house; has built two houses of this kind and discovered there is a definite saving of money to the client.

Mr. Parkin grew up in Hamilton, graduated in 1935 from the School of Architecture, University of Toronto; worked two years in architects' offices in England; returned to Canada in 1937 to set up his own practice. His versatility as a designer can be gauged by the fact that he is consulting architect for the Toronto rapid transit scheme, and because of the progressive thought shown in his Sunnylea School in Etobicoke (a plan much studied and discussed in Britain) he has been made an active member of the Committee on Planning and Equipment of Schools in the Province of Ontario—and now has on his books commissions for 10 more schools of the one-story, sun-inviting type.

All three of our experts, it appears, have the city of Hamilton as a bond in common, though they met for the first time over the drafting table where Chatelaine's architectural project was born. Freda G. James, our Consulting Decorator, who designed the furnishing scheme, grew up nearby in the Niagara Peninsula, and Harry E. Tallman, who built the perfectly detailed model, was born

in the Ambitious City. He came to Toronto to study sculpture, got his first pay envelope doing merchandise display for a department store, and just a year or two ago opened his own studio. No problem has ever stumped him yet whether the job is an elaborate Cinderella coach or a public park scheme in miniature. Example: for those very convincing trees planted in the grounds of House No. 1, he used full-foliaged dried sage plants!



Miss James, whom you see beside the model, above, in the last-minute discussion with Mr. Tallman, is the same sort of daring experimenter when it comes to infinitesimal details. The modern wood screens in the living room are medical swab sticks bound together; the sun umbrella is a baby's rattle cut in half, polka-dotted and given a scalloped edge. The whole effect is so realistic and livable, you'll probably want to take a diminishing powder yourself and move right in!



Don't Chase After the Boys

by Marion Walden

Illustrated by John Jones.

HE DIDN'T ask. That was the way Thelma, her girl friend, had told her a kiss should be. "I would hate it if he asked me first," Thelma always said, when she and Coralee talked about boys and kissing. Coralee had followed Roy out the lighted doorway and down the walk, and when they'd come to the black shadow of the maple tree, he'd just simply folded his arms tight around her and kissed her hard on the mouth.

And then mom came to the doorway and called sharply, "Coralee, where are you? You left the door open, and there's a draught."

"Good night, sweet," whispered Roy, with an emphasizing little squeeze.

"Good night," said Coralee, carefully aloud.

"Now, Coralee," mom said, as soon as she was back in the living room, "there simply is no reason for following your callers out of the house. I've told you time and again, no nice young girl does it. What do you suppose the neighbors will be saying? I can't understand—"

It went on at length, reinforced by dad's glare from over the tops of his reading glasses, and the righteous contemplation of a younger brother and sister.

Mom continued. "Now, Coralee. About this young man. He brought you home Tuesday from the Youth Centre, and tonight. I heard him ask you to the movies tomorrow night. Now that's all very well, but you're too young to be spending all your time with one boy. And especially, we don't know much about him."

"Freddie Briggs does," Coralee retorted. "That's Thelma's boy friend. They're going steady. Freddie knew Roy before he was in the Army. He says Roy's a swell kid. His boss saved his job for him."

"That's neither here nor there," mom insisted. "The point is—" The point was the same as always. Coralee knew all the points by heart. But perhaps mom was right. She'd try to mind her precepts.

"All right, all right," she said a trifle + Continued on page 20

It was a moment that brought dreams of moonlight and balconies; knights on white chargers; bells and blossoms.

STERLING

of Unrivalled Beauty...



ROMANTIC ROSE POINT — rich in tradition, exquisitely beautiful—the sterling that knows no rival for loveliness. Its peerless craftsmanship and rare sculptured beauty impart an air of sophistication that is truly delightful. The rose of romance and the delicacy of bridal lace are embodied in Rose Point by Wallace Craftsmen, to give it distinctive character and legendary charm. See Rose Point at your silverware dealer's.

ROSE POINT
THIRD DIMENSION BEAUTY
BY
WALLACE

MADE IN CANADA BY
R. WALLACE & SONS OF CANADA LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

Love goes Lightly

by Helene Carpenter

Illustrated by Jack Keary.

SOME people can meet a problem or leave it alone. Holly Kane met hers more than halfway, with both fists swinging. "Occasionally," her sister Angela was fond of saying, "she swallows an extra vitamin and tackles mine too."

"Not any more," Holly promised herself as she poked the Art School typewriter with a pair of shapely forefingers. Then she looked up. Straight into the eyes of Kirk Farraday. Her heart bounced into her throat, fluttering like a bird in a chimney. Her legs went limp like pretzels in the rain.

War correspondent Farraday, who had flung himself out of planes with paratroopers into the dust of North Africa, who trod the bloody road to Rome and stopped a sniper's bullet in a Cherbourg doorway, was leaning against the door of the Fine Arts office.

Angela, to whom he thought he was engaged, was in the museum with Roger Macon, hanging pictures. Any minute they'd pop in here for the canvases stacked against her desk. Roger and Angela were about to say "I do," with full orange-blossom treatment, and Kirk's return would take the grin out of Lohengrin but nicely.

"Front Page Farraday!" She looked at him as if he were a telephone book and she didn't want a number. "Not among the missing as reported. I've been living in a fool's paradise."

Antagonism bubbled lava hot, just as it had when she was in high school and hated him for keeping her sister in a state of jerks and jitters. Angela shouldn't walk into this cold. Sharply, she caught herself. "Am I my sister's keeper? Or how would I like to mind my own business?"

Aware of his deceptively mild eyes, she pounded away with anything but quiet desperation. "Do come in—for a minute."

"Home after three years," he mused, not moving. "And what do I get? Kisses? Confetti?" He shook his head sadly. "Not even 'the little hello.'"

HE WAS handsome, she conceded grudgingly, in a gaunt battered kind of way. A thin scar bisecting an eyebrow ran up into waves of rough brown hair. Outside a fine drawn tired look about the mouth, he had the same jaunty toughness when as editor of the University Daily he had harassed the faculty beyond endurance.

"If you stick around," she warned, "the campus will break out in a rash of bunting and speeches."

"Remind me to change the dedication of my book. 'To Angel's kid sister who made me what I am today.'"

"You haven't changed much, unfortunately." "I always was a fascinating guy," he admitted, straightening away from the door. "I have to beat the women off with my sword."

"That I'll have to see."

He strolled into the room. "Lush foxhole you have here." His glance ricocheted off rubbed gold walls to the index fingers skittering over the keys. "What are you? A booby trap?"

Professional secretaries were as scarce as sirloins in Mother Hubbard's cupboard, she was happy not to explain, and the art director didn't consider

gratis, after-class help funny. "You must have a great many things to do—people to see, I hope."

He brushed aside a Chinese pottery horse and leaned across her desk. "Did you always have them?"

"What?" Belligerently.

"Fabulous blue eyes. Black hair." He pulled a close-cropped ringlet and let it snap back to her head. "Funny. I've always thought of you as a redhead. You were a revolting child."

"You mooned around making Angela miserable."

"Because I wanted her to marry me?" The split eyebrow raised in comic enquiry.

"Elope! After you'd been expelled for your Faculty Profiles." She quoted from one. "Sir, your stuffed shirt is showing."

He cut short a laugh to stare at her. "Imagine you remembering that. How old were you. Fifteen. When you sent me on my way?"

"I never—"

"Oh, yes, you did. Fat and foursquare you stood in the middle of the rug and heckled me while I waited for Angela."

Abruptly she stood up, buttoning a grey coat over a scarlet sweater. "I wasn't fat," she said.

Dropping into a chair, he crossed his long legs at the ankles. Skipping details, he was pleasantly aware of her brief jacket whittled to slim contours, a ruler-straight skirt that hid no charms. "You wore a sloppy sweater," he said imperturbably, "ankle socks and a repugnant expression." He plucked a canvas from among the stacked paintings and held it up. "A speaking likeness, I'm afraid."

Grimly she considered the portrait of herself at 15 with a blue bicycle and a basket of groceries. Undeniably chubby. Painted by Angela when she was an art freshman, it was among the student contributions to the art-auction dance being given tonight for the benefit of war orphans. "Charity," Holly had said in removing it from the mantel over Angela's protest, "begins at home."

She took it from him, suppressing a desire to bring it down over his ears and thus dispose of them both with one fell swoop.

"You taunted me," he reminisced into joined finger tips. "You said, and I quote: 'If I were a man, I wouldn't droop around after a girl who couldn't make up her mind. I'd go to China and be a flying tiger, or find out what's happening in Spain.'"

And it turned out he had gone to Europe to report what was happening all over that troubled continent.

"Well," he said, "I were a man, weren't I?"

The campus clock chimed five. Deliberately she crossed the room and locked the windows. "I wouldn't know," she said.

SUDDENLY HE loomed behind her. Hard fingers pressing into her shoulders spun her around. "Would you like to kiss me and find out?" There were mockery and laughter in the brown eyes so close to hers. For an electric moment they seemed to measure each other. Then footsteps sounded on the marble floor and

she twisted away in time to see Angela float in followed by Roger. Oh, Doom! If only she hadn't persuaded them to postpone their wedding until Angela got her degree in June.

Halfway across the room Angela hesitated. Soft Ming-blue eyes opened wide and a westing sun made the charming disorder of her yellow hair into a nimbus of light. She was a bemused angel with her halo slightly askew. Her lips curved in a tremulous smile.

"Kirk." The word fell soundlessly. A leaf in the well. She held out her hands.

"Angel!" Kirk moved toward her like a sleep-walker in pursuit of a dream.

"Love among the ruins," muttered Holly, remembering her sister's blithe assurance that "That was just college stuff between Kirk and me." Oh yes?

"Hi, Fireball!" Roger greeted her. He was a bespectacled Tarzan with a devastating smile and a shock of hair in perpetual need of cutting.

"Come in," she said. "I want you to meet this charade. It's Lochinvar—without the horse."

If Roger ever heard of the bride-abducting knight "so faithful in love, so dauntless in war," he gave no sign.

"Roger," she told Kirk, "is a big butadiene man. Young as he is, Russia sends scientists to the university to confer with him." Bewildered by the strange glaze in Angela's eyes, however, he was looking more like a troubled sheep dog.

The two men shook hands and Holly thought wildly, "This is where I depart but fast before I start squaring any triangles." With false brightness she held out her hand to Kirk. "I must go now, I'm happy to say."

Angela came slowly back to earth. "But Kirk must have dinner with us."

"I'd be delighted," he said promptly.

"I hope you like canned spaghetti," said Holly. It was Angela's night to cook, and she operated on the principle that if she left a chore long enough the fairies would do it for her.

Angela laughed. "I've got a surprise."

"Another?" Holly turned to Kirk. "She collects cooks like antiques. All are old, some are badly cracked. Does that discourage you, I ask wistfully?"

"Not at all." He took Angela's arm. "Coming, Macon?"

"Oh, sure," Roger smiled uncertainly. "I'm practically one of the family."

That's what you think, my white woolly lamb. As Holly followed them through the museum a Mexican primitive leered at her from a bright pink canvas.

The trees flaunted new green leaves like so many promissory notes on summer, but Holly was sensitive to the lingering chill of winter as they hurried across the campus to a pink brick house on faculty row. A lanky hatless youth emerged and did his best to avoid them.

"Dinner pronto, Bill," Holly hailed him.

He scowled at his sister. "I'll get me a sandwich and coke at the corner. I got a date."

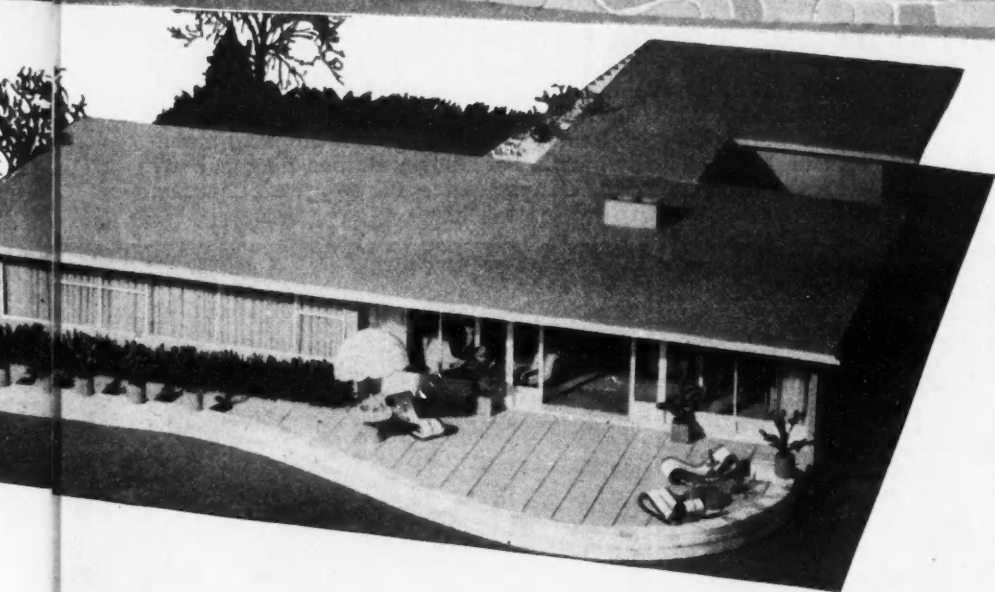
"You've got some studying to do tonight."

"Aw that's bug dust. How can a guy study when—"

Continued on page 2

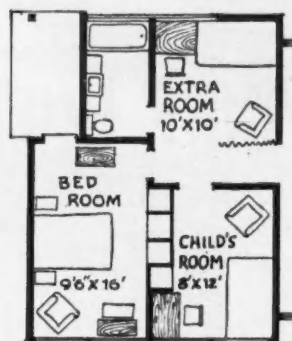


*Holly was a gal
given to arranging
other people's lives . .
perhaps that's why she
almost made a mess
of her own*

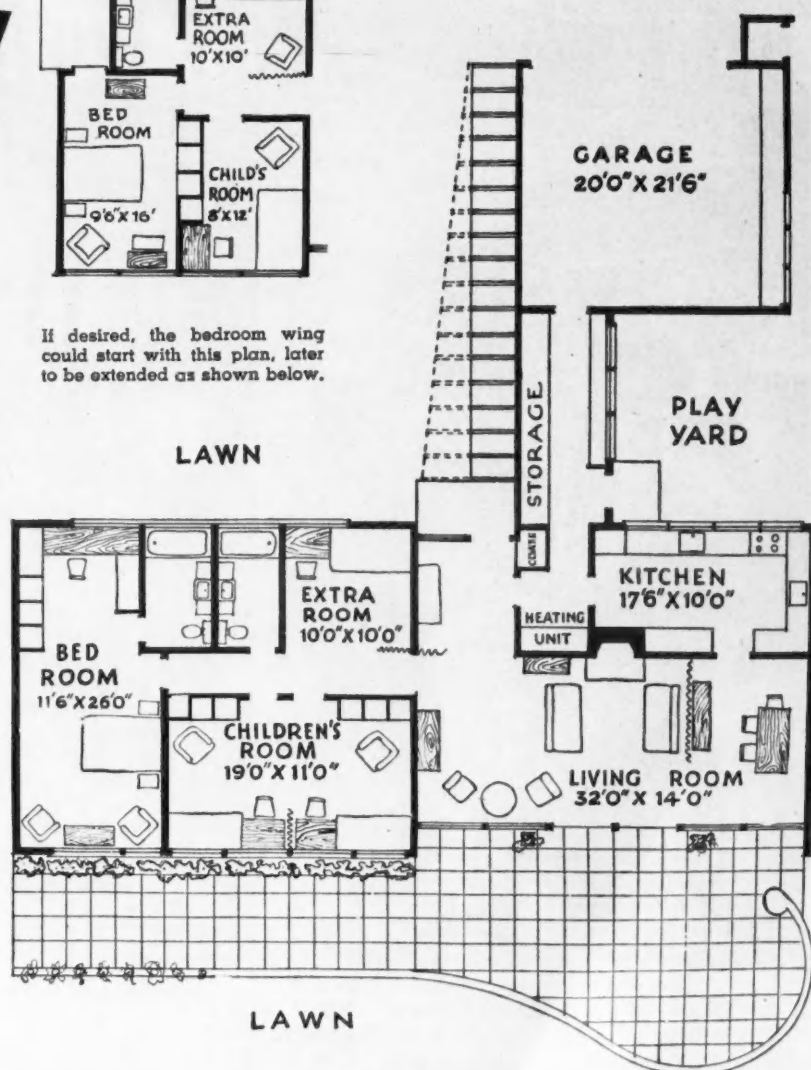


Chatelaine presents herewith the first of a series of five houses designed by leading Canadian architects for informative study by all the prospective home-builders numbered among Chatelaine's readers. Like the advanced but entirely practical design of House No. 1 above, each will represent the most careful architectural thought on the whole problem of building for today *and* the future; each will incorporate important news as to materials, methods and equipment; each will be entirely Canadian in concept, execution and feasibility. The requirements of an average Canadian family—with moderate income, two or three children, and an alert modern interest in home life—have been visualized in each case.

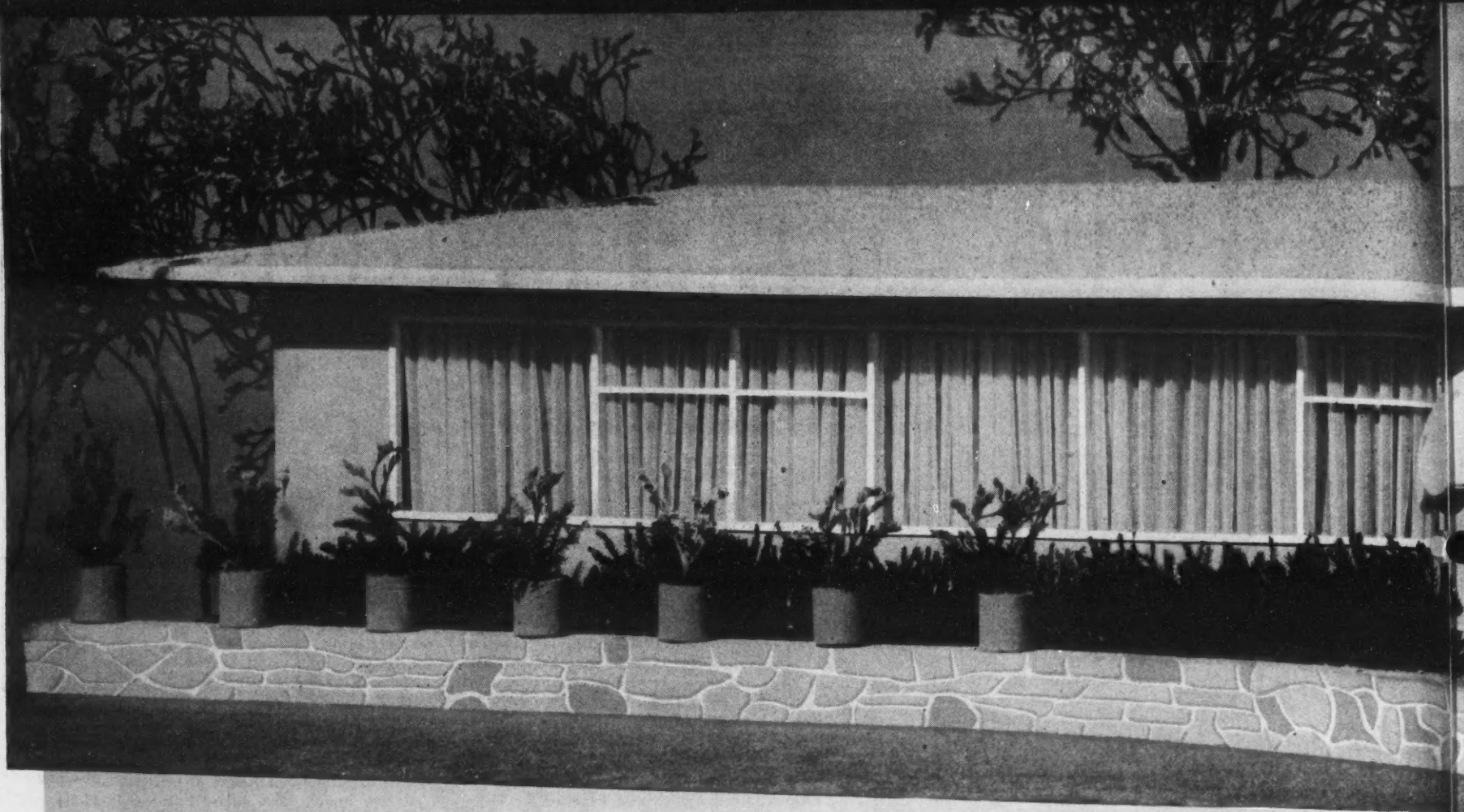
All the Chatelaine House Designs comply with National Housing Act standards of construction. However, as municipal building codes vary greatly, changes in materials and equipment might be necessary in some localities. Personal preferences might suggest other variations. Such factors, together with the differences prevailing in charges for materials and labor across Canada, make it impossible to give any fair estimate of construction costs. Working drawings are not available. Chatelaine's aim is to present a series of all-Canadian house designs which will serve as a source of new ideas to the great home-hungry public of the Dominion, and which will give leadership in the closely related matters of style, plan, convenience, comfort and durability.—The Editors.



If desired, the bedroom wing could start with this plan, later to be extended as shown below.



The finished plan of the house as built and photographed in the two views above. This shows the bedroom wing enlarged to give spacious owners' room with private bath; the child's room shown in the plan inset above becomes a children's room, divided at centre by a folding wall. The "extra" room, for study or guest convenience, remains unchanged.



Chatelaine Presents a House

designed for better living

OVER a quarter million Canadian families plan to build houses. The latest survey shows the majority would prefer to live in the suburbs, so Chatelaine House No. 1 was designed for an attractive lot on the outskirts of a city.

Usually land is cheaper and taxes are lower in the suburbs. It was assumed that the lot for House No. 1 would be situated on the south side of an east-west street and would have a minimum frontage of 75 ft. and depth of 150 ft. Little more than half the lot depth is shown in the accompanying illustrations. Other than specifying the location and size of lot, and pointing out that the house must accommodate a growing family, no restrictions were laid upon the architect, John B. Parkin. He has produced an exciting flat-roofed, basementless structure that has solar and radiant heating and is capable of expansion.

Planned for flexible, convenient living, House No. 1 has a broad terrace which extends usable space outdoors to create a union with nature. Exterior appearance evolves logically from the plan and is not the result of any preconceived idea as to how a house should look. In many traditional residences, interior layout is governed by the architectural style used. House No. 1 differs from such dwellings in that it is designed, not from the outside in, but from the inside out. Naturally its appearance is "different." Such directness has been unusual in residential buildings but will become more familiar as architects adopt a more contemporary approach.

Mr. Parkin chose a flat roof because he feels this construction is practical for the Canadian climate. He states that the roof must, from an engineering standpoint, be designed to carry safely the snow load for the district in which it is located. On this particular

Chatelaine House No. 1 is as tempting as Tomorrow and as practical as Today! Warmed by the sun and radiant heating in winter, cool in summer, this exciting flat-roofed design shows that light and air and an intimate relationship with the outdoors can be joined to the traditional Canadian requisites of sturdy construction. John B. Parkin, Architect. For other views, turn to Pages 18, 19 and 77

By JOHN CAULFIELD SMITH, *Architectural Editor*

flat roof there are no parapets and most of the snow will blow off. As the roof is packed with insulation, heat cannot escape from the rooms below to melt whatever snow is left, thus formation of icicles will be prevented. Flat roofs may be provided with interior drainage if they are dead level, or as an alternative, be given a slight slope for outside drainage. If desired, the roof could be designed to carry an inch or two of water on it during the summer, thus keeping the rooms below cool. All that's necessary is a raised edge on the roof and raised drainage outlets. Felt, pitch and gravel are the materials used in constructing a flat roof. Properly built, this sort of roof will stand up under all conditions. It is also extremely economical on the basis of cost per year of service.

The architect urges abandonment of plaster as an interior finish. Its drying out consumes weeks of precious building time and the water it contains is an enemy of other materials. The only water in House No. 1 is used in mixing mortar for the masonry and concrete for the foundation. Mr. Parkin selected

acoustic tile for ceilings because of its sound-absorbing qualities. He picked plywood for walls because of its attractive appearance. A special weatherproof plywood is employed to surface exterior walls.

IT IS CLAIMED that one of the merits of a basementless dwelling is elimination of a dark, draughty, dirty place whose principal purpose often seems to be to encourage accumulation of junk. At the same time, if there is no basement, it is necessary to provide space for furnace, laundry and storage above ground. A well-planned storage room is particularly important. Built-in facilities in the form of cupboards and closets can be designed to accommodate everything from garden tools to trunks. It is the only way to make adequate provision for household items which, though needed only occasionally, must nevertheless be kept on hand.

The storage room in House No. 1 is part of the storage zone which includes the garage and is one of four zones. The others are ♣ *Continued on page 70*



TAKE IT AWAY, HI-TIME. And it's the Vancouver teen-age program from Studio "C," directed by Producer Phil Ashton, Councillor Denyse Pierce is on the air. She's a track wiz too.



THE RECTOR AT THE COKE BAR. Rev. N. D. B. Larchmont, at St. John's Anglican Church Saturday Nite Club, is always on deck, happily overseeing his 450 merry-making flock.

They Have Fun on the West Coast

by Lotta Dempsey

Teen-Age
Special

MAYBE it's the soft sea air. Or the greenness that never gives out, winter or summer. Anyway, Canada's third largest city can boast more opportunities for fun and enjoyment per square inch of air, earth and water than you could shake a mountain top at.

And this isn't Vancouver's Chamber of Commerce broadcasting. It's any one of the Pacific coast city's 13,000-odd high-schoolers you might bump into golfing, swimming, riding, skiing, bowling, beach partying, dancing, boating, or just plain loafing in magnificent Stanley Park. All on the same day at the same time of year.

Honest. We've just spent a week with Chatelaine's Teen-age Council of Vancouver, watching it happen. The cords and diamond soxers of the far, far west are BTO's in the project of making life between classes a very pleasant thing indeed. That would be Big Time Operators (as opposed to the Atlantic area's VIP's—Very Important Persons) while the "cords" are identified by the dazzling white and blue and yellow and green corduroy trousers affected by the youthful male Pacific coaster, with his tea (polo) shirts. Both sexes have translated "bobby sox" into the vivid diamond-design footwear every hep-pigeon purr-plains for her momentary heart throb and herself.

So they have a few different words and a little different getup over the Rockies. But it's the same swarm of healthy handsome teen-agers, looking for an outlet for high spirits and bouncing egos, as runs the Sahara Club in Winnipeg and the Hamilton Teens Canteen. Only maybe a little more so. Because nature does such a terrific year-round hostess job that you can pick your favorite fun out of a hat and find a gang up and at it,

Vancouver offers her teen-agers a continuous all-season performance of star entertainment; and Chatelaine's Teen-age Council takes you right around the course with some advice thrown in

any old time at all. Never, never a dull moment . . .

Take that afternoon tea party of Chatelaine Councillors at the top of the page. The things they manage, without the flick of an eyelash, reads like the Girls' Guide to everything worth having fun at. They were talking about riding, basketball, tennis, swimming, badminton, track, hunting, teen-towning, Hi-Y-ing, treasure hunting, sailing, collecting, ping-ponging, knitting, leather work . . . we gave up trying to follow the conversation after the first five minutes. But you can get a rough idea.

They're having so much fun they want to hang on to it when they grow up. Can do, too, they think, by keeping their pep and enthusiasm, and learning how to do things well and get along with other people in their leisure time. That's why they wanted to talk to you about what they do, and why, and see if you agree with their ideas of entertaining and stuff.

So it's the Teen-age Council of Vancouver checking in on Chatelaine's coast-to-coast high-crowd discussions, and stopping long enough in those dreamy week-end get-togethers for the photographs you see here.

FIRST OFF, Vancouver—like your town—is in the throes of an upsurge of teen-age activity.

Being so close to the now famous Teen Town at

Penticton, British Columbia, with its youthful mayor chief of police, court system, newspaper, orchestra and dance hall, is a special spur. Teen Towns, making front pages in the newspapers and hitting top spots in newscasts, are mushrooming up in the city and environs. Thoughtful members of the high crowd are as eager as YMCA and YW officials, and others experienced in leadership work, that all such groups get solid roots down, and important help from olders in organization work. Already a provincial council, international meets and such are contemplated, and community groups, service clubs, etc., are getting behind the movement. Some of our Chatelaine Council, for instance, are keen Teen Town executives in one group or another, and they see the importance of sound groundwork. They're learning—the trial-and-error method—about elections, committee meetings, resolutions and other tricky paraphernalia of self-government. Everywhere you hear of the work of such groups as the young men's Phalanx (a YMCA fraternity of the next-age-up, helping younger enthusiasts get where they want to go, wisely) and the Leadership Courses being formed for high-schoolers.

So if you lived in Vancouver you'd probably belong to a Teen Town—like our Councillors putting up decorations for the Saturday Night Dance—and help set up rules for your own + Continued on page 69

All photos
by Marlow



The Evergreen Playground has every-

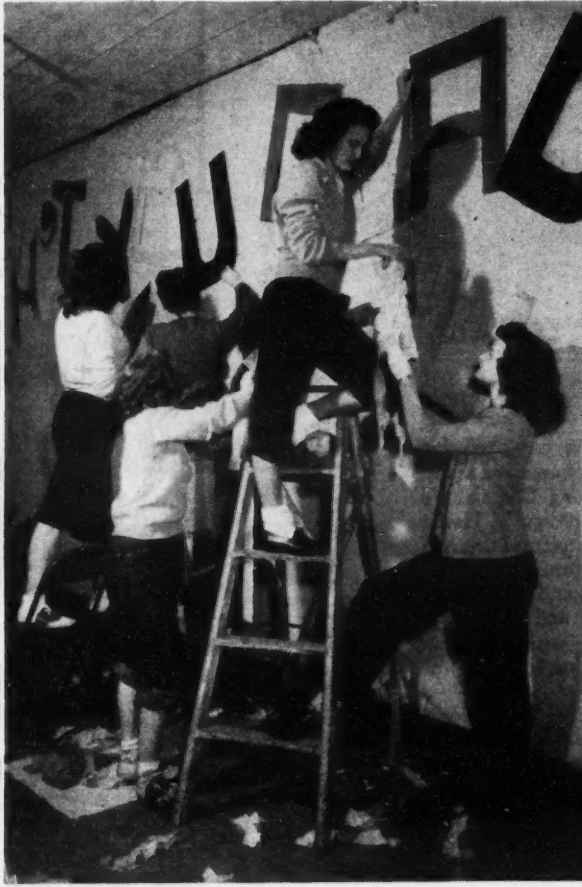
thing, including more Hi Crowd antics

than you could shake a mountain at.

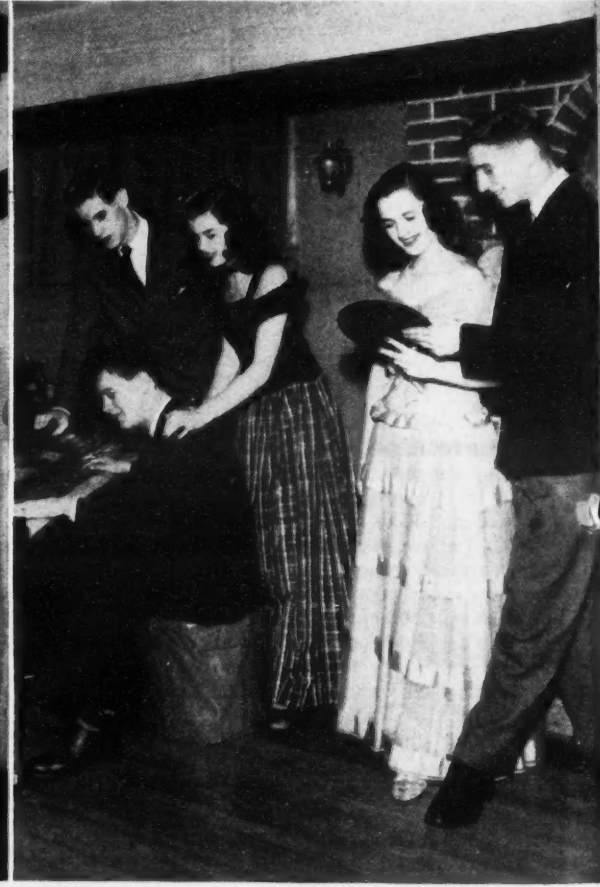
THE GIRLS GIVE OUT. Chatelaine's Teen-age Council of Vancouver believe in making the most of their young lives, especially in using up all the fun and games their city offers its High Crowd. Left to right, seated, Barbara-Ann Brown, Beverley Jones, June Penn, Barbara Effinger, Shirley Hopkins, Jane Thompson; standing, Ann Hatfield, Sally Brown, Pat Chown, Doreen Rogers, Betty McKendry, Dorothy Fripp. Denyse Pierce, Pat Baggs are missing.



SKIING IN THE RAIN, but who cares? You tumble into the ferry, hike up the mountain and take off from your cabin. Councillors Doreen Rogers and June Penn are old hands at this, as their experienced pose shows!



AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU'RE YOU? Councillors Pat Baggs and Shirley Hopkins help with the dreamy decorations for the West Vancouver Youth Centre Teen Town Saturday night. They plan hobbies next.



HOME IS LIKE THIS when it's the hospitable Hatfields, Councillor Ann's parents, passing out bids to the playroom patrol. Barbara-Ann Brown and Sally Brown taking the down-beat with the musical maestros.



Profile Flattery in John Frederics' ripple-brim straw, chalk white. White glycerine ostrich and maidenhair fern

Rise of Wings, one of Lilly Daché's "New Horizon" series. In toast-colored straw, it hugs the sides of the head, rising to a front peak.



Sweet and High. The navy taffeta sailor sketched at top goes romantic with very stiff baby-pink taffeta in the crown drape and high-reaching bow.

Full-blown Roses of pink and red silk cluster on the mushroom brim of this flame straw by John Frederics. It's an exciting hat for a daring and beautiful lady!

Mysterious and Subtle is the delightfully "small" hat (left) of pillbox architecture. The height is minimized, the width extended for rather long features. In smoky neutral faille with burnt-orange veiling.





Hug Me Bonnet by Sally Victor, baring the brow, deceptively demure. It's in Hayloft beige felt, faced in white piqué. Filmy beige veiling ties offside under the chin. No hat could be simpler, or more youthfully effective!



Pensive Lady, a fantail toque by Lilly Daché in petal-pink batavia cloth. Fitted on the crown of the head, it has an open back from which a fluted flare shoots out. Wonderful for high cheekbones.



Sweet Confection of bicolor pastel veilings swathed and pouffed up, high and handsome, on a stiffened net-topped framework. It's finished with lustrous satin trim and bow.



Chatelaine's Cover Hat. Lola Lanyi's interpretation of spring '46. It's grey faille, brimful of lush English violets, roses and spring lilacs in white and mauve, hazed over with veiling. Necklace by Coro.

This Easter: It's Elegance!

by Evelyn Kelly, Fashion Editor

THIS EASTER, elegance goes straight to your head, in lovely, eye-catching hats climaxing your ensemble in a mood of romantic individuality.

There's a new high in color and elaborate detail, such as hasn't been seen since the turn of the century, when a woman lived to please her man and chose her hats accordingly. In color, it's done with carefully harmonized or vividly contrasted combinations, or in all-one-tone pastels or neutrals. In detail it's achieved with elaboration of trimmings and a lovely shape-ness of architecture.

It's a new elegance recognizing femininity as a woman's greatest charm, for which there's no more arresting accent than a beautiful, memory-making hat!

This headlong swing into loveliness dramatizes many highlights of yester-spring's hats, right back to the "covered wagon" bonnet . . . but without fuss and frills or overloading.

Many of the favorite straws are back: milans, hand-braids and tuscans, while newcomers like synthetic braids and amazing plastics promise exciting possibilities. Many felts are shown, mostly pastels and neutrals, very pretty and young, lightened with gossamer-fine veilings. Faille, taffeta and grosgrain are important as basic frame coverings and trimming.

Color riots in flowers and fruit on backgrounds of pastels or misty, smoky neutrals. Flower garden varieties are romantic and flattering, and you may pile your head with roses, violets and lilacs often in trio, the roses muting from palest pink to deepest burning red, the lilacs ranging from very light mauve to rich Persian purple. Cobwebby veilings complete the dewy, rustle-of-spring feeling.

The careful handling of proportions in these hats is an important new feature. Crowns have becoming height, brims a good depth, but bulky or top-heavy effects are avoided. The wide brims are never severe. They may ripple softly, profiling classic features (top right photo); they may be profusely trimmed and brow-baring (centre photo); or they may tip forward slightly to shadow beautiful eyes, such as in our Chatelaine cover picture. For there's no set rule about the slant of your hat this spring . . . it's the way you wear it—at the angle most becoming to you!

All these lovely new hats demand neat simplicity in coiffures. Many of them are designed for a specific hair-do, either swooshed up into a slick French roll or psyche knob, or netted into a smooth shining chignon . . . but whether it's an up or down affair, there must be no frizzy or straggly locks to spoil the aura of elegance!



The next day a long gangling man and a sloven of a woman came asking for help. Granny was so touched she set out lunch for the whole starveling family.

Grandpa, however, continued to keep the closet door locked. He said he had to until he got another suit in the house. This irked Granny, because it seemed to be an ignominious symbol of her mistake and she enquired often on the progress of the new suit. Grandpa reported that it was coming fine and he expected to receive it any day now. It was a nice piece of wool (he had got some grey herringbone tweed) and the tailor said it was most becoming.

Granny made light of the whole affair, remarking that men as well as lions have to roar once in a while, else they are not well. But the locked door really bothered her. Also, it reminded her to keep her soft heart encased in a girdle of steel when it came to the appealing indigent.

About a month passed, however, and the day of her sore trial arrived. About 10 o'clock in the morning a tall, gaunt, young man, wearing a long coat, from which protruded unbelievably soiled and ragged trousers, presented himself at the back door. He was

holding the coat together at the neck and it was obvious he had no shirt on. In spite of this, the young man looked attractive and there was a glint in his dark eyes which could not be resisted. He had a magnetic personality and a fine flair for language.

"Good morning, Mrs. Miller," he said. "I do have the pleasure of addressing Mrs. Miller?"

"Yes," Granny said, somewhat flustered. "This request may sound odd, coming as it does from a perfect stranger," he went on. "Permit me to introduce myself. My name is John Gault."

"How do you do," Granny said. "Won't you come in?"

"Don't mind if I do," John Gault replied, and stepped into our spotless kitchen.

Automatically Granny poured him a cup of coffee and set out a slab of coffee cake. Her hostess-ship never deserted her. "Won't you lay off your wrap?" she asked.

"Well," said the young man, "that is exactly my

problem. I can't lay it off since there is very little under it."

"Oh," said Granny, confused. "That's too bad."

"Mrs. Miller," Mr. Gault said, setting his cup carefully back in the saucer. He had charming manners. "Will you help me? At 10 o'clock sharp I am due at the offices of the Graham Flour Company to get a job. They have promised me a job, but 10 minutes later there will be 50 other young men, all in nice, pressed, navy-blue suits, and if I show up there in these rags, they may all get the job, but I won't!"

"That sounds reasonable," Granny said.

"A friend has told me of your great kindness," John Gault said earnestly. "He said, 'Mrs. Miller always finds a way out for everybody in need.' Believe me, Mrs. Miller, I am no tramp. I've just had more than my share of bad luck."

Granny's eyes filled with tears of genuine pity, and as she turned to hide them, her eyes fell on the kitchen closet door and I could see + Continued on page 42

You must meet Granny, that fine staunch character who knew in her heart that the Lord would provide, even by way of Grandpa and his extra suit of clothes.

MY GRANDMOTHER had been married 40 years and therefore belonged to that happy breed of women who have to manage their husbands. In my grandfather's house he was Lord and Master, councillor of the exchequer, provider and dispenser, a benevolent monarch, and my grandmother was what seemed to be his willing slave, deferring to his judgment in everything which was unimportant, fetching and carrying what was not too heavy, and gifted at telling him what a great man he was. He never recognized the delicate feminine despotism which lay behind her sweet blue eyes. Her meekness spurred him to lordly gestures and he almost came to believe that he was the kind of man she said he was.

It was only Granny's love for mankind and its accompanying overblown generosity which ever drew a reprimand from him. She was depressed by hunger and need or unhappiness of any sort, and a perfect stranger could wheedle the last nickel of the household money out of her hands by telling her a hard-luck story. She went on some firmly rooted assumption that the Lord would provide and that if you cast your bread upon the waters it would certainly come back to you a thousandfold, transformed, no doubt, into cake. My grandfather, who was a hard-headed businessman, could hardly admit that he did not subscribe to this pious theory, but he was not above pointing out that it might take the Lord years to get around to it. After one of Granny's transactions with the deserving poor, she usually aggravated matters by systematically robbing his pockets in order to obtain grocery money until the time came for her household allowance to be renewed. My grandfather had been known to remark grumpily that the Lord had odd ways of providing when it came to Granny.

Very little came of these depredations on my grandfather's income (for he was an easy-going man and could deny her nothing) until the dread years of the depression descended, when there seemed to be an endless line of deserving poor, and my grandfather's own business felt the morbid shrinkage of disarranged economy. In vain he explained to her that we must tighten the belt, gird up the loins and exercise a little thrift, if we were to survive.

Granny listened patiently, but never failed to point out that Grandpa, at least, wasn't out of work the way the people she had been helping had been.

"But I don't want to be out of work," grandpa said, "and if you don't take better care of our household money, not only all the people who work for me are going to be out of work, but I will also."

Granny did not understand things like this. "Pooh," she said. "You can't be fired. You own the business."

Grandpa shook his head sadly. He saw that it was impossible to explain matters so he clothed himself in dudgeon, pounded the table with his fist and said, "Milly, I forbid you to give anything else away without consulting me!"

Granny saw that he was mad so she surrendered. "You know best, Clive," she said meekly, and acted as if she were going to cry.

"Now, now, Milly," my grandfather cried. "Don't do that!" He was terrified of her tears.

Granny felt then that she had won.

THE NEXT day a long gangling man and a sloven of a woman came to the back door and asked for some old clothes. We could see their tumbledown old car on the highway, burgeoning with towheaded children. They say that tramps leave a mark on a place where there is an open hand to advise other hoboes of

possible largesse, and I am sure there must have been some signal among my grandmother's lilac bushes to encourage the improvident, for a caravan like this would drive through the whole town and pull up at Granny's gate.

Granny was so touched that she not only set out lunch for the starveling family, which numbered seven in all, but went through Grandpa's and my wardrobe, as well as her own, dragging out garments to outfit the dismal group. After they had ground off in their disintegrating chariot, she must have felt some misgivings for she said, "Clive hasn't worn that suit in months. He certainly won't miss it—and that poor fellow, he was really cold."

Grandpa came home and, as if guided by instinct, went straight to his storage closet and started pawing around for the suit.

Not only was the suit missing but two or three pairs of shoes and some haberdashery and linen which still had life in it. He couldn't find anything he was looking for.

"Milly," he shouted, taking his face out of the closet, revealing the wattles of a turkey gobbler, "Where is my grey suit?"

"Which grey suit, Clive?" Granny enquired blandly.

"You know very well which grey suit," Grandpa yelled. "My third-best grey suit that I bought three years ago!"

"That old thing!"—Granny said, making her voice sound blithe, although I knew that she was quaking. "You know you never wear it, Clive."

"Milly," Grandpa grated. "Have you given that suit away?"

"Well," Granny said, "as a matter of fact, I believe I did give it to a poor man who had a large family to support."

Grandpa put his head in his hands and moaned slightly. "My wife thinks more of any tramp who comes to the door than she does of me," he said. He said it sadly, and there was a ring of authenticity in the statement. My grandmother paled for she saw that he meant what he said and 40 years of married life suddenly seemed blighted. She had been unprepared for such grief. However, she pulled herself together to make light of the situation.

"Now, Clive," she said, "don't worry. You're sure to get a new suit. And the new outfit, in fact, as a reward of doing good."

"And where will I get a new suit?" Grandpa enquired. "Have you come into an inheritance, perhaps? Somebody has left you a few million dollars in the way of fortune? Have you made money while my back has been turned? If so, I am happy to hear it, for I am in need of a little support."

"You will get a new suit," Granny promised firmly, and added, "The Lord will provide!"

Grandpa could scarcely keep the oath under his breath. "I will get a new suit, all right," he said. "I

The Good Provider

by Helen Holmanna Pope

Illustrated by E. York Wilson

shall have to order a new suit in the morning. I have only one suit left in this closet and I am standing, practically, in the middle of my wardrobe."

"Well, that's good," Grandma said, with the air of one who has settled everything. "And, Clive darling, I want you to get a herringbone tweed. I think you would be

terribly handsome in a herringbone. It would be so distinguished. Grey herringbone to match your beautiful silver hair."

But Grandpa was not so easily cajoled. This kind of flattery usually took him in, but he was not only angry this evening, he was hurt.

"Meanwhile," he said, "I shall have to turn the key in the lock of this closet to protect my last remaining change of clothing from my wife! When you have to lock doors in your own house, things have come to a pretty pass," Grandpa said. "If a man's home is not his castle, he has no castle." With a rusty sound he turned the key and pocketed it in his vest.

"Oh, Clive!" Granny cried, cut to the quick. "I didn't intend . . ."

"I do not wish to discuss it further," Grandpa said. "Now, will you kindly see that dinner is served."

For a few days the atmosphere was very strained and then Grandpa, who could not bear to be mad at anybody, relaxed and Granny, by the judicious production of all his best-liked dishes, was back in favor. Firmly she resisted the piteous appeals of all applicants for her charity and she was girded up in this by the fact that she had to bring home delicacies for the table and set roast prime ribs of beef and strawberry shortcake and avocado pears before Grandpa to improve his disposition. Grandpa had a gourmet's taste. Granny devoted all the household money to household purposes for a month and we had not eaten so well in years.

"Here's a Soup
with all the Answers!"

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



What shall I give him
for dinner?

●● I know! I'll start him off with Campbell's Vegetable Soup. He always says it tastes even better than my own—and I agree! ●●

What shall I
give the children
for lunch?

●● Sandwiches and fruit—and big bowls of vegetable soup for the hot dish they need. It's so good and hearty, too—why, it's almost a meal in itself, as we Mothers know! ●●

Leftovers tonight!
What shall I serve?

●● For our main dish, we'll have steaming plates of Campbell's Vegetable Soup. That'll put the family in such a wonderful mood, they're bound to enjoy the whole meal. ●●

THIS GOOD SOUP has plenty to contribute to any meal! It's rich with a fine, invigorating beef stock. It's tempting with 15 different garden vegetables. Hearty and homey and deeply satisfying, too, in its old-fashioned goodness. Yes, Campbell's Vegetable is a soup with many a meal-time answer for busy wives.



A bit of string, a little skill—
It spins until it stops;
And afterwards I eat my fill
Of Campbell's Soup. It's tops!

Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP

Made by Campbell's in Canada

Call Her Elaine

by Nancy Laing

Illustrated by Carl Roberts

AT THE tenth thud from above Mr. Croft abandoned Mackenzie King on the strike problem and regarded his wife.

"Is that," he enquired, "your daughter or an earthquake?"

Mrs. Croft listened, coffee cup suspended in mid-air. "It's Jill. I suppose I ought to protest, but it's the first time in history that she hasn't had to be hounded out of bed. Her physical education teacher has been campaigning for setting-up exercises before breakfast."

Jill's brother Rand gave up brooding over last night's party and what a mistake it had been, long enough to remark, "It's the house that'll need setting up if she carries on that way. She hasn't exactly got fairy feet, has she?"

"Feet!" scoffed his father. "It's more likely her head she's standing on. When Jim Chrysler came over last night to discuss my annuity, and I took him into the library, there were Jill and that scatterbrained friend of hers with the outlandish name standing on their heads in the middle of the room. Quite offhand about it. Everything very informal. Said 'How d'you do' to Chrysler, just as they were. Explained that they had to stay up till they'd counted to 30. Miss Graham had told them to practice. Jim nearly had apoplexy. Advised me to change my annuity to an accident policy."

John, who had recently been released from the Navy to take a junior position in anthropology at the university, and who often found his young sister quite as intriguing as *pithecanthropus erectus*, laughed. "She does seem to be collecting rather gruesome ideas. Asked me the other day if I could hook her a skeleton from the medical building. Miss Graham had deplored the lack of one at school for teaching them the bones of the human body."

Rand suspended operations on the plum jam. "What that young woman lacks is a sense of proportion. She wants me to take her to the Ritz some night, because Miss Graham says ballroom dancing is a must for teen-age girls. And she figures it would be a good place to start practicing." Rand's tone of outraged dignity couldn't quite hide the fact that he was susceptible to the flattery of the request, even if its source was just his little sister Jill. "Picture me skidding around at the supper dance with Jill in loafers and a Sloppy Joe."

Mrs. Croft smiled serenely at her three men and their grievances. She hadn't yet got over the miracle which had brought John safely back to her from the quarterdeck of a Canadian destroyer, and had protected Rand in the war-torn skies of Germany. "Poor Jill. Don't let her disturb you. She's just passing through a phase."

Her husband grunted. "No danger

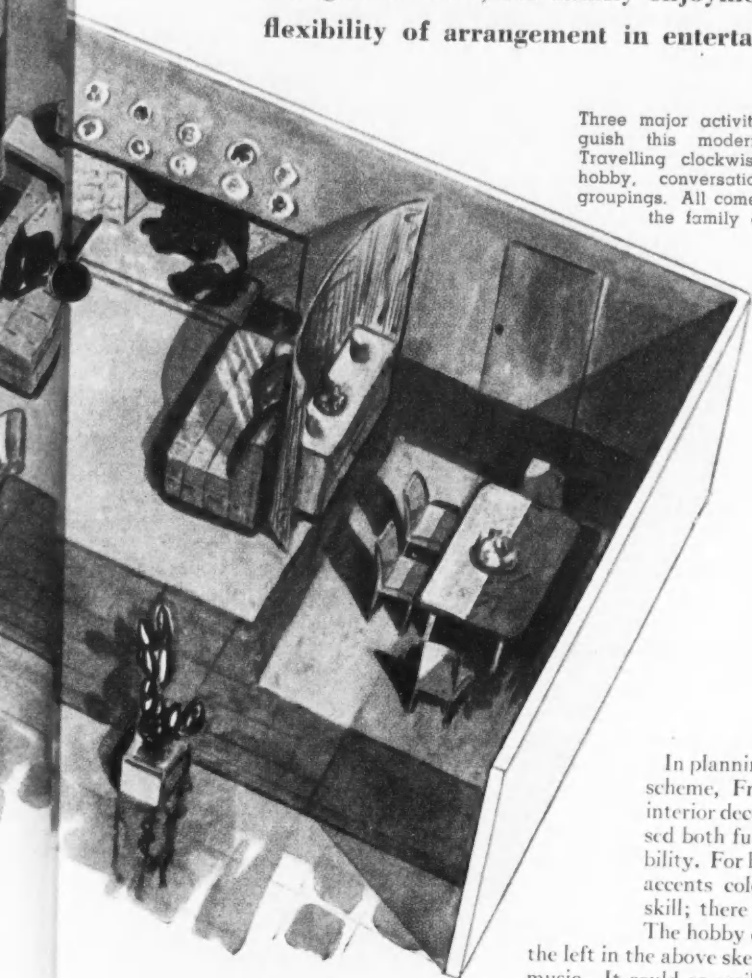
◆ Continued on page 58

They found Rand manoeuvring a tie into position. "Watcha doing Friday?" Jill asked him.

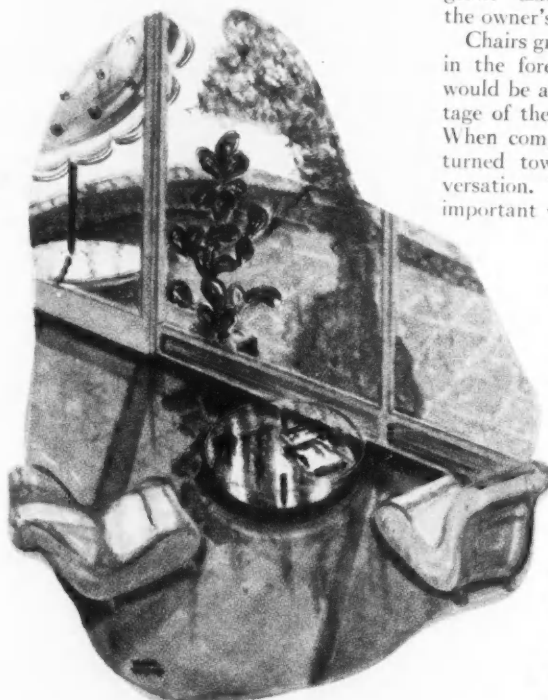


In Chatelaine's House No. 1, the living room is the heart of the house, planned for sun and garden view, for family enjoyment, for flexibility of arrangement in entertainment

Three major activity centres distinguish this modern living room. Travelling clockwise from left are hobby, conversation and dining groupings. All come into play when the family entertain.



Window walls bring the outdoors inside, give an expanded sense of spaciousness. The terrace effectively doubles usable floor area in the good old summertime.



In planning the furnishing scheme, Freda James, our interior decorator, has stressed both function and flexibility. For backgrounds and accents color is used with skill; there is no stridency. The hobby centre, shown at the left in the above sketch, ministers to music. It could as easily cater to some other interest, perhaps games. The cabinet contains a radio-phonograph combination and provides room for records. A small door opens in front to disclose radio dial and controls. The top lifts for access to the phonograph. The bookcase hanging on the wall is designed to grow. Extra shelves can be added as the owner's library expands.

Chairs grouped around the glass table in the foreground are shown as they would be arranged while taking advantage of the view or listening to music. When company drops in, they can be turned toward the fireplace for conversation. This flexibility is particularly important with window walls. On fine nights the garden can be illuminated with floodlights, whereas in bad weather the curtains will likely be drawn.

Naturally, the focal point in the living room is the fireplace. Around it is grouped the conversation centre. Plates hung above the fireplace are a refreshing change from pictures and give the collector of china a chance to display her finds. The raised hearth provides heat at a sensible level and will accommodate large logs. The couches on either side are designed for comfort; if desired they could have arms. + Continued on page 55

So you think you're good at the sink?



THEN TEST THIS BETTER WAY TO CLEAN POTS AND PANS



ALL YOU NEED —

With a black pot, greasy skillet or dull pan—you can prove S.O.S. is the one cleanser you need for all those pesky jobs. Handy, too—with soap right in the pad!



HERE'S ALL YOU DO —

DIP the edge of an S.O.S. pad in water. Instantly, the magic S.O.S. combination of grease-cutting and scouring materials is ready to go to work.

RUB briskly over scorchers, stains or crusted food. Good-bye all! And if the problem is grease, S.O.S. cuts through it in no time to the shine beneath.



RINSE—and the job's done—the shine is there. Easily—quickly! Get long-lasting S.O.S. today and make this test yourself!



S.O.S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd. Toronto, Ont.

Long Lasting Beauty ...yours for the waxing!

Mac's scratchy nails and muddy paws don't phase the floors you keep gleaming-clean with Johnson's Wax. Cleaning waxed floors is so easy . . . a light dusting and they shine like mirrors! And their lustrous beauty increases with each application.



Junior Miss will be a better homemaker for learning that beautiful furniture is more beautiful with a shining coat of Johnson's Wax. The wax brings out the lovely grain of the wood as nothing else does . . . actually preserves its beauty by protecting it from wear and dirt. Your favorite Johnson's Wax makes housework easier . . . your home more enviable.



REMEMBER!
Tuesday night is the
big night on the radio!
Tune in
Fibber McGee and Molly
CBC



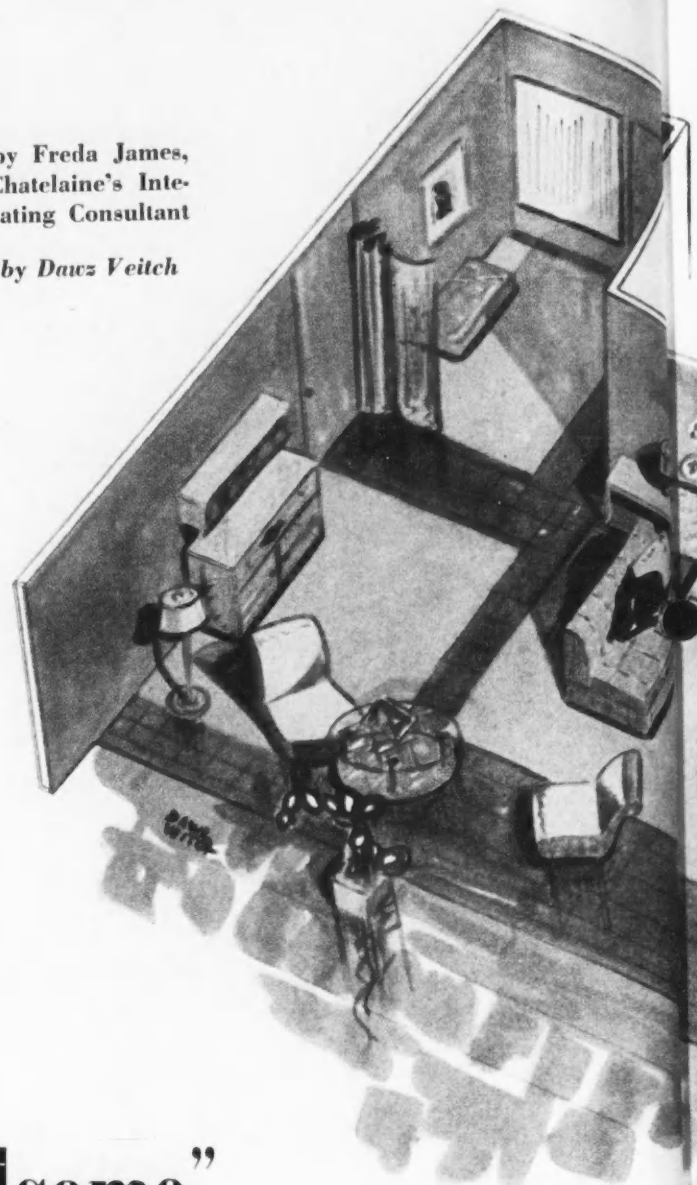
Have You Tried Johnson's CREAM WAX?

It's amazing! The newest form of Johnson's Wax, Cream Wax, actually cleans and wax-polishes in one application! Gives Wax-protection, too! Wonderful for furniture, woodwork, kitchen equipment. Try it!

Five Famous Johnson Polishes: Paste Wax, Liquid Wax, Cream Wax, Self-Polishing Glo-Coat, Carnu for Cars
S. C. JOHNSON, & SON, LIMITED, BRANTFORD, CANADA

Designed by Freda James,
S.I.D.O., Chatelaine's Interior
Decorating Consultant

Sketches by Dawz Veitch



"Welcome" in Today's Accents

by John Caulfield Smith
Architectural Editor

MODERN designers claim that houses, chairs and teapots have at least one thing in common. To be a creative success, each must satisfy, above all else, the purpose for which it exists. Materials, finishes, decorative motifs are definitely of secondary importance.

This creed is known as "functionalism." It is not new, but in the realm of interior decoration it frightens many people. They think of "functional" as an adjective used to describe a cold, hospital-like atmosphere. That's because the first modernists, in their revolt against the degradation that prevailed in 19th-century design, confused bareness with simplicity. Their work, stripped of every vestige of ornament, has a chill, scientific accuracy that is almost inhuman.

Though still remembered, the early phase is over. Time has mellowed the approach. Modern designers still seek a direct solution to their problems and strive for as high a quality of artistic expression as is possible with the materials used. They are just as interested in the satisfaction of purpose as their predecessors, but attempt to please

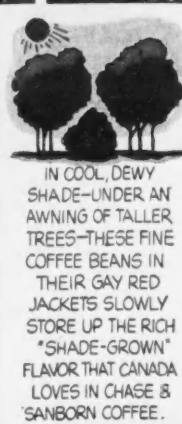
the eye in realizing this aim. In their skilful hands modern rooms become as rich and vibrant backgrounds for living as period rooms were in their own day.

Chatelaine House No. 1 is an example of the type of modern dwelling we can expect to see in increasing numbers. Its spaciousness, its large windows, its smooth surfaces challenge the imaginative talents of the interior decorator. True to the functional ideal, the object has been to develop the living room, not as a showpiece to impress visitors, but as a complete answer to the needs of the various members of the family, as a group and as individuals.

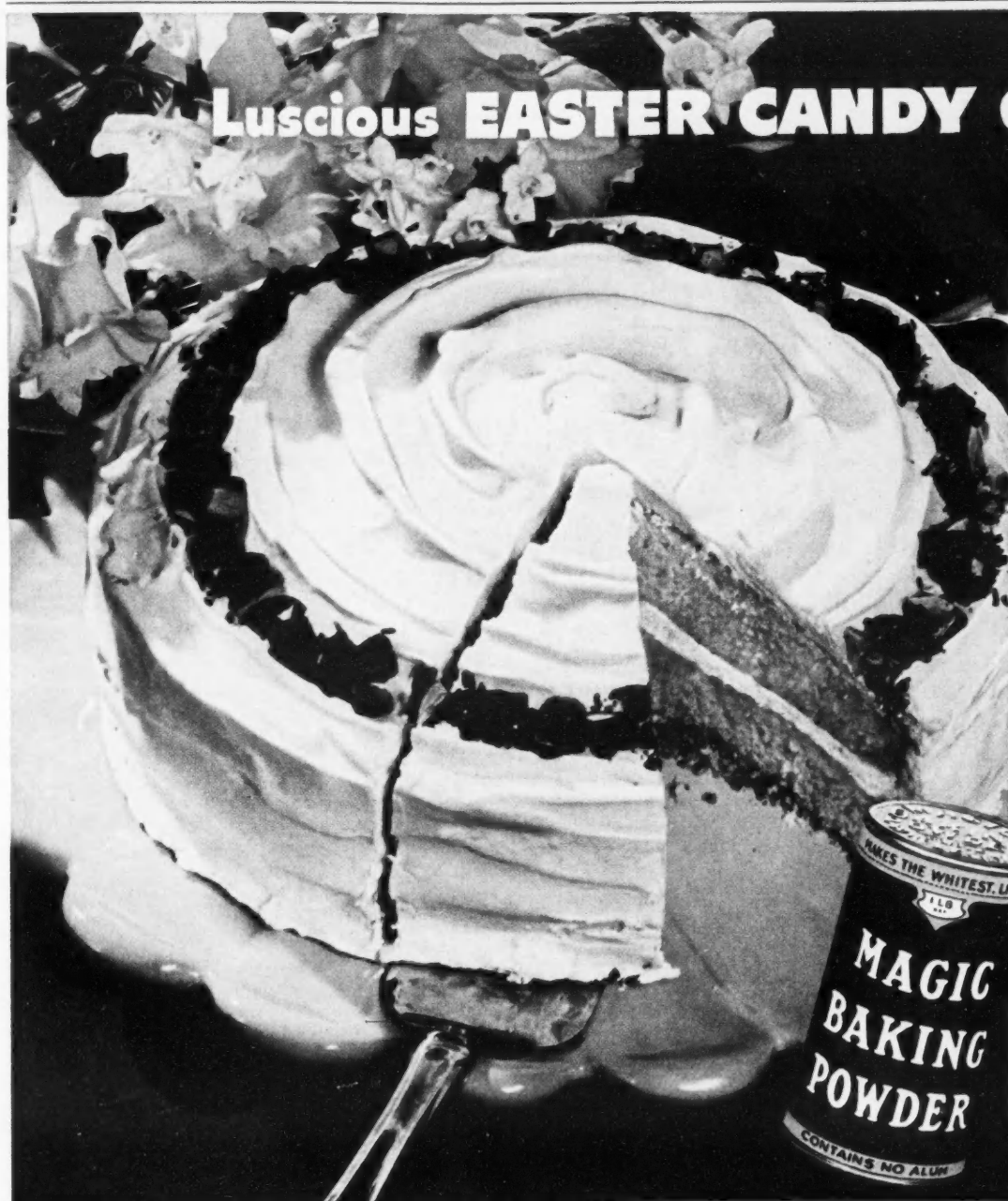
Architect John B. Parkin has arranged the flow of space in masterly fashion. From the entrance hall one is led leisurely past an intriguing wood-weave screen into the living room. The latter features three major activity centres: hobby, conversation and dining. All three centres can be thrown together when entertaining. The huge window wall brings the outdoors right inside the house, and the terrace effectively doubles the usable floor area during the summer months.

CHARLIE McARTHY GOES SOUTH

DURING THE DOMINION-WIDE
SWING TO CHASE & SANBORN
COFFEE



Luscious EASTER CANDY CAKE



Light, tender ...made with MAGIC

Here's a happy Easter surprise for the whole family! It's a melty-rich Candy Cake—sweet as springtime itself—yet it can be made using *no sugar at all!*

It does call for Magic Baking Powder, though, to help insure the delicate texture and delicious flavor that means perfect baking success. You can always depend on Magic for the best results in all baked dishes.

MAGIC EASTER CANDY CAKE

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--|
| ½ cup shortening | 1 whole egg, unbeaten |
| 1 cup corn syrup | 2 egg yolks unbeaten (save whites for icing) |
| 2½ cups cake flour | ¼ cup milk |
| 2¾ tsp. Magic Baking Powder | 1½ tsp. vanilla extract |
| ¼ tsp. salt | |

If preferred, ¾ cup sugar can be substituted for corn syrup; then milk should be increased to ¾ cup.

Cream shortening, beat in syrup gradually then stir in ¼ of sifted dry ingredients, beating until blended. Beat in egg and yolks, one at a time. Add remaining flour mixture alternately with milk, beat after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in 2 greased 8" layer pans in 375°F. oven for 30 min.

FROSTING: Put ¼ tsp. salt, 2 egg whites, ½ cup corn syrup, ¼ tsp. lemon extract and ¼ tsp. almond extract in top of double boiler and beat over boiling water for 7 min. or until icing peaks. Frost cake—arrange ½ cup chopped chocolate-coated or plain peanuts on border around cake.

MADE IN CANADA

New-type ink rouths most pen troubles



*How sad! His pen has clogged—won't go
You'd think that anyone would know*



*That pen-protection calls for Quink
Containing solv-x... what an ink!*



*It keeps a pen as good as new.
So reader, better try it, too!*

Every bottle of Quink contains
solv-x... protects pens
in 4 ways!

1. Ends gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting, even flow.
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→ Parker scientists add pen-protecting solv-x to every drop of brilliant, free-flowing, fast-drying Quink! Don't risk your pen another day. Drain and refill it with protective Quink containing solv-x. Costs no more than ordinary inks! 3 permanent, 3 washable colors. Regular size, 25¢. School size, 15¢ Also in pints and quarts. Parker Pen Co., Ltd., Toronto.

PARKER Quink
THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X

Don't Chase After the Boys

Continued from page 5

impatiently. "I'm going to bed now, if I may. I have to go to work in the morning."

Mom sent Evelyn, the 12-year-old, to bed too.

"I saw Thelma's boy friend kissing her on the porch once, when we come past her house," Evelyn giggled, as they were undressing.

"'Came past,'" corrected Coralee. "I don't see why mom lets you stay up so late."

"'Cause you wake me up when you come to bed, and I can't sleep anyway," Evelyn accused.

When at last they were settled down in the darkened room, and Evelyn was convincingly kicked over to her own side of the bed, Coralee could forget about this part of the evening, and the part that came before the kiss, and just remember the other parts. Of course, she couldn't really call it her first kiss. Probably no modern

girl who wasn't absolutely repulsive got to be 19 without being kissed. But the downy-cheeked high-school boys who reminded you of a puppy lapping your face, and that slimy old Mr. Willets, the butcher's assistant, didn't count. Mr. Willets kept going to Young People's, at church, and taking girls home, and their parents thought he was so wonderful to take such an interest in youth, and never dreamed he got fresh with their daughters. She'd had to dig his shins with her sharp high heels, but now he'd stopped winking at her when she picked up the meat order, and she guessed he'd got the idea.

But this was the first kiss of its kind. Coralee didn't know just what kind you'd call it. According to mom, no decent girl allows a man to kiss her unless she is engaged to him, and a sensible girl doesn't get engaged until she's at least 24, or married until she is 25. Mom had married dad at 29, but she was willing to concede that a slightly younger marriage might also be successful. From Coralee's knowledge, mom had taught in country school, as a girl, and was better educated than most of the country boys, and seldom had a chance to meet any others. Coralee believed mom must have been a very decent, sensible girl, never allowing the country boys to kiss her. She also had a suspicion that mom had narrowly escaped being an old maid.

Coralee wondered where and how a decent, sensible girl would get kissed in this house, even if she were 24 and engaged. In front of your mother, who sat mending, and your father peering over the top of his newspaper, and your brother looking at things under a microscope on the dining room table, and looking up at your young man in the

same way between times, and your fat sister gaping at you with her mouth open, a kiss would be about as exciting as cold oatmeal. And there weren't any other rooms, not even a porch to speak of, and you weren't supposed to go out to the shadow of the maple tree.

Anyway, she had been kissed, and called "sweet." She could remember the way it was. It was hard, and it was soft. It was warm, and it was electric. It was like the centre of a rose, deep and mysterious. It brought dreams of moonlight and balconies; knights on white chargers; bells; blossoms.

Nelson's Drygoods and Notions employed Coralee from 10 to six. During her lunch hour, next day, she met Thelma, who worked at the Palace, down the street, and together they picked her out a fleecy pink sweater to go with her new grey suit.

"It looks just super on you," Thelma raved. "I've got too much yellow in my hair for pink, but yours is more brown, like maple sugar. And it makes your eyes look bluer. He'll go for you sure tonight."

CHANT FOR SPRING

By FRANCES FROST

Now shall the plow
imperative bite
unfrozen hills
into furrows with bright
purpose, the bough
deliver the leaf.

Now shall the harrow
narrow the channels
of clods, and the stone
be returned to the wall,
and green take the runnels
late fallow with winter.

Now shall the fall
of petals be swift,
and into the slope
the seasoned gift
of corn be firm,
and April brief.

Now fingers grope
earth-stained in loam.
Now heart and hands
to the waiting lands,
to the ritual
of love, are given
till sunlight sleeps.

promised mom she would remember about nice girls, and she did remember when Roy reached for her hand and held it during the show, but mom hadn't said anything about hands.

They stopped for a malt before going home. Coralee tried to be good company, but she'd started to worry about what to do when they said good night tonight. She tried to think of ways of explaining that she was a nice girl and didn't kiss, only last night she had forgotten. She tried not to imagine, even, ignoring mom's talk and letting herself go. It would be very easy. But all her life, at home, at Young People's, and in Girls' Council at school, she had been taught that the right way is not easy.

As it turned out this problem was solved for her. When they approached the house, the front stoop was lighted, and mom stood in the doorway.

"You didn't have to wait up, mom," Coralee chided her, after Roy had gone on with a casual "Good night. See you later."

Mom said, "I can't sleep anyway. I worry about you, staying out so late."

"You could worry in bed, mom." It was unkind, but Coralee was impatient



Friends Your Baby Can Count On

BUSIEST man in any town these days is the doctor, for he is devoting so many hours and so much energy to the care of this year's bumper crop of babies that he barely has time for his own family.

Always on the job in its many laboratories and kitchens, H. J. Heinz Company is another friend your baby can count on.

Making foods for the youngest generation has long been one of our greatest responsibilities. And so naturally, in every stage of preparation we enlist the services of experts.

For instance, the vegetables and fruits for Heinz Baby Foods are raised by farmers who are carefully selected and supervised by Heinz trained agriculturists . . . Our skilled technicians not only experiment tirelessly on new products but constantly check the old ones for

uniform texture, tempting flavours, natural colour and high nutritive content . . . And an experienced Baby Counsellor and staff are available to solve practical problems of baby feeding and care.

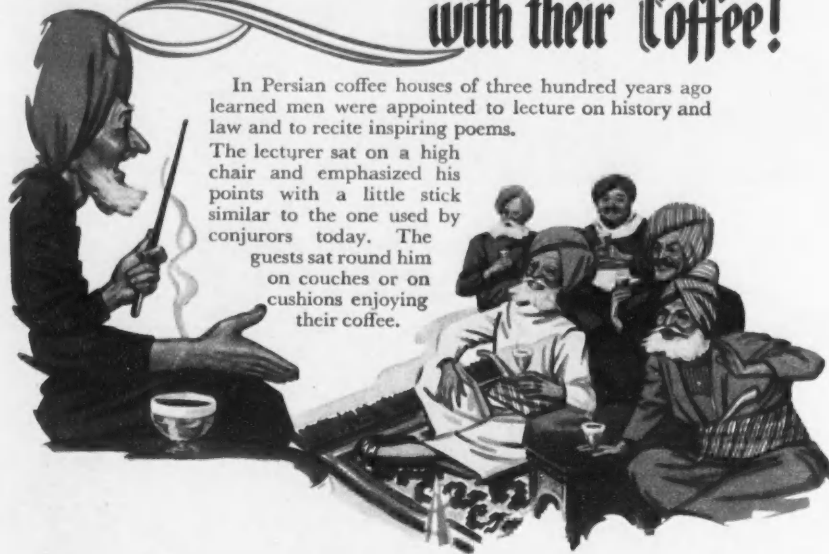
These are just a few of the reasons why Heinz is able to assure the doctors and mothers of Canada that the quality of Heinz Baby Foods is controlled from the field to the grocer's shelves. There are now 22 delicious, nourishing varieties for you to choose from.

HEINZ

Baby Foods



The Persians liked 'Learning' with their Coffee!



In Persian coffee houses of three hundred years ago learned men were appointed to lecture on history and law and to recite inspiring poems. The lecturer sat on a high chair and emphasized his points with a little stick similar to the one used by conjurors today. The guests sat round him on couches or on cushions enjoying their coffee.

There's Inspiration and Enjoyment in Every Cup of this Richer, Finer Coffee

The enticing fragrance and *extra-rich*, full bodied flavor of Maxwell House *always* inspire good cheer. Whether on festive occasions or in the cosy family circle, the friendly stimulation of this delicious coffee loosens tongues and warms hearts.

Maxwell House contains choice Latin-American coffees . . . the finest procurable . . . blended by experts and *Radiant-Roasted* to develop the *full* flavor of this glorious blend. No wonder more people buy and enjoy Maxwell House than any other brand of coffee in the world!

FOR HAPPIER MEALTIMES!

Meals are more enjoyable when topped by the deeply-satisfying goodness of Maxwell House. It's always particularly fine coffee . . . always "Good to the Last Drop!"

MH-476M

Maxwell House Coffee

A Product of General Foods

at not being given a chance to find out if she was a nice kind of girl, one with will power.

Sunday Thelma had a lovely plan. A little supper party at her house, just Coralee and Roy and Freddie, and then Coralee could stay all night. Coralee just told mom about the supper and staying all night. Mom had no objections, but did suggest that the girls might go to Young People's.

The party was more fun than anything yet. Thelma's folks disappeared early, and the four had the house to themselves. They danced to records, and talked and fooled around the piano. Roy could play pretty well, and Freddie and Thelma sang, and Coralee just watched Roy. He was the nicest-looking person she'd ever seen, much better looking than Freddie, she thought privately. Of course, he was lanky, and his dark hair roughed up easily, but his smile, with just that trace of dimple—Well, it just made your heart go flip-flop.

About midnight Freddie said he wanted to get started saying goodnight, so he could do it like it should be done. He and Thelma walked over to one end of the dark porch. "You take the other end, Roy," he said, "and I'll meet you down the street."

Well now, this was going to be the test. Coralee kept thinking, "Will power, will power," and it was in her mind, but there simply wasn't any co-operation in the rest of her body. Roy held her in his arms a moment, but just as his face started to come down, she got strength from somewhere. She turned her head and pushed violently with the heels of her hands. Roy dropped his arms to his sides. He gave her a long look through the darkness, and then said "Sorry," and strode off.

CORALEE SLIPPED into the house and waited for Thelma, who came in five minutes later looking rosy and mused. Of course Thelma wasn't 24, but she was going steady.

"I bet Roy kissed you too," she teased Coralee. "You're blushing, and your lipstick's smeared, I think, a little."

"No, he wanted to," Coralee tried to giggle, for the right effect. "I just decided not to."

"Well, baby, you're right," Thelma said as they went up to her bedroom arm in arm. "Play a little hard to get, at first, anyway. It makes them think more of you."

They whispered far into the night about Freddie and Roy, and their dreams and emotions, and how they thought people should act. Thelma knew so much more than Coralee. She'd had boy friends since she was 14. But the things she'd found out weren't quite like what mom said. Coralee decided she would just have to weigh them over by herself, and strike a balance, somehow. Thelma told her one thing that was rather precious. The kind of thing that you roll over and over on your tongue and suck every bit of juice from, and then remember the taste as long as you can.

"Freddie thinks Roy's swell," she said first. "He said Midge Harrison's crazy about Roy, but Roy can't see her." Then she confided, "He said I shouldn't tell you this, because Roy made him promise not to tell me, but do you know what he told Freddie? That he's got serious intentions about you!"

"Serious intentions." It changed the dreams to those of nearer aspects. Honeymoon trips, cottages with crisp curtains. It gave her a righter feeling about Roy, and kisses. But she was quite sure mom would never get the same right feeling, so she didn't mention at home that Sunday's party included the boys. She didn't even scold because Evelyn had eaten all her chocolates. It was better not to bring up any subject which concerned Roy.

Tuesday night was Youth Centre night again. Tuesdays and Fridays were for older young people. Coralee tried to be sparkling and attractive to Roy, and kept an eagle eye out for Midge Harrison. Roy seemed quiet and rather moody, but he walked home with her again after 10.30, when the place closed. This time she didn't invite him in, but said, "Good night. See you later," quickly as soon as they were safely past the maple tree, and skipped up the front

steps, but not before hearing Roy's "Say, what is this?"

She hoped her prompt and forthright arrival would forestall any questioning about her escort, but it didn't. "Who did you come home with?" Evelyn asked, and all ears were alert.

"Whom," Coralee corrected. "Just Roy."

"Aren't there any other boys at the Centre?" mom asked querulously.

"Mother dear," Coralee said with sweet sarcasm, "the boys ask the girls. Girls do not ask boys."

"I know but—well, anyway, try not to see him again for a week, at least. You're spending altogether too much time with the one boy."

But the next night Roy phoned. "Could I come over?" he asked. "Maybe we can think of some place to go."

Mom was watching her, and listening closely. "Oh, I don't believe so, tonight," Coralee said slowly, with a silent supplication for will power.

"Would there be a row?" "N—no." You had to be loyal. You couldn't blame your own folks, when they were only trying to bring you up right. "I just am too busy tonight." It sounded perfectly horrid.

"I guess I get it," Roy said finally.

SHE HUNG up the phone, and went into her bedroom and sat staring out the window into the darkness.

"What's the matter?" said Evelyn, following her. "Who was that? That same guy?" Coralee didn't answer, and Evelyn grubbed around in the chocolate box to see if she might have missed one.

Coralee went to the Youth Centre on Friday, but Roy wasn't there, and neither was Midge Harrison. She danced a little bit, but came home early, with a couple of other girls who also were having a dull time.

✦ Continued on page 56

ODE TO A HAT

By MAY RICHSTONE

✦✦

O hat with saucy tilted brim,

Enchanting as an April whim,

Designed for some blithe interim.

O hat so reckless, young and gay,

Back in your box you're tucked away—

I can't live up to you today!

They Make Movies

BY ELSPETH CHISHOLM

Meet the two leading women producers of the National Film Board — experts in film technique and the fascinating task of interpreting Canada to the Canadian people

NO, THIS is not a story of Hollywood beauties. Canada herself has a growing film industry, consisting of some commercial companies, and the National Film Board, sponsored by the Canadian Government, with headquarters in Ottawa. So far as the audience is concerned, the stars in Film Board movies are the Canadian people themselves. But behind the cameras are the film makers, and among them are many women who are starring at jobs ranging from production to book-keeping.

For instance, Sally MacDonald, engineer, is in charge of the chemical control room, an impressive title, and a vital part of the business of turning out films. Evelyn Lambert does those clever animated maps you've seen in the NFB's "World In Action" series. You've noticed similar maps in British and American films too, but the Canadian girl's work rates among the best.

The Film Board's Mexican office is headed by a woman, Irene Baird; the personnel officer in Ottawa is Beth Bertram, capable and sympathetic. She warns you that the Film Board is not a mecca for job-hunting women, however—the requirements are very specific, and you've got to have what it takes. And in the film business, that's plenty. Most of the women now in key jobs were taken on staff during the war years, although recently veterans have been hired, women who were trained by the services in darkroom work, or photo finishing, or other specialized skills.

Any resemblance between Canada's Film Board and Hollywood is purely coincidental. For one thing, there are no luxurious offices in Ottawa, and few among the regional or foreign branches. Instead, the National Film Board must operate from what was once a sawmill, and the overcrowding would be excellent evidence for a slum-clearance project. The employees seem to thrive on it, though the visitor wonders how they stand it.

There's no Hollywood nonsense about prestige, either. Everyone, senior or junior, who has ideas and energy, is respected. And the most important difference of all is that the Film Board's function is not to issue box-office successes, but to inform Canadians about their own country, making the information as entertaining as possible. No fictional films are made by the NFB, and though they hate the term "educational" it's the simplest way of describing their work.

The Board is a reporter's nightmare to visit, because either the person you want to see is away on location, or busy in the cutting room; or gives you two minutes and then has to dash off. You innocently ask a question, and they cheerfully tell you about "shooting" or "sinking" (synchronizing) cutting and interlocking, until your head swims. You come away with great respect for these people who have not only learned the new language, but have turned out hundreds of successful film shorts during the war years.

Over the place is still hovering the shadow of John Grierson, the man who fathered the National Film Board back at the beginning of the war, and who has now left to work in the international film field. Talk to any of the people he hired, and who probably worked closely with him, and the name "Grierson" pops into the conversation regularly.

For instance, about women working for the Board. The girls are surprised that you find it unusual to see so many of them in key jobs—surely that happens anywhere, given equality of opportunity. Then someone remembers that Grierson was prejudiced against women at first. But the girls he had to take on during wartime proved so efficient that he changed his mind, and even leaned over backward a little, according to some.



Evelyn Spice Cherry, in slacks and blazer, directs a shot in the sitting-room of a prairie home near Minnedosa, Man. The picture, "Farm Electrification"; and the actors—the farmer and his wife, seated at table.



Gudrun Bjerring Parker, another NFB producer, gets acquainted with a little Chinese boy who had a character part in one of her children's films.



Courtesy National Film Board

ALL RIGHT, you say—so there are women at the Film Board. Now just who are the women producers? You're told that almost everyone who helps make a film is called a producer—again unlike Hollywood, where the producer is the fellow with the money. You're told about the unit system, in which groups of people co-operate to make films. Grierson liked the unit system, because film is such a complex and cumbersome medium, and it would be almost impossible to work alone. These production units are the backbone of the Board's work, and it's hard to say sometimes just who is the actual producer of a given film.

One name which is indisputable belongs to a small

energetic woman who is quoted in the recognized textbooks as an expert on the documentary film. Evelyn Spice is a veteran, since 15 years is a long time in this young industry. Back in 1931 Evelyn was a reporter on the Regina Leader-Post. She went to England for a holiday, intending to stay a month, and was still there eight years later. The same John Grierson met her, and promptly took her on as a member of his small group of experimenters in the documentary film field. Documentary, Evelyn says, is a term which covers many variations, from How to Brush Your Teeth for classroom use, to reportage like the Canada Carries On shorts. Documentaries involve real people and real + Continued on page 81

Always, at the Easter Season...



GAY JONQUILS made from yellow turnips! Parboil and cut into thin slices. Scallop to make petals. Cut thin slices for center. Garnish with hard-boiled eggs, peeled and dyed with vegetable colours.

Here in Canada the ancient tradition of ham at Easter time has become specially identified with one particular ham... Swift's Premium. For that name has signified "the finest" to generations of Canadian homemakers. Only Swift's Premium Ham would do full justice to feasts and honoured guests. Because so many families cherish the tradition of Swift's Premium Ham for Easter, Swift is doing its best to insure fair distribution of available supplies.

*Swift's
Premium
Ham* **BROWN
SUGAR
CURED!**

"You're wearing gold and—"
Suddenly rebellious, Holly said, "My silver sandals are new. Besides your feet are longer than mine."

"But they're collapsible, darling! And would you have me hopping about on one foot like a stork?"

Fetch the slippers, softie! When Holly returned, Angela's soft mouth upcurved in a smile of thanks. "Remind me to paint you in that dress. You're simply luscious."

No twins decorated the lower hall as they descended the staircase. Only Roger and Kirk. Kirk thrust his toe forward in an absurd mincing step. "Here we are," he announced, "with our dancing feet arched and pointed." Then he saw Holly. "Delilah!" He clapped his hand over his eyes. "Heaven pity the sailors on a night like this."

"Where are they?" she demanded. "It's Roger's fault," he said, pecking through his fingers. "He slugged them with words of six cylinders. All about deviations from Lambert and Beer's laws in the infra-red. They took off on a wing and a pontoon."

Roger grinned. "Kirk told them you'd be late. That perhaps they should go ahead and hold a table."

"Look, Circe," Kirk took her hand and folded the fingers back against her palm, "trade in the brass knucks. We'll rumba the night away in mad abandon."

"I," she said coldly, "have a date." Angela tugged gently at Kirk's sleeve. "Stop teasing or we'll be late."

He pulled her arm through his. "Angel, my darling, why did you let it grow up while my back was turned? You should have stepped on it in the insect stage."

Flanked by the two men, Angela tripped down the steps while Holly locked the door and dropped the key in the mailbox where nobody but thieves would find it.

"Would you," Kirk tossed back at her, "care to walk in front or behind us?"

The art school lobby had been cleared for the dance. Against the wall the Gilmores, drooping between statues of Winged Victory and St. John the Baptist, suddenly galvanized and bore down on Kirk. "They don't have tables," they said in simultaneous indignation.

But news that Farraday was back had spread. Reporters, photographers, faculty attacked en bloc and Holly undertook to soothe the wrathful twins.

If her dress was seductive when she walked, dancing made it a sensation. She chain - danced from one pair of arms to another, keeping Kirk's rusty head in view, yet when he finally escaped the mob she didn't see him go. Angela, too, had vanished. Suddenly she realized she hadn't seen Roger since a student paged him earlier in the evening. During the next hour she developed a colossal case of crick in the neck from watching the entrance.

It was almost time for the auction before Kirk reappeared and tagged her partner. "Now tread we a measure."

"The dance of death," she said.

Holding her so closely she could see little but the lapels of his dinner coat, he deftly detoured an energetic pair not only cutting a rug but passing ankles as well and manoeuvred her through an arched opening leading to the sunken garden. "Let's get out of this rat race," he said.

Dancing, she discovered, was a new and delightful sensation like running

barefoot over a carpet of pansies. She hadn't wanted to stop.

The night wind ruffling her hair was sweet with the scent of wild plum. In the shadows they leaned against an ivy-covered wall watching a spectacular moon sift powdered gold on sculptured evergreens. In the garden below, a couple rose from a stone bench and moved away. The boy limped.

"At least," Kirk said, "he got what he fought for."

"Are you talking in parabolas?" she asked, conscious of the hard warmth of his shoulder. "I flunked mental telepathy."

He indicated the boy. "Books instead of grenades—" He broke off. "What am I saying? I brought you out here to listen to the voice of the turtle."

In silence that was part of the music, the spring scents, the Gothic towers swimming in moon haze, he put a fist under her chin and lifted it gently. His eyes, boring deep, conquered her wild desire to break and run. He kissed her. Lightly at first, then with swift passion his mouth crushed down on hers.

It happened in the catch of a heart beat. This thing called love. Fire in her veins, a pulse hammering in her throat, her arms slipped up around his neck.

After a long moment he held her from him. "We must do this more often!" But the words were rough, queer, as if he knew they were out of key. He was drawing her close again when a voice, clear and sweet, cut between them.

Abruptly his hands fell away. Angela skirted the fountain and ran up the grassy slope. With the wind molding white folds to her tall slenderness she was a lovely Diana in full flight—or was it chase?

"Kirk!" There was a breathless urgency strangely alien to her temperament. "I must talk to you. Right away. I've made up my mind!"

"Okay, Angel," he said quietly. Picking up Holly's evening cape which had fallen to the grass, he laid it lightly over her bare shoulders.

Dismissal. It had been a pleasant interlude with an amateur Delilah, but this was the 14-karat stuff. The star in the sapphire. "Well," she said, "thanks for the memory." But the little laugh she forced broke in two and betrayed her. She fled, deaf to whatever it was they called after her.

IT WAS very late when Angela came in and bent over her bed. "Awake, honey?" She pretended sleep, but for hours afterward stared into the darkness with hot dry eyes. When she awoke it was with a feeling of lateness. Reaching for her wrist watch, she found the note!

"Darling bridesmaid: Off to the city to buy trousseau for honeymoon in New York. Wedding at 5 p.m. in rectory. Tried to tell you the exciting news last night, sleepy head. Love, Angela. P.S. Broke my watch. May I borrow yours? That is an academic question. Ha! Ha!"

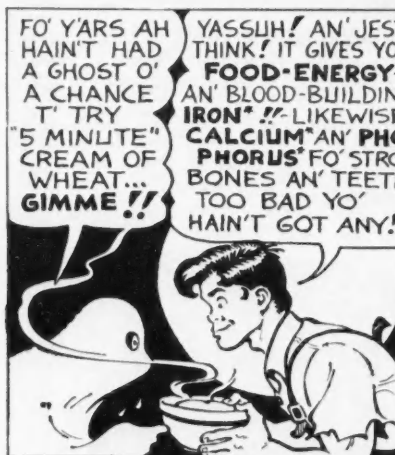
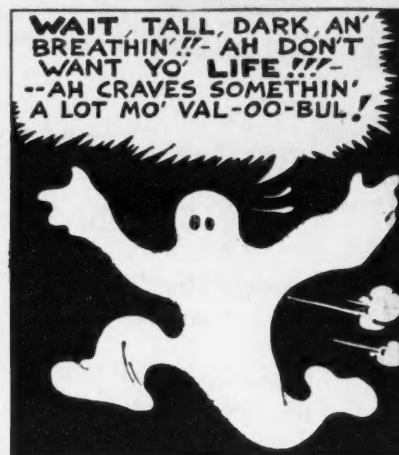
They might have had the decency to elope. Perversely a snatch of old song ran through her head. "Tis thy wedding morning, shining in the sky." Only it wasn't shining and heavy clouds were forming in the south.

Shivering, she closed the windows and went downstairs for a cup of coffee Angela had brewed earlier—in a witches' cauldron by the taste. In a state of suspended emotion she fixed food for a

Continued on page 54






LI'L ABNER^{by} AL CAPP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



*For diets deficient in these elements



Cancer has its hopeful side!  It starts small, as a malignant growth of cells at one point in the  body, and may  spread quickly. But, fortunately, cancer often sends out danger  signals, permitting early recognition, and if treated properly it can usually be checked. 

These are cancer's danger signals

1—Any unusual lump or thickening, especially in the breast.

2—Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.

3—Any sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.

4—Loss of appetite or persistent unexplained indigestion.

5—Noticeable changes in the form, size or colour of a mole or wart.

6—Any persistent changes in the normal habits of elimination.

Here's hopeful news. These danger signals do not invariably mean that you have cancer. They are signs that something is wrong, that you should have an immediate examination by a competent doctor.

At one leading cancer clinic, 88 out of 100 women who came for examination because they recognized a warning sign proved not to have cancer. The important fact is they were examined and relieved of worry, while the few who had cancer increased their chances of a permanent cure.

There have been tremendous increases in medical knowledge and skill, and

many improvements in diagnosis and technical care. But remember, medical science can cure cancer only if it is discovered early, before it has a chance to grow or spread.

No medicines can cure cancer. Beware of quacks and those who promise to cure cancer with drugs or other unproved methods.

Only three things can check, destroy, or remove cancer... X-rays, radium, surgery, used singly or in combination. *There are no short cuts or substitutes.*

Send for Metropolitan's Free Booklet for further information about cancer. Address your request to Booklet Dept., 46 L., Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

New York

Frederick H. Ecker Leroy A. Lincoln
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD PRESIDENT

Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has much pleasure in repeating this message on Cancer as a contribution to the work of the Canadian Cancer Society.

Love Goes Lightly

Continued from page 7

"Please, Bill, let's not go into that now." Persuading her father not to let Bill give up college to go to an oil job in South America had been a tussle. If only her mother had lived. None of the Kanes knew what time it was. She put a hand on his arm. "There'll be lots of jobs there later."

"Says who?" He shrugged sullenly away, and Holly caught a flicker of amused speculation in Kirk's eyes.

In the living room, a big black cat slept on the hearth before an open fire. Holly, thankful she had dusted at noon, was pleased to see Angela's arrangement of yellow jonquils in a brown bowl on the piano top.

A tall man with a scholar's stoop, who looked like an authority on spiders, and was, came out of his study carrying an armload of books. He squinted myopically at them until, catching Holly's pantomime, he lowered his glasses from his forehead to his nose.

"You remember Kirk Farraday, dad?"

"Indeed I do. Fine book, 'Here Is Your War.'"

"That was Ernie Pyle, I'm afraid, sir."

"To be sure," he said, not a whit dismayed. "Here for long?"

"Just for a conference with the University Press. I'm leaving for the East tomorrow."

The Far East, Holly hoped, and wondered how fast a worker he might prove to be.

"A spot of sherry, gentlemen?" her father was asking needlessly.

"Excuse me," she said, "while I pop out to see what's cooking with our latest treasure."

"There you go dreaming again," Professor Kane's eyes twinkled behind his thick lenses. "No one's in the kitchen."

"Oh," Angela moaned in sweet distress. "Her name was Bertha. I found her on the bus."

In the kitchen an unwashed coffee cup was the only sign

Bertha had ever been there. Holly reached for an apron and went into a desperate huddle with the emergency shelf while Angela drifted off to work table magic with ivy rings and white candles.

After ushering a pan of gingerbread into the oven, Holly returned to the living room to find Kirk on the love seat, Hannibal the cat on the best needlepoint chair and her father pouring himself a third glass of sherry.

Kirk, his trick eyebrow raised in challenge, patted the cushion beside him invitingly, while Hannibal calmly washed mud from his fur. She snatched the cat up and carried him to the love seat where in spite of his struggles she held him firmly on her lap, then she

turned her attention to her father. "Dad," she said anxiously, "you're making a speech at the faculty club dinner tonight."

"Bless my soul," he said, swiftly draining his glass, "so I am."

Her hand relaxed and Hannibal slipped away and padded over to Angela. She ignored him, so with feline perverseness he leaped on her lap, turned around twice and settled down with his tail over his nose. Absently with the tip of her finger she parted the hair between his ears.

Kirk lighted a cigarette, his eyes searching Holly's across the flame from his lighter. "You see," he said, "love goes lightly."

NEVER HAD three people been in less of a hurry to finish dinner. Intercepting her frantic foot signal to Angela, Kirk asked, "We going someplace?"

"I don't know about you," said Holly. "I'm going to the Art Auction dance with the Gilmore twins."

"Glamorous blondes, I trust." "The twins," she said, "are ex-Navy men."

"You'll come, Kirk?" Angela's big blue eyes were softly pleading as she put her cigarette out on a plate instead of the ash tray.

"Since your little sister insists," he said.

"The man who came to dinner!" As Holly left the dining room she added,

"Could be you're picking out a nice pitfall for yourself, Lochinvar."

"I can take it in someone else's stride," he assured her cheerfully. "The question is, can you?" Their eyes held for a second before she turned away.

"Roger and I will be back in exactly 30 minutes," he said, "shining with desire and gleaming with unguents."

A vigorous brushing had brought a black gleam to Holly's curls swirling upward on either side of a centre part. Her dress was the color of ripe pomegranates shot with gold and from a low-cut heart-shaped neck her bare shoulders rose in ivory-

smooth perfection. Fitting snugly to well below her hips before it flared to the floor, the dress subtly changed her forthright gait to a siren's glide. Bought in a mad shopping moment she'd never before had the nerve to wear it and was a little confused as to her motives now. Pomegranate lipstick, golden hoops for her ears, provocative perfume and she was ready.

In her sister's room she found Angela in clinging white and silver rising from a puddle of undergarments like Aphrodite from the sea foam. She held up the heel of a silver slipper. "It came off," she said redundantly.

Holly picked up her slip and laid it on the bed. "What am I supposed to do about it?"

NEW TENANT

By R. H. GRENVILLE

She found the house between two hills, and said:

"Here is a place where love may laugh and thrive!"

A chimney climbing into stars, a red, wide-gabled roof, intended to survive!

She walked, delighted, through each empty room,

Noting the spreading hearth, the ample sills

Where one might set the brightly sworded bloom

Of early hyacinths or daffodils . . .

Here they would break their fast when April came,

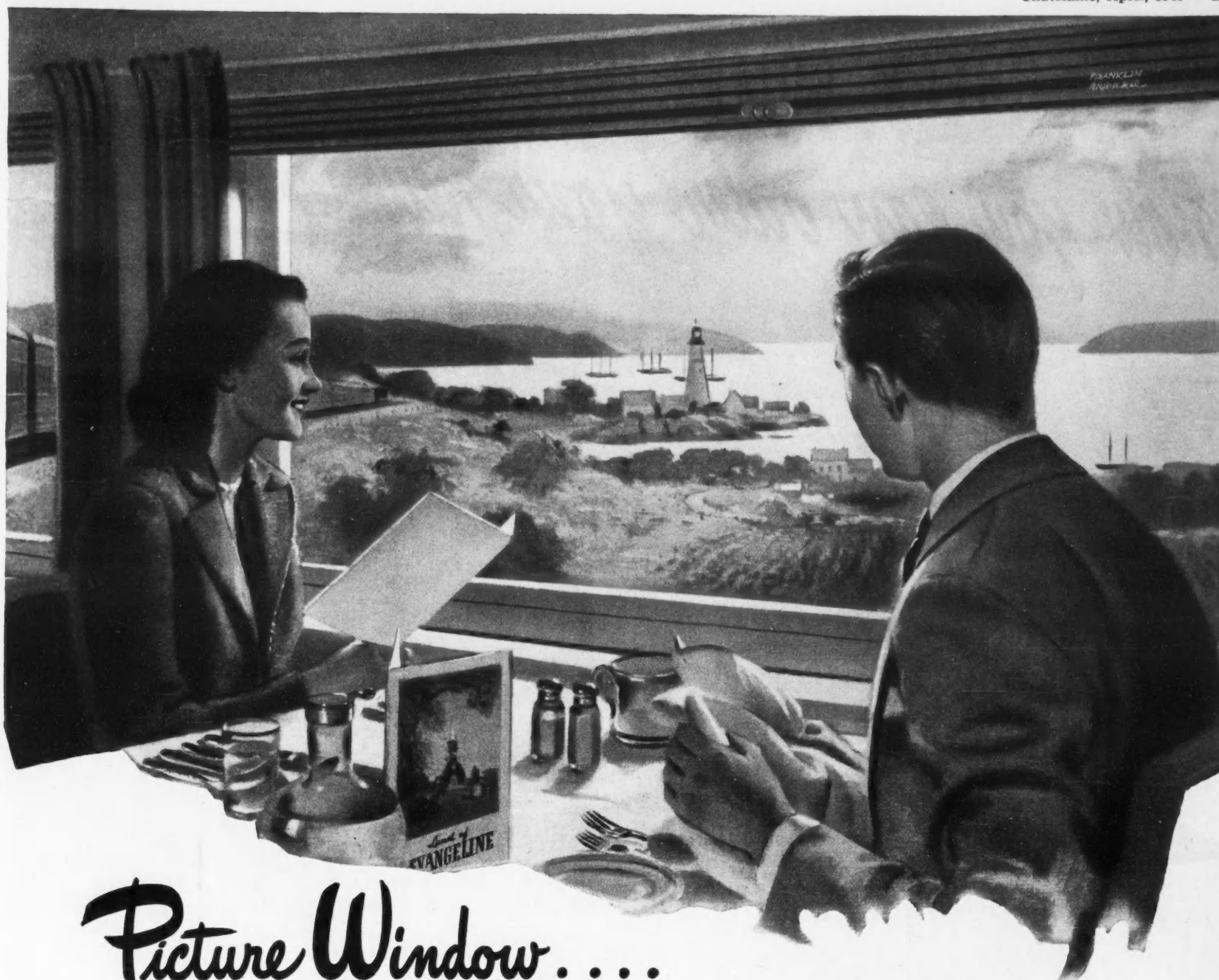
Seeing, through tender boughs, the brave wings dart;

Here would the chairs be set, the tawny flame

Of brushwood fires defy the night forlorn —

She smiled a little, hearing in her heart

The joyous laughter of the yet-unborn.



Down by the sea on Canada's East Coast.

Picture Window.... by Canadian Pacific

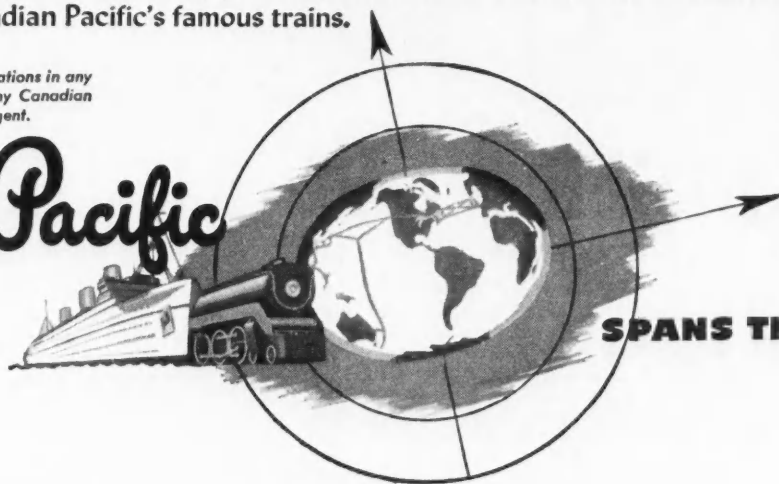
That window beside your seat on a Canadian Pacific train...it's a travelogue in technicolor. It's a window on natural grandeur...on horizon-spreading farm lands...on industrial vigour...it's a moving panorama of this great land of ours.

And it's the way to travel in Canada. The comfort way...the friendly way...the way tens of thousands of Canadians have learned to know their own Dominion better.

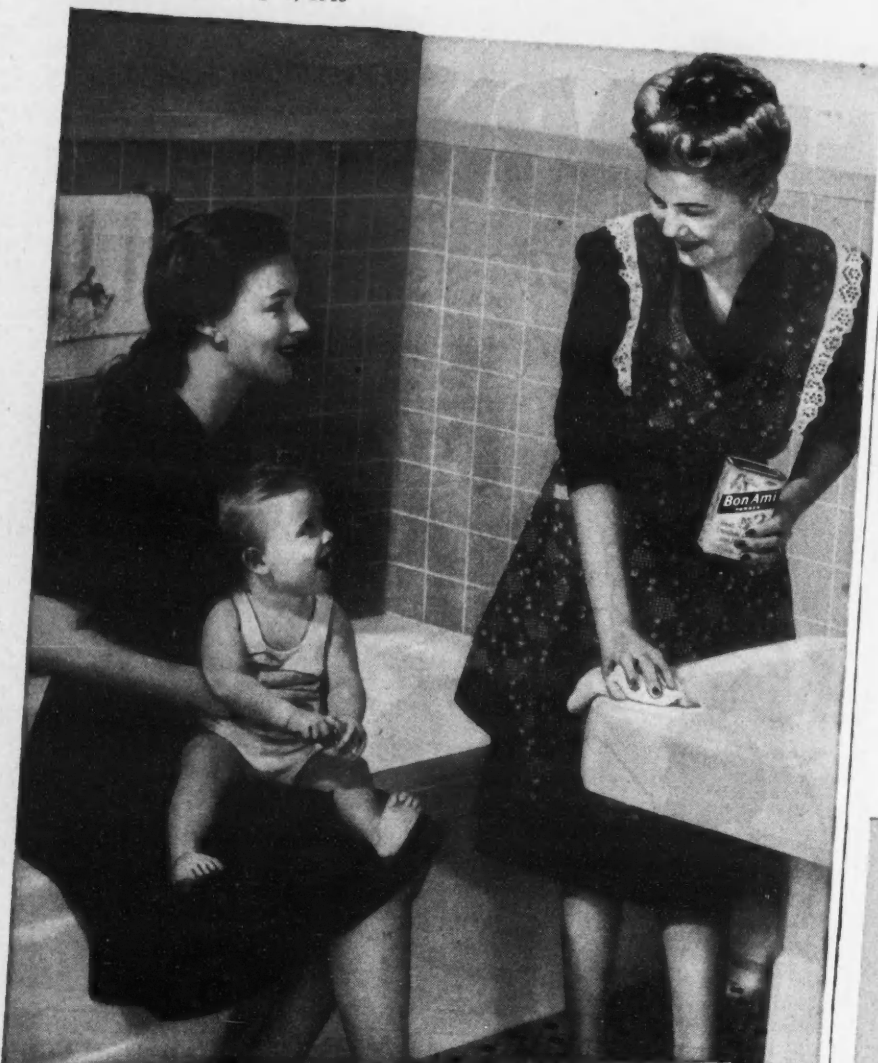
Soon Canadian Pacific will bring you even finer travel luxury...in new, deluxe editions of Canadian Pacific's famous trains.

For information about vacations in any part of Canada consult any Canadian Pacific Railway agent.

Canadian Pacific



SPANS THE WORLD



PEGGY:

**Wish I could clean up quick
as you do, Mother!**

MOTHER: Here's your answer—a cleanser that
doesn't leave *dirt-catching* scratches.

Mother knows that scratchy cleansers slow down cleaning, because every scratch is a dirt-trap that makes you scrub and scrub.

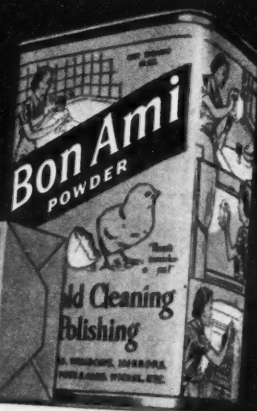
Bon Ami, on the other hand, "hasn't scratched yet!" It just *slides* the dirt off bathtubs and sinks... polishes as it cleans... and gets things sparkling in a twinkling! Best of all, Bon Ami is *one* cleanser you can trust with pretty hands. It's the easy, pleasant way to speed through *every* cleaning job!

P. S. Bon Ami Powder is a favorite for sinks, bathtubs, general cleaning; Bon Ami Cake for windows, mirrors, windshields.

MADE IN CANADA

Bon Ami

THE **SPEEDY** CLEANSER that
"hasn't scratched yet!"



Creating With Color



Your accessories can add important color and details these spring days! Imagine gloves, turban and dickey in pale pink crochet with that new little suit. Instructions for making five cents each: Turban S120, Gloves S121, Dickey S122. You'll want more than one of these sets.



Or make yourself a high, high pillbox in solid corded crochet. Instructions 10 cents. Order No. S124.



Lacy crochet collar and cuffs—so easy to do! Instructions five cents, Order No. S123. Order from Chatelaine Handicrafts, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ontario

Chatelaine

Fashions



Let It Rain . . . Let It Pour . . .

Let April, lovely, fickle-minded wench, juggle sunshine and showers, with grey wet mists and sudden shafts of sun reaching through. For there'll be days before spring that play havoc with glamorous Easter outfits, wilting delicate, crisp veils, bogging down flower-laden hats.

There'll be April showers, mayhap the day of that special date, to ruin your grey bonnet with the rose on top, and you'll thank ♣ Continued on page 34

Raincoat courtesy Sports Togs Ltd.

Ronny Jacques

A DREAM COMES TRUE ... now you can order your new Singer!



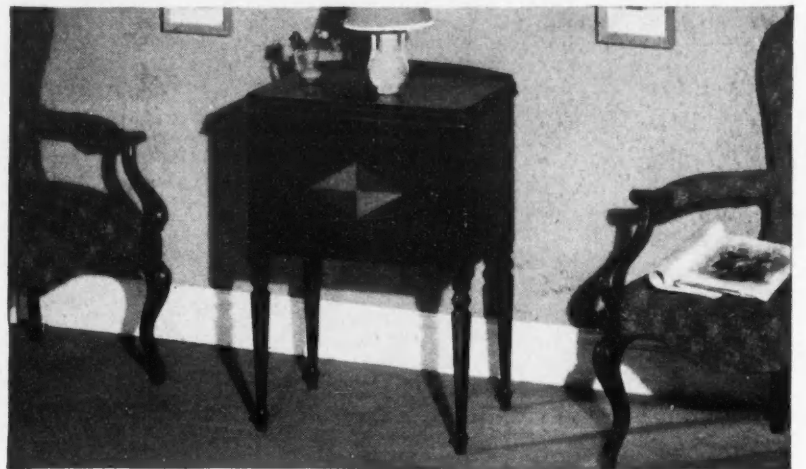
← **FREE WITH PURCHASE**
of every Singer sewing machine
—a complete course in home dress-
making or decorating at your Singer Sewing
Center.

● For years you've been saying—"If *only* I could get a wonderful new Singer to help me sew and mend and re-make and re-decorate"—and now you can!

Yes, the new Singer machines are on the market again. Those smooth-running, efficient Singers that make sewing a joy instead of a drudgery.

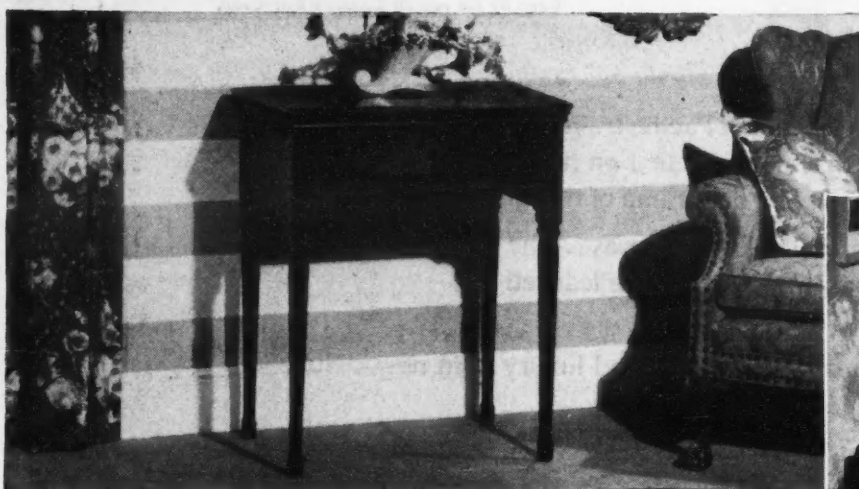
And whatever style cabinet you choose... from a hand-
some console to a sturdy treadle... you can be absolutely
sure of this—the sewing machine inside it will give you years
of faithful, trouble-free service.

So make that plan come true... order a Singer of your
very own today.



▲ **Handsome is as handsome does!** And inside this good-looking
inexpensive cabinet is a Singer Electric that does a full-sized sewing job.
The front panel swings out to give ample "leg room" while you sew.

← **You'd never guess**—that inside this lovely piece of furniture is a
sewing machine! And it's the smoothest, finest electric you can get
with all the latest improvements and handy attachments.



SINGER

SEWING MACHINE COMPANY



For your protection: Singer Sewing Machine Company sells
its machines only through Sewing Centers identified by the
famous red "S" trademark on the window... never through
department stores or other sewing machine dealers.

Copyright U.S.A. 1946, by the Singer Sewing Machine Company. All rights reserved for all countries



▲ **CONVERTIBLE**—A treadle today, an electric tomorrow! If your home
is not electrified, here's the machine for you! Possessing all the
sewing features of the most modern electric machines, this treadle
can be readily converted.



How's Your Easter Outfit coming along? A little care in the planning will make your budget go farther in obtaining the best effect. Buy everything with the thought in mind: will *this* go well with all my other things? Will the new shoes go well with your coat, suit and dress? Will your new handbag also fit into the color scheme of your various outfits? You like that new belt—now, what will you wear it with? If it doesn't fit into your whole plan, don't buy it. Wait until you find something that will do double and triple duty. In that way, every purchase you make toward your new outfit will more than pay its way in the long run!

Summer Tricks will include cute little pinafore dresses. Why not start making a few for yourself? It will bring the summer that much nearer to you. Gingham trimmed with white eyelet embroidery is going to be extra smart.

Young Dresses have cute new tricks for teens — like a plaid slip, topped with a sheer blouse and joined together as a dress; or bands of various colors whirling upward; delightfully young prints, such as a number that depicts gay caballeros, complete with horses and lifted lances, prancing over the scene!

Have You Some Rings that stay mostly in the jewel box? Take a black velvet ribbon, fairly narrow, slip the rings through the ribbon, tack the top of each ring to the ribbon with colorful thread—and you have a pretty novel bracelet.

You May Help improve your grooming if you cut out favorite photos from your favorite magazine (Chatelaine, of course!) and try to look like the heroine! Paste these in your scrapbook and when you are trying a new hair-do—or planning to add to your wardrobe—consult those photographs and act as closely like them as possible. Of course it helps to pick a photo of someone your own age!

LOOK FOR THE ACME TAB ON EVERY PAIR



beautiful to their
fingertips

ACME

FOR EVERYTHING THAT'S GOOD IN A GLOVE



BY APPOINTMENT
PERFUMERS TO
H.M. QUEEN MARY
YARDLEY LONDON

*You know
you look lovelier
with Beauty Preparations
from*

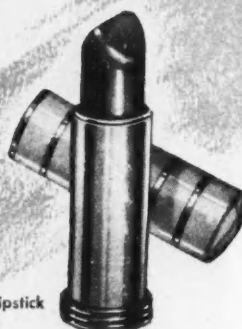
Yardley
OF LONDON

Yardley Dry Skin Cleansing
Cream . . . \$1.25

Yardley English Complexion
Powder . . . \$1.00
(Perfumed with "Bond Street")



Yardley Lipstick
\$1.25



● When you first dip a finger-tip into the gentle softness of a Yardley Cream, you know you'll look lovelier. You'll find it the same with light-textured, light-hearted English Complexion Powder . . . with the lip-lovely Yardley Lipstick . . . or with any one of the Yardley Beauty Preparations—all created by Yardley for those who love life's finer things.

Fashion Shorts

★ *from New York* ★

by Kay Murphy

Pastel Spring! Pastels in coats, suits, dresses, hats and accessories! The pastel may be on the pink, blue, gold, or green tone—but if it's *pastel*, it's right for spring!

If You Blend your colors right, two filmy veils on a plain hat can turn a prettier trick than one, just for a gay mood! One is worn smoothly close to the face, the other puffed up and away!

Shortie Coats take the lead—mostly all gallant little boxes that flare away from the body with a sassy little whirl. Saw a honey—honey-colored wool with black revers bouncing down the front!

Rope-soled Shoes are coming in again this season—earlier than usual! If the color of the rope sole does not please you, you may brighten up the border with nail polish in dots and dashes or you may sew nailheads on them, to make them gleam!

Suits and more suits—and if you will *not* have a really spring suit, you can compromise, but prettily, with one of those smart new suit dresses that look like a real suit, but the jacket is unlined, and so disposed you may wear it as a dress or open it up over a blouse or dickey, and thus be suited!

Naughty, Naughty! Chewing gum on your sweater, on your skirt? Put a piece of ice on the spot, leave it for a while—and off comes the gum with the ice, without pulling the fabric.

Blouses go in for many feminine wiles—and those very, very sheer affairs, with billowy long sleeves look as if they are going many places!

You're a Girl who wears glasses! Try this stunt—tint the rims with your favorite nail polish and make 'em truly individual. You can change the color scheme from time to time (when you change your nail polish), for of course the polish comes off with a wipe of polish remover.

Take a Hat and wear it—it will be right because there doesn't seem to be a wrong hat fashion this spring. Flowers—veils—half-hats—drooping brims—up-swept crowns—you'll see them all, love them all, and have as many variations as your pocket will permit!

The Top of That Dress is ready for the ragbag—but the skirt is still good! So cut off the top—leaving about one inch above the waistline, sew or bind it neatly, and you have a skirt you'll still get heaps of wear from.

Gay Ideas are already beckoning us toward summer. For those oh-so-hot days there'll be black done up in new packages . . . black dirndl skirts in raw silks and rayons, worn with basques in Guatemalan cottons. Very often these basques have low, off-shoulder necklines finished with a rolled edge in plain black.

Maurice Rentner stresses the "climactic use of color" in this cut-away suit, with its semi-belted coat in cosmic red against a slender black skirt. The coat swings open to flash a cool green lining and a blouse of striped green and white jersey. Note the extreme side fullness and the V-cut of back belt accenting a long, trim torso line.

There'll Be some new leads to a halter too! Little cotton ones are cleverly cut for double duty . . . worn as a halter, or switched to tie round your middle as an apron.

For a Dainty Air—put a small sachet in each of the shoulder pads of your dresses. Keeps them fragrant—and you'll be "the lass with the delicate air."

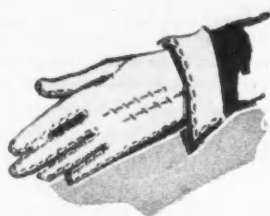
Make Yourself a purse prettifier: buy a clear, plastic comb, beg, borrow or snitch some bright oil paint, and daub a motif all across top of your comb both sides. Since it's that flash of color that counts, you can do it with a very free wrist in about 15 minutes! Let it dry well!

Don't Throw Away that pretty dress just because sleeves and other parts are worn! You can (with a little grey matter) turn it into a pretty apron. Or cut off the top, sew the skirt together, and admire your smart new laundry bag!

Your Glove Wardrobe



Arresting printed news in flared - cuff gloves, rayon surah or taffeta, matching a high-reaching hat.



Here's the famous shortie you'll wear with suits and (on lovely arms) cap - sleeved dresses. Teen - agers are wearing them with their formals!



Your glove wardrobe will include a good casual type. There'll be lovely, handsewn ones, in suede-finished fabrics as well as doeskins. And in bright colors.



Dull rayon jersey fabric gloves in high fashion shades. Above, a diagonal-shirred elbow - length for short sleeves. Below a 16-button formal.



Striped rayon taffeta gloves matching a bustle bow. Stunning in black and white on black dress.

Sketches by Beverley Barber.

Now that **Kodak Film** is back, you can discover **Snapshots at Night**, with Photo Lamps. They're fun, they're easy, they're particularly satisfying snapshots... the family's at its happiest at home in the evening. Start snapping tonight...

A good Photoflash subject



A good Photoflood subject



See your **Kodak Dealer** today... for Kodak Film (Kodak Super-xx for Photoflood pictures, Kodak Verichrome for Photoflash)...for lamps...for Kodak's new Folder that gets you off to a flying start...it's **Free!**



CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED
TORONTO 9, ONT.

Kodak



She's a Perfect Secretary

There's plenty of gray matter behind those smiling gray eyes.

Her clothes are sweet and neat—and so is her work. She has the tact of a diplomat, and grammar and spelling are her strong points.

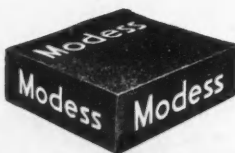
A smart girl—she knows that poise and confidence at all times are a must—and depends on Modess to give it to her on those doldrum days.

Tests prove Modess more absorbent than any other leading napkin. Modess proves more comfortable in the wearing too. The downy fluff filler starts soft—stays soft. The triple full-length safety shield gives you an extra margin of safety.

Modess

SANITARY NAPKINS

SMART GIRLS CHOOSE MODESS BECAUSE IT'S SOFTER, SAFER



Let It Rain - Let It Pour

Continued from page 31

your lucky stars if you're ready for the other side of spring in an outfit like the one in our picture, right for any weather, any place. The coat is of delustrated satin, very drapable, water-repellent and wind-resistant.

It's bright as a red-winged blackbird, cut in the new-fashioned way, roomy enough not to crush what you're wearing underneath, but trim! There's weather protection in the high, close-fitting mandarin neckline; the bodice and skirt are very full, a tie belt pulling in sharply at the waistline in a graceful curve. It's in lustrous black with left sleeve and bodice a brilliant contrast in blackbird red.

When the rains come. Is there any sight sadder than a fragile hat or chignon hair-do out in a downpour? The smart answer is a rain-and-wind affair such as we tried out way up on a high, breezy bridge! In black brushed rayon, it's a streamlined balaclava type of headgear to be tied under the chin for rough weather, or under at the back, snood style, when the sun shines.

Rainbow bright. The brighter your umbrella, the better, as a morale booster and piquant accent. The one photographed is grey fabric with translucent red plastic segments—a wonderful neon-light effect on the coat and hood.

Pity your purse. Give a beautiful bag a colorful slipcover out in the wet. A nosy prowler around the notions counter and you'll come up with something as attractive as what we found, a clear-red plastic envelope. And what a pretty sight it made!

In the middle of a stream. Sloshing around in wet shoes isn't funny... it's much better to be on friendly terms with rubber boots. Actually they have a leg-slimming effect. Plain pumps, no bows, no buckles to twist and turn, are a good investment for inside rubber boots. Chop an old pair of hose in two and pull them on over your shoes as protectors. This helps avoid stocking rings caused by soil off soles rubbing off on boot linings. Wide adhesive tape stuck around inside boot tops helps the ring problem too, provided you change the tape frequently.

Grey-day brighteners. It's a clever chick who looks chic in any weather. Here's her formula (starting with gay umbrella and good-looking raincoat):

A smart hood, or, better still, matched set of hat and purse slipcover in waterproofed material of which there are bolts and bolts inviting your imagination. Hat patterns, turbans, rollers or snoods, are simple to follow. And you can easily make a purse slipcover. Measure your purse, allowing two or three inches, cut a paper pattern, then, on to your fabric. Bind with tape, and just fold it over.

Remember the day? It's fatal to leave your glamour behind in your clothes on a rainy day. The time you slip out in just any old thing, sure as fate you'll be invited out for dinner, or bump into someone who remembers you as a very special treat. What a letdown if he has to look twice to recognize you!

You'll find yourself loving the rain, and slowing up the traffic just as our model did, if you can take bad weather with a dash of color and swinging style, in an outfit specially planned for the moister side of spring. ♦



There are dozens of places where All-Fabric Tintex can bring new cheer in your home this Spring.



Clothes—fresh lovely colour is the magic which renews the youth of your wardrobe. Blouses, lingerie and other wearables get a "lift" from

All-Fabric Tintex. The wide range of All-Fabric Tintex colours includes all the newest shades.

All-Fabric Whitex... another member of the great Tintex family, is the new-day bluing that works on silk and wool, as well as all other fabrics.

Furnishings—slip covers, bedspreads, drapes and other decorative effects will look lovelier, last longer, after a few minutes in All-Fabric Tintex Dyes or Tints. Specially-developed **All-Fabric Tintex Curtain Dye**... in two lovely shades, luscious Peach and beautiful Ecru.



often it was an inexpensive garment, lightly boned or boneless; in many cases she wore a little stretchable that while it steadied the wobble, was more or less a fit-where-it-hit affair.

When merchandise became scarce, the same gal had to buy more expensive garments, which meant that she was properly measured and fitted. Elastic shortages forced her into a firmer garment, and her figure today shows improvement.

On the other hand, members of the slacks brigade got out of the habit of

ture. Moldable flesh requires proper distribution to avoid thickening in the wrong places!"

Paging Teen - agers! Gently but sadly the figure authorities say there are some very gloomy days ahead . . . about 10 years from now . . . for our present crop of teen-agers.

These young lovelies have very slender waists, but it's rumored that their hips are larger and wider than were their mothers' at the same age!

It's very important for you teen-agers . . . the minute a curve develops . . . to get into a softly controlling little stretchie, chosen by a figure expert. If you go in for figure grooming as you mature, you'll be a lot shapelier and happier later on.

Strange but True. Another manufacturer remarks, "It's strange that so many girls think they don't need any kind of a girdle with an evening dress." Where you see the girls most dressed up, there you see the most appalling need of figure control, "particularly when they're dancing." He shook his head. "If they only knew!"

Too Thin to Wear a Girdle? Ah, but that's where you're wrong! A very soft lightly boned foundation garment can smooth down sharp lines, soften jutting hipbones and control that *derrière* wobble inevitable in even the thinnest figure!

Corset Wardrobe. Many gals who are wise to figure grooming these days like the idea of a corset wardrobe. For everyday living, at home, at the desk, or wherever the day takes her, the average woman needs fairly firm support in a garment.

She needs a lighter softer one for dress-up or occasional wear. With slacks and for activity freedom, she should have a couple of panty girdles.

And, of course, if she wants to rise to any occasion, she'll want two of each garment!

It's emphasized that a worn-out garment is of practically no use. Well to remember, too, that elastic needs a rest, and that accumulated soil and body perspiration shorten the life of a garment and give no breath-of-spring illusion to its wearer. You should have at least two garments to observe these points.

Life Savers. Frequent, but light-fingered laundering in mild, lukewarm suds. Rinse well, roll up in thick towel to blot up dripping drops. (Don't wring or twist.) Then (important!) pat and coax garment back into shape. Straps and fabric sections should be pressed, but don't put your iron on the elastic panels.

Will there be dark shades in foundation garments — black or navy? Unlikely because "they don't sell well in this country." But there may be a limited quantity put out in black.

Will we ever go back to wasp waists? Emphatically "No!" Women are too busy, too healthy, too comfortable, to go around in a perpetually breathless state. Besides we'd look silly in wasp waists without long hooped skirts to hide the resultant spread in the hips!

Will we have nylon garments? Yes, nylon in fabrics, plain and elasticized, is on the way for the corset industry. Just how soon depends upon what surplus war stocks are usable and available. Looks as if it may not be too long, but . . . they'll be expensive! ♦



The beloved two-way stretch is back again — the dancing girdle with the gentle control. Ideal for young figures, and pet of active-minded teen-agers.

wearing a foundation garment. True, many girls *did* wear some kind of girdle, but one big manufacturer declares that "there's been a very definite increase in hip measurements since Pearl Harbor" — and it's a serious condition all across the continent!

Figure grooming. Here's why every woman should be fitted by an expert corsetier:

No two figures are exactly alike, and only an expert can detect slightly faulty proportions. Two women of average height may measure the same in bust, waist, hips. One may be long-legged, and short from her waist to knees. The other may be short-legged with a long line from waist to knees; she'll need extra length in her girdle "skirt" to avoid that awful discomfort of a garment that rides up, straining garters and hose. Girdles too snug in the waist will also ride up.

Figure moldability. Firm - fleshed women are most easily fitted, because with proper fitting there'll be no shifting fleshy bulges. This is not the case in the figure with soft flesh that moves and conforms with the slightest pressure. This problem is known as "figure moldability."

An expert explains that "a slender, youthful figure, through wrong corseting, can be made to look much too ma-

Men Do Not Forget



"Lovely Lips Welcome Me"

"Maybe my lipstick inspired Bob's poetic remarks. For after I discovered Don Juan Lipstick, he talked more about my lips.

"They are the same lips I always had . . . but Don Juan Lipstick does something nice to them.

"And because I use Don Juan Lipstick as directed, my lips stay on me (and stay lovely), instead of smearing Bob!"

In fashion favored shades. Don Juan is smoothly applied, not drying or smeary, and stays on when you eat, drink or kiss. Use it, and see.

Don Juan

THE LIPSTICK THAT STAYS ON

For the ultimate in beauty . . . a really lovely complexion . . . get Don Juan matching powder, rouge and cake make-up.



In Style Shades

Try new Medium Red, a true red, flattering, youthful looking, or Raspberry, darker, exciting. Other shades, too.

In Smart Metal Cases

Connie could cycle with effortless wheeling



...for GAYLA HOLD-BOBS kept her coiffure appealing!

● Invisible heads, rounded-for-safety ends, long-lasting, springy action make Gayla Hold-Bob pins America's favorite brand.



MADE BY HUMP HAIRPIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY OF CANADA (1940) LTD., ST. HYACINTHE, P. Q.



HOLD-BOB
"The bobby pins that HOLD"

Undercover Facts

How do our shapes measure up after many long months of scarcities in foundation garments? Are we finding the new small waists, skirt drapings and bustles just a little disappointing in the wrong spots? Are our figures getting better or worse . . . and is there a tendency toward a flawless form or one that has slipped a bit?

by Evelyn Kelly

This satinized batiste corselet has elasticized inserts in strategic spots. At back midriff the insert stretches horizontally to allow for sitting, lower back stretches vertically to slim and smooth the hipline.



say the corset people, explaining that "the woman with an average figure who has worn foundation garments during recent years has a better shape today than she had before the war." Seems that in the good old preshortage days a girl chose a girdle rather casually;

THE flowers that bloom this spring-time will boast no more colorful varieties than the fashions which accent this season's very pleasant and much-publicized femininity!

That is, of course, depending to what extent the gals can get away with these new styles!

It all began with the return of peace, when the feminine world, tired of slacks and straight-lined suits, started dreaming about tricky little contour-loving frocks! It's rumored, however, that many reflections in the mirrors are not quite measuring up to the lovely mental pictures. And it is mostly a matter of measurements.

Emphasis on curves and fullness and slick slim waists does focus attention on our figures. After all, it's generally agreed, in Canada and the United States, that the average figure—around five-foot-five—is rather inclined to hippiness!

So just to get down to firm facts we questioned some of the corset manufacturers and expert fitters who pass on a few tips about handling the new lines of fashion for most becoming results.

Some shapes are getting better all the time. And some are getting worse! So



A trim little girdle in satinized batiste with elasticized inserts to control without binding. The slide fastener angles in, away from the hips, making a smoother line under tailored skirts.

Are you in the know?



Do this often, if you are addicted to—

- ☐ Tantrums
- ☐ Booking blues
- ☐ Hickey trouble

You can drown all three sorrows (above) in your daily tub! For a warm bath relaxes; improves the disposition. And a clean, scrubbed skin discourages hickies... boosts your date bookings. Don't neglect bathing on problem days when it's more important than ever. Quest, the powder deodorant, will help you stay sweet and dainty. Quest is specially designed for sanitary napkins... it absorbs moisture and prevents chafing, too. Large size 35c.



To use silver correctly, would you—

- ☐ Start from the outside
- ☐ Start from the inside
- ☐ Catch as catch can

Fumble for the right fork or spoon? Not if you follow this simple rule: Start from the outside, work in toward your plate. You're fluster-proof when you can skip social errors. And you'll make no mistake on "trying days", when you use the dainty, light Kotex Wonderform Belt. It holds

Kotex secure with patented flat clasps... it's so inconspicuous you'll feel completely at ease. Each 25c.



It's Been a Long, Long Time



IT'S been a long, long time... about 400 years... since an English nobleman returning from Spain presented Queen Elizabeth with the first silk stockings she had ever seen. In those days even a Queen's hose were made of woollen cloth!

And it's been a long, long time—1941—since we've feasted our eyes on nylon stockings! Everybody knows how nylon yarns encircled the globe during war years in dramatic, life-saving achievements of science unequalled in the textile world.

Today, nylon turns back to the sphere of fashions, with "a fair distribution" supplied across Canada during these spring months. Nylon is news, and hosiery and yarn manufacturers, in reminding us how to care for it, give some interesting information.

What's in a Name?

Nylon was chosen as a name easy to pronounce and remember, and like two other well-known textiles, "cotton" and "rayon," it has the suffix "on."

Nylon as a name is a great improvement over its technical, 25-letter one: "Polyhexamethylenadipamide." Imagine stepping up to the counter and asking for a pair of *that*!

Baby Them!

Just a little extra care will give your nylons an even longer life:

(1) Nylons won't run as quickly as other hose, but they will snag. Put them on carefully, just roll them, easy-like, over toes and up; roll them off too. Why put unnecessary strain on them?

(2) Buy hose of the correct size. Make sure your garters give plenty, and let them out full length to be kind to the stockings—sitting, standing, bending.

(3) After each wearing wash your nylons gently in lukewarm suds. Rinse in lukewarm water, squeeze out and roll in Turkish towel and leave for a few moments. Unroll, pat straight, dry on flat rod in normal room temperature away from direct heat.

Nylons won't be plentiful for a while... so it'll pay to be good to the ones you have... if you were lucky! ♣

Are you in the know?

Do you choose the colours of your clothes—

- ☐ To copy your gal pal
- ☐ To suit your colour-type
- ☐ Because they're hi-fashion



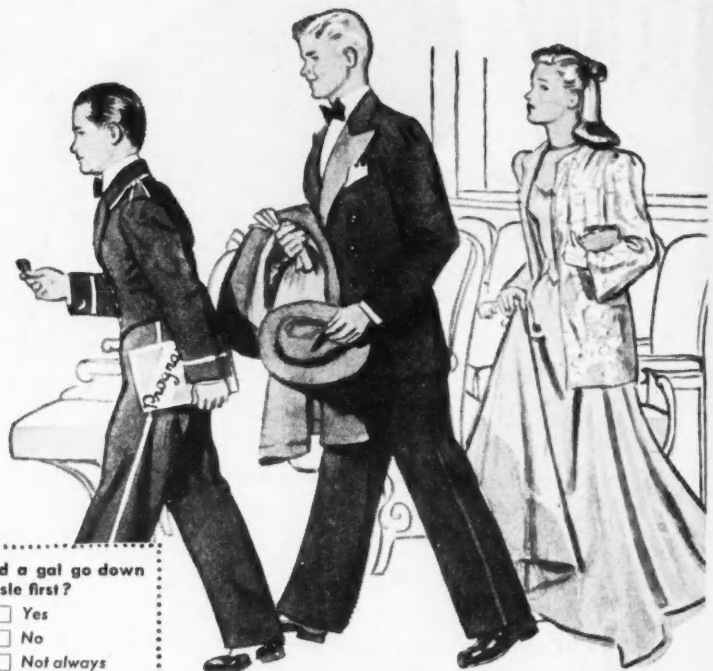
A colour that's Bacallish for one chick can be her gal pal's poison! The trick is to find shades to suit your own colour-type. Tuck materials of assorted hues under your chin. Whichever befriends your skin-tone and tresses—that's for you! It's a poise-booster. So too, (on "calendar" days) is Kotex. That special *safely centre* gives you extra protection because it keeps moisture away from the sides of Kotex. You can feel both regal and reassured, day in—day out.



This sleeping beauty's off the beam, because—

- ☐ She's a curfew keeper
- ☐ She should be prom-trotting
- ☐ She's still wearing makeup

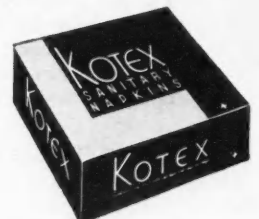
Sleep and beauty go together—but don't dream of wearing makeup to bed! It coarsens your skin—makes mud-pies of your complexion. It invites unsightly "blossoms". So, refresh your face thoroughly at bedtime. Little things like that make such a difference in a girl's appearance. And it's a little thing like choosing Kotex on calendar days, that keeps your appearance smooth from top to toe—because Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that don't show... don't cause embarrassing bulges. You can scoff at revealing outlines with those special flat pressed ends.



Should a gal go down the aisle first?

- ☐ Yes
- ☐ No
- ☐ Not always

Usually, the swish dish should be first to follow the usher. But a gal doesn't always precede her escort. When the usher is not at the door, her tall-dark-and-Vansome leads the way. Know what's what. It keeps you confident. And to stay confident on "those" days, know which napkin gives lasting comfort: Kotex of course. For Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*... doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch... so you're carefree because you're more comfortable!



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

Prints and Pastels for Spring



1583, a princess style, has front of yoke cut in one with front panel. Two patch pockets join into front and side seams. Smart with your spring coat in a small-patterned print. Wonderful for summer in a paper-thin pastel rayon.

1576, a classic on soft lines, has shoulder tucks and a deep V-neck. Curved pockets and slight front tucking suggest the harem drape in the skirt. For spring we recommend one of the Canadian silk rayons, in a rich pastel; for summer, a chalk-stripe grey or tan chambray.

JUST to walk through the Yard Goods departments right now, where the counters are flower bright with exciting new materials, gives one the urge to start sewing! Colors are clear, brilliant, design and motifs are clever; and wonderful new weaves and finishes in domestic rayons, (limited quantities) are selling like mad. There's amazing variety in fine wools, lightweight; some imported stuffs, beautiful as we remember them away back when, are also appearing on the counters.



1601, a cap-sleeved one-piecer, shows very smart top stitching. The bodice is fitted, and skirt darted at back waistline. The shaped, gathered peplum gives a good torso line. One of the new wide-spaced prints would be lovely in this style; and for warm days later on, you might pick a cool-motifed rayon.

1604 has soft gathers at shoulders, round neck and armhole edges. Contrasting fabric in the sash is pleated at back into a bustle. Make it up in contrasting pastels, or in black with interchangeable sashes. Try a bold print sash with matching hat or gloves!

UNUSUALLY fine cottons are here—just a few bolts, though. The chambrays are good: cool greens, tans and blues, both plain and narrowly chalk-striped. Checked ginghams and striped seersuckers, of fine quality, are in a generous color range. Most colorful of all are the Guatemalan cottons, with vivid embroidered motifs on black ground. The fabrics are here, and right now is the time to run up your spring dresses, and a couple for summer!

Pattern descriptions and prices on page 64

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.



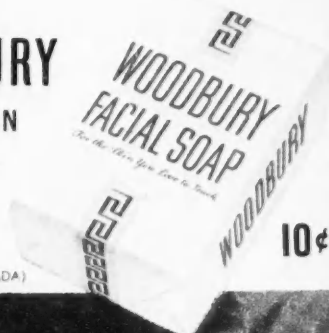
TNT FOR TWO!

ONE part boy, one part girl—one flash of beauty to light the fuse. One blinding moment and your heart rockets skyward. One swift embrace and you know you've found love. In his eyes you can see you are strictly from heaven. The night reels as he whispers, "It's a date—for forever!"

FOREVER you'll watch over your loveliness with Woodbury—the beauty soap made for the skin alone. Each day taking your Woodbury Facial Cocktail . . . gently cleansing your skin to exquisite-smooth freshness. Precious Woodbury . . . guardian of the lovely-to-kiss complexion that first made him yours!

WOODBURY
FOR THE SKIN
YOU LOVE
TO TOUCH

(MADE IN CANADA)



Date Dresses for Young Fun . . .



HERE are four Teen-ager Types, featuring some of the newest, prettiest lines. Shoulders are softly extended, and the skirts cut with the *right* fullness in the *right* place! No. 1594 is perfect for the gal with good neck bones, but who's filling out a bit faster below than above her waist. No. 1581 does the same neat trick, but the neckline's higher and softer. No. 1580, sophisticated date number, slims the midriff on nice long lines. No. 1596, with vertically striped bodice, does wonderful things for the tall thin chick.

1594 is cut all in one piece out of $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-in. fabric (size 12). You shape it in with one of the stunning new belts seen around town. Neck and sleeve edges are bound, giving a wonderful bodice fullness, and a dancing swirl to the skirt.

1581 will take three yards of 35-in. goods (size 12). The bodice, softly gathered, has the keyhole neckline and angel-wing cap sleeves; dirndl skirt has side-seam pockets. Its front-button closing falls into a soft pleat. Narrow belt accents the waistline.

1580 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 35-in. material. (Size 15.) Three-quarter-length sleeves are cut in two pieces, and slimly darted bodice joins the dirndl skirt below natural waistline. The shaped neckline and narrow self-belt are completing touches in this smart number.

1596 in size 15 calls for $1\frac{3}{4}$ yd. of 35-in. striped material, two yards of plain. The button-front bodice flares out in a softly gathered peplum, and the armhole cuffs, faced back in plain material, are buttoned in place. The neat-fitting skirt is seamed centre front and back.

Pattern descriptions and prices on page 64.

1596

Simplicity

Put Loveliness
in Your Plans
for a



Wonderful for Gaspé's cool, crisp days — Samuel Chapman's green wool coat with its beautiful bulk cinched in at the waist.

DOWN the St. Lawrence to the romantic Gaspé country of wind-swept cliffs, fishing fleets and "habitant" quilts hung outside white-washed farmhouses—that's a favorite holiday spot, filled with old-world atmosphere and the promise of a refreshingly different experience.

Exciting clothes, becoming and in good taste, are part and parcel of every successful trip. But even more vital to any smart girl, travelling or spending the season at home, is the knowledge that her complexion is a constant source of pride.

Discover the difference DuBarry Aids to Beauty can make in the creamy-seductiveness of your own skin. You'll see why millions of wise women trust their beauty exclusively to the effective care of fine DuBarry Preparations.

Ask at your favorite cosmetic counter for expert advice on the right DuBarry Preparations for your own complexion beauty. Scientifically designed to work together, DuBarry Preparations are made to enhance one another and to increase your loveliness.



DuBarry Beauty Preparations are featured at better cosmetic counters from coast to coast.

Du BARRY BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

by *Richard Hudnut*

EARLY AMERICAN *Friendship's Garden*



American Bouquet

EXPRESSING THE LANGUAGE OF THE FLOWERS

The flowers sing in this bouquet,
Pink betokens love they say,
The violet true is modesty,
The jasmine amiability—
A provocative garland, lyric, bright,
That weaves its witchery day or night.

Friendship's Garden Toilet Water, 4 oz. \$1.25

Blossom-fresh Dusting Powder, 7 oz. \$1.25

Mist-light Talcum, 3½ oz. 50c, 10 oz. \$1.00

Each a Shulton Original

The Good Provider

Continued from page 15

her transmission of thought to my grandfather's upstairs closet.

"No, no," she murmured firmly to herself. "Never again. I have promised!"

"Can you lend me a suit of clothes, Mrs. Miller?" he pleaded. "Just for this morning?"

"And besides, it's locked," Granny went on, talking to herself.

"I'll bring it right back as soon as I've landed the job," John Gault pressed.

"What friend did you say sent you?" Granny enquired, and I knew that she was weakening.

The young man thought a minute and then said in a strong voice: "The Reverend Mitcham. He has a church down the road a way."

"Oh, Dr. Mitcham," Granny beamed. "Of course, he's a very old friend."

IT WAS easy to see that Granny had decided. Anybody Dr. Mitcham sent was bound to be reliable. Wasn't Dr. Mitcham the Lord's anointed?

"Well," Granny said, a little uncertainly, and took down her bunch of keys from the nail behind the pantry door. "Come along and I'll see."

We wound up the back stairs to Grandpa's room. Granny took a suit of underwear and a clean shirt out of Grandpa's wardrobe and added a blue tie. The young man had blue eyes. "It's slightly frayed," she remarked, as if to defend herself.

"Now for the suit," she said, and began to try one after another of the keys in the lock. They all refused to turn it.

"I think Grandpa's mean to lock up his clothes," I put in, now thoroughly in spirit with the occasion. "Mean?"

"Hush, chickie," said Granny. "You mustn't speak against your grandfather. He is as he has to be. I know I am a spendthrift. I could not have been as happy with anyone else in the world. If he were the way I am, we would have starved long ago. He has to hold the purse strings, poor dear. None of these keys work," she said to John Gault and then to me, "Run down and get the bread knife."

I catapulted down into the kitchen and returned with the bread knife and Granny went to work on the door with it.

"Clive just doesn't understand," Granny was holding forth. "I feel that the Lord is too busy to attend to everything. I have the feeling that He sometimes thinks: 'This is such a simple matter, Mrs. Miller can easily handle it for me.' " She gave a great tug with the knife, but the door remained obdurate.

"Young man," Granny panted at length, with desperate courage, "Do you think you could break this door down?"

"Oh, Mrs. Miller," said John Gault. "Do you suppose we ought to go as far as that? I wouldn't want you to get in any trouble with—er Mr. Miller. Maybe we had just better give the whole thing up."

"But your job!" Granny cried. "You have to get that job." She was by now completely aroused.

"Well, I don't know," Gault demurred. "Breaking down doors is not exactly my line."

"What shall we do?" Granny worried. "It's getting on to 10 o'clock."

Just then the doorbell pealed and we all jumped out of our weighty concentration.

"I'll have to see who that is," Granny said, and we streamed down the stairs. A messenger boy was standing there, bearing one of those large brown paper-sack parcels from the top of which protruded a coat hanger.

"Heyward's Tailor Shop," he said, and produced a notebook which he handed to my grandmother to sign. Granny scribbled her name and took the package gingerly. Within, she knew, lay temptation.

When the door had closed she peeled off the paper and there was Grandpa's new suit.

"Your grandfather is still as vain as a bridegroom," she said tenderly. The suit was made of a soft, imported woollen in a beautiful herringbone weave and the cut of it was rather sharp for a man past middle age. "The old fool," she said. "But he will look nice in it."

John Gault, still holding his dishevelled overcoat together, did not say a word. He just stared at that suit in such a famished way you could hardly believe he had eaten the breakfast Granny had provided.

A GREAT struggle was going on in Granny's mind. I could see her arguing with herself. But finally a beatific expression came over her face and she said. "Well, the Lord has provided."

"But it's not navy blue," I interposed, hoping to bring her to her senses and stave off Grandpa's wrath.

"You can't limit the Lord to colors," Granny said. "It is obviously a godsend—arrived in the nick of time. Only Clive is simply not going to understand."

"No, he isn't," I said. "He's been waiting a month for that suit."

"Nevertheless," Granny said, "the Lord's will must be done. Here, young man. Go put it on. It will fit you to a T. I laid out the shirt and things upstairs." She handed John Gault the suit, looking in the opposite direction as she did so.

"Now you must understand that these things are simply lent to you," Granny pursued sternly. "You must bring them back the minute you get the job. While you are gone I will rout out another suit for you from somewhere. I don't know how I'll get it, but I will. But I have to have this one back before my husband comes home, or I simply can't be responsible for the consequences."

"Oh, I understand perfectly," said John Gault.

"Now I know you'll come back, because it will cause me the greatest inconvenience if you don't," Granny said and smiled sweetly at him.

"Yes, ma'am," said John Gault and bounded up the stairs, where we could hear him splashing about in the bathroom. In a few minutes he came back down, looking as if he had stepped from an advertisement for Snappy Campus Clothes.

"He looks grand," I whispered. "Better than Grandpa will."

Granny glared at me, but she retied John Gault's tie and gave him a few admiring pats of the hand, since she was feeling mellow with her good works.

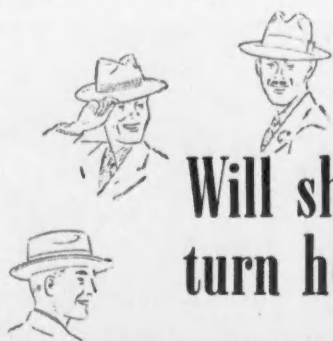
"Good luck," she said, "I will keep my fingers crossed for you. Please use the back door when you come back as my husband just might happen to be in."

Gordon Mackay

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Will she still turn heads at 37?



ENSEMBLE BY MILGRIM

WHAT ABOUT YOU? Are you seeing to it now that your skin will retain its glow of youth long after others accept the tell-tale lines and tiny wrinkles that follow loss of natural skin moisture? Are you making every effort to retain as long as possible the natural oils that keep your skin smooth and supple? You should! Neglect of proper skin care... too much exposure to winter's harsh winds and summer's hot sun... these are the things that usually cause your

skin to lose its natural moisture.

Choose creams carefully. You needn't pay a high price to get creams that will do something for your skin... try the two fine creams that bear the proud name of Chas. H. Phillips.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream contains a special ingredient that guards against loss of natural skin moisture... "cholesterol". It helps nature keep your skin from looking old before its time. And soothing, softening oils that assist in keeping skin smooth and supple.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Cleansing Cream prepared especially for removing make-up, surface dirt and accumulations from outer pore openings.

Both creams contain genuine PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA.



Skin cream — A wonderful make-up base that vanishes smoothly into the skin, leaving complexion satiny and daintily scented. Let it act as you sleep! This fine, lightly-textured skin cream contains "cholesterol". Helps keep skin soft and supple, neutralizes any excess acid accumulations in outer pore openings, guards vital skin moisture. Jar 85¢.



MILK OF MAGNESIA CREAMS

Cleansing cream — A light, daintily-scented cleansing cream that tissues off easily. Liquefies as you smooth it on your skin. Leaves your complexion looking dewy-fresh and sparklingly clean. Jar 85¢.

TRY either of these fine creams for only 15c each! Check the type you want, write your name and address in margin and enclose 15c for each jar ordered:

☐ PHILLIPS' SKIN CREAM

☐ PHILLIPS' CLEANSING CREAM

Mail to CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO. DIV., WINDSOR, ONT.

He is a little odd. He doesn't like it if people wear his new clothes before he has a chance to try them. But you mustn't mind that. Nothing personal is implied."

The young man shook hands with Granny and bounded out.

We waited in vain for him to reappear. It got to be lunch time and Grandpa came home. He was in great spirits. "Heyward says my suit is finished," he reported. "He's going to deliver it today. I will take you out to Sunday dinner, girls, and you will be very proud of me in my new herringbone."

"Will you have some more peach pie, Clive?" Granny implored, hoping to change the subject.

"That Heyward is a slowpoke," Grandpa said. "But he's a fine tailor."

"Yes, yes," Granny said hurriedly, jumping at every slight noise in the kitchen.

The afternoon wore on and there was no sign of John Gault. "Maybe they kept him working at his new job," Granny said. "And he won't be able to bring the suit back until evening."

When Grandpa came home to dinner he asked about the suit.

"It doesn't seem to be here," Granny said placidly.

"That Heyward," Grandpa said. "I shall telephone him at once."

"Now Clive, you know the shop is closed."

"First thing in the morning," Grandpa promised. "I'll give him a piece of my mind!"

"Mr. Gault will certainly be here in the morning," Granny said to me after Grandpa had gone to bed. "There's no use worrying."

IN THE morning Grandpa had forgotten about the suit. He had a big deal stewing at his office. He had bid on a large construction job and he was frantic to know whether he had got the contract so his mind wasn't on apparel.

All that day John Gault didn't put in an appearance. Granny was worried, but she controlled herself. Once she said, "That suit was much too young-looking for Clive. The girls would have been casting sheep's eyes at him. It's better he doesn't have it. The Lord knows why He does a thing!"

However, she kept a weather eye out for John Gault at the back door. Grandpa was still up in the air about his business deal and forgot to enquire about the suit that night. The next day dawned—no Gault—and the suspense began to wear both Granny and me down. Finally she had a brilliant inspiration.

"I'll call Mr. Heyward," she said, "and order another suit exactly like it. Then Clive will never know."

"But how will you pay for it?" I asked, since I was at the practical age.

"Oh," said Granny. "Clive is very careless about the loose change in his pockets. I'll save it up—out of that and the household money. We'll have to eat cheaper cuts of meat."

She called the tailor, but Mr. Heyward was very sorry indeed. The material had been imported and there was no more of it.

"Couldn't you get some more—just enough for one suit?" Granny implored.

"Do you think Mr. Miller would like another suit of the same material?" Mr. Heyward said.

"Yes, indeed," Granny insisted.

"Well," said Mr. Heyward, "I could try!"

To the suspense about the reappearance of John Gault was added the suspense of whether Mr. Heyward could find another bolt of herringbone, not to mention the suspense of whether Messrs. Brown & Brown were going to give Grandpa the building contract. The whole house was in a state of suspense. Grandpa became hourly more irritable and about two days after this happened, the subject of unreliable tailors and herringbone suits came up at lunch.

"I'm going straight to the telephone and tell Heyward what I think of him," Grandpa shouted. "Not only does he fail to deliver the suit, but he lies to me! He told me only yesterday that he had already sent it." Grandpa got up, threw down his napkin and stalked to the hall where the telephone was.

Horrified, I stared at Granny. She was looking placidly up at the ceiling. "It needs a new coat of paint," she said, and I knew that she had handed her case over to her partner in heaven to handle. The time for a miracle to happen had arrived.

GRANDPA seized the telephone but before he had had time to dial the number, the phone rang of its own accord. We could hear him talking excitedly in the hall. He seemed pleased. "Good! Good!" he kept saying. "Fine. We'll start tomorrow."

He came back into the dining room, looking pleased and expansive. "We've got it!" he cried. "We've got the contract. Work starts tomorrow." He waltzed Granny round the room in an excess of animal spirits and pleasure. It was no small thing to put over a big contract during the depression.

"Oh, Clive," Granny breathed. "I'm so glad."

She sounded so grateful that I knew she was thanking the Lord for making Clive forget the suit.

After Grandpa had rushed back to his office, Granny sat down and drew her breath. "If Mr. Heyward can only find that material," she said. "Everything will work out. I'll just call him up again."

She called Mr. Heyward who reported that he had been unsuccessful, but added, "What was wrong with Mr. Miller's other suit? My wife tells me that she saw it in the window of one of those secondhand stores over on Twelfth Avenue."

"What?" Granny cried.

"Of course," said Mr. Heyward, "I didn't pay any attention to her silly prattle. But she insisted it was the same suit. She could tell by the sharp way the pockets were cut. Didn't he like the suit—or has it been stolen?"

"What was the name of the store?" Granny asked weakly. Mr. Heyward referred to his wife and came back with an address.

Granny scarcely waited to say goodbye. We ran and got out the car. She started it off with a bound, like an overzealous police dog. That was her usual manner of driving. Nor in our progress did she let traffic signals bother her. She had obviously entrusted our lives to a higher power. All she needed to do to get out of this mess was to hurry. She only stopped once—to pick up some neighbor children who looked as if they were going to be late to school. We had to drive quite a little way off our route

"Yes!" say her feet

Ask her once, ask her twice, ask her once again—
to go here, there, everywhere. Her feet never stop her!
She doesn't know what foot fatigue means because
she wears *genuine* Selby ARCH PRESERVER and TRU-
POISE shoes—the *only* shoes with these three
famous features:

- steel arch bridge for firm support
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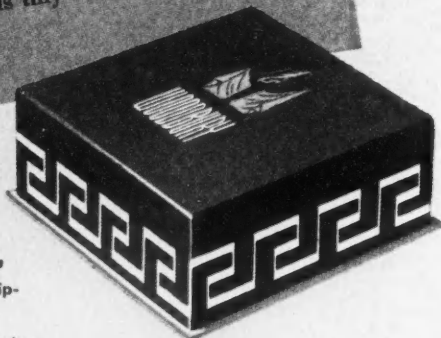
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MARSHA HUNT

... wouldn't you adore her look of rose-bloom enchantment—in your skin? All right! Fluff on this new and exciting Woodbury Windsor Rose. A blossom-fresh, sweetheart rose—so color-full—thanks to exclusive Film-Finish blending. See its exciting glamour on your skin—the same exciting shade you see in the box! Compare its misty flattery with the powder you're wearing. Woodbury clings... stays color-fresh! Conceals tiny flaws.



YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP GUIDE, right in your Woodbury Powder box, tells you your color-right shades of matching powder, lip-stick, rouge. Chosen by Hollywood experts to glorify your skin-type... to make you as beauty-right as the screen stars. Woodbury Film-Finish Powder in Flesh, Rachel, Windsor Rose, Brunette... 50¢, 25¢, 16¢. (Made in Canada)

Woodbury
new film-finish
Powder

to deliver them, but this was the way Granny's mind worked.

THE SECONDHAND store was mysterious and dim with that odd smell that attaches to old clothes. Sure enough, there in the window, looking like new, was the suit.

"Gracious," Granny said, fanning herself. "We are in time!"

We went in and the secondhand man came out, somewhat resentfully as he had been listening to a serial on the radio.

"That suit," said Granny. "In the window. The herringbone. I would like to buy it."

"A fine suit," the secondhand man said. "I bought it from a refugee nobleman. It is \$19.98. A very fine fabric."

"Isn't that a little dear?" Granny asked. She had heard you were supposed to bargain.

"I'm not making a cent on it," the man said. "The count sold it to me for exactly what it cost him and I am doing you a favor. He had never worn it. It was a little small for him and he never wore clothes too small. That's the way a count is."

"All right," Granny said, and paid him with a 50-dollar bill.

She took the parcel, handling it as if it were a packet of old china and deposited it in the car. "What trouble your grandfather causes me," she sighed. "And when I get this home he will probably have the nerve to say I don't take proper care of his belongings!"

"Where did you get the money?" I asked.

"The Lord provided it," Grandma said with dignified simplicity.

"Where?" I demanded, thinking maybe I might get similar help sometime.

"In your grandfather's trousers pocket," Granny said. "Dear Clive is so careless with his money. He always forgets to empty his pockets and naturally, I go through them every evening. It's a wife's duty really, to keep up with what a man has been doing all day. The Lord knew I wouldn't get through today on small change. Last night I found this."

We took the suit to a While-You-Wait cleaner to have it cleaned and pressed. He was a friend of Granny's too.

"Mr. Miller is apt to leave all sorts of papers and things in his pockets," the presser said, "but I always take care that they are put back in the pockets before the suit is delivered. I've never yet found any money in the pockets, though," he added.

Granny smiled. She wouldn't have liked competition in that field. When the suit was delivered a few hours later it looked like new.

Grandpa's new construction job was

well launched and he had calmed down. That night at dinner he remembered the suit again.

"I'm fed up with Heyward," he announced. "Everybody in town has on a new herringbone suit while I run around naked. I'm going to call him up and have it out with him. I won't accept the suit now, even if he sends it."

"Oh, Clive," Granny said, horror-stricken. Then she added, "Darling, it came the other day and I forgot to tell you. I'm terribly sorry."

"Where is it?" Grandpa demanded.

SHE FETCHED it and he tried it on, viewing himself from every angle and looking very satisfied. Granny pretended boredom with his vanity, but she said to me, "Isn't he handsome? Aren't you proud of your good-looking grandfather?"

Grandpa reached into his waistcoat pocket and pulled out some papers. There were some stumps of race track tickets and a slip of paper.

"What's this?" demanded Grandpa. "A prize drawing! I never heard of such a thing. It's some kind of a raffle ticket! How did that get in here?"

Granny blanched, but at length rallied and said feebly, "I put it there, Clive. For—for good luck!"

Up to now Granny had put no special blame on the Lord for having entangled her with such a disreputable character as John Gault. But racing bets and raffles! It was too much. She looked sternly at the ceiling.

"Well," said Grandpa. "My wife is not satisfied to just give things away to the deserving poor. She has now taken to gambling my money. I note that this drawing took place yesterday and I hope I won something. The Lord ought to think of taking care of me a little, since he has bestowed on me a gambling wife."

"Oh, Clive," Grandma said, flouncing. "You are dreadful. It was just for good luck."

"Perhaps I have earned it," Grandpa said. "Chickie, go bring me a copy of yesterday's paper so I can look up my number in the advertisement of the East Side Community Prize Drawing."

"I don't imagine you won anything, darling," Granny said. "It was a very large pool."

Grandpa who was studying the list paper suddenly let out a great yelp. "But I did win," he shouted, pointing with his finger at his number, matching it with the slip of paper. "I have won a prize! This is the reward for my good clean way of life."

"Don't be silly, Clive," said Granny. "You can make your own money. The ticket really belongs to me. Give it back to me now."

"Millicent," said Grandpa, deeply hurt, "but you gave it to me for luck!"

✦ Continued on page 66

KEEP THAT HALO SHINING

Alive-looking glossy hair is a symbol of health and beauty. A dead give-away when you're feeling below par is the condition of your topknot—it becomes drab, stringy and lustreless. It needs special home treatment. In our booklet, "How to Care for Your Hair," Chatelaine's Beauty Editor deals with all types of hair and scalp problems—you'll find yours among them, we know, and you'll find practical suggestions for home care.

HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR HAIR

Service Bulletin No. 16. Price, 10 cents.

Order from: Chatelaine Service Bulletin Department, 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Chatelaine Beauty



WITH EAGER FACES we greet the loveliest experience in all the seasons — the warm rains, gentle breezes, the rebirth of living things. We see sunlight on delicate greenery; the sharp colors of crocus and daffodils. We breathe in crisp morning air; the tangy smell of damp earth. We hear hurdy-gurdies on street corners; the click of heels on bare sidewalks. We feel an upsurge of high spirits. . . . It isn't just fantasy — IT'S SPRING.

Pagano

Sweet with the fragrance of Spring

3 Exquisite Colognes
by *helena rubinstein*

Apple Blossom

Heaven-Sent

Enchanté

As gay and captivating, as heart-stirring as Spring itself, are these three flower-fresh colognes by Helena Rubinstein.

APPLE BLOSSOM . . . An orchard-sweet and buoyant fragrance, cool, refreshing, universally beloved by men and women alike. .85, 1.25.

HEAVEN-SENT . . . An ethereal enchanting fragrance, intangible as moonlight, and nearer heaven than earth. 1.00, 1.50.

ENCHANTÉ . . . Sophisticated, worldly wise, discreetly perfect. .85, 1.25.

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All individually packaged in cunningly bespangled gift boxes.

Helena Rubinstein

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Posture

Here's a game you can play—just you and your shadow. When you're chatting with friends of an evening, catch the reflection of yourself, all relaxed and unsuspecting, in a mirror, or watch your shadow on the wall—so you'll see your silhouette as others see it. Then look around at your friends, pretend you're a talent scout sent to choose the most attractive girl. Well, there's Ruby—she's plump, but has lovely eyes and hair. Ruby at this moment is slumped in a heap on a couch, her bosom and tummy merged in one indistinguishable mass. Then there's Mary—she's slender enough, but looks like a human corkscrew with legs wound round her chair, shoulders twisted and sagging. Anne, who isn't really as pretty as the other two, sits with her spine against the back of her chair, her chest lifted out of her waist. Even though she's relaxed she manages to look graceful—her bosom a lovely curved line. Anne wins!

"Don't slump!" "Stop slouching!" They're fightin' words in many families—they come under the heading of Parent Nagging and are apt to be given the deaf-ear treatment. If you feel that posture is highly overrated by the older generation, let's concentrate on girls your own age—movie stars, fashion models, etc.—girls who make a career of good looks. Note, please, how they place grace and poise—another term for posture—in the same category as expert make-up and smart clothes. They learn to lift their necks out of their shoulders—their chests out of their ribs and their waists out of their hipbones. They learn to walk as though the crowns of their heads were trying to brush against the sky. Try it yourself and see how the contour of your bosom is emphasized and elevated and your midriff trimmed down. Because — the higher the bosom, the smaller the waist and the slimmer the silhouette.



Support

Hold that line! If you allow your bosom to droop, you will be guilty of nonsupport. Brassieres should be chosen as carefully as shoes are fitted. A small-breasted girl can wear a narrow bandeau with shallow cups, but the fuller the breast, the deeper the cups should be, to prevent stretching of the skin; to lift and mold the contour of the bosom.



Tillie TOUCH UP

TILLIE TOUCH UP DISAPPEARS
INSIDE EACH POWDER ROOM SHE NEARS,
MEN HATE TO WAIT WHILE TILLIE PRIMPS,
THEY SAY IT MAKES THEM FEEL LIKE SIMPS,
TAKE A TIP FROM TILLIE —
SHINY NOSE IS SILLY!

USE THREE FLOWERS
FACE POWDER

Confidentially

smart girls know Three Flowers Face Powder is a sure-fire choice for a glamorous complexion that won't "spring a shine!" Three Flowers clings longer, gives that velvet loveliness everyone admires. Wear Three Flowers and avoid touch-ups. You'll like its color-blended shades, its delightful fragrance, its modest price.

Three Flowers will improve
your poise.
Up your rating with the boys!



60¢ each

Face Powder · Lipstick · Rouge

A CREATION OF RICHARD HUDNUT
Established 1880



GRACE MOORE
Star of the Metropolitan Opera Company says:
 "An under-arm deodorant is essential to being well groomed. I have used Arrid for years and like it immensely. I notice that Arrid is used by many other friends in the stage, screen and radio world."
Grace Moore

NEW... a CREAM DEODORANT
which SAFELY
STOPS under-arm PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Stops perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering—harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.



39¢ also 15¢ and 59¢ sizes
 At any store which sells toilet goods

MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE
ARRID
 THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT

There are three safe ways to keep and develop Nature's dowry; don't neglect any of them!

Sketches by
 Ursula Raimle

Your Bosom

by Adele White

BOSOMS are worn high this year. Fashion decrees that hips be played down, waists nipped in, necklines covered and the line of bosom the most important feature of all. The concept of feminine beauty is subject to change just as styles vary in hats and hair-dos. If you want proof of this, open the family album and see grandmamma, at the turn of the century, in her hourglass figure—or mother with her "boyish form" during the flapper era of the '20's, when bosoms were bound down to conform to a popular fad.

Now, praise be, breasts are neither puffed out like pouter pigeons nor reduced to slablike flatness! They are round, firm and very, very feminine—just as nature intended. The perfect figure today measures the same number of inches for bosom and hips, with the waist 10 in. smaller.

There are three safe ways to develop a lovely bosom: (1) exercise—to firm underlying muscles and bring circulation to delicate tissue; (2) posture—to make the most of what you've got; (3) support—to counteract the downpull of gravity.

Exercise

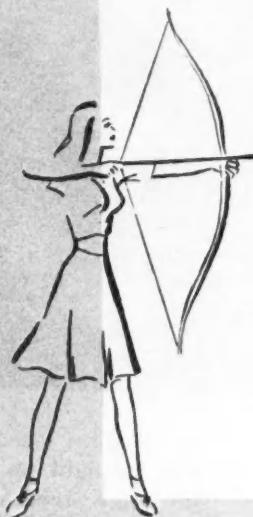
As the breast consists only of glands and flesh, there are no such things as breast muscles. There is, however, a muscle which stretches from shoulder to ribs and helps support the bosom. This muscle can be strengthened by the following exercises—and you might add these to your daily dozen. Sit cross-legged on the floor. Lift your chest and hold in your tummy. Now raise your arms sideways to shoulder level; with palms facing up, make circles counterclockwise while you count slowly to 100.



Still sitting cross-legged, with straight back, chest held high, raise your arms to chin level and grasp opposite forearms just below the elbows (see sketch). Push each hand toward the elbow with strong quick jerks—as though you were impatiently pulling on long tight gloves. Repeat 20 times—rest—start over again, until you feel the tension in shoulders and underarm muscles.

Deep breathing, arm stretching and arm swinging are also first-rate exercises for firming breast-controlling muscles, for straightening shoulders and strengthening the spine—all factors in developing a lovely bosom.

Archery is one of the best sports for developing a fine upstanding bosom. Why not collect a few friends who would like to become bow and arrow fans? Rig up a target in your garden or rumpus room. You'll have as much competition as a snappy game of bridge, while for filling out unattractive hollows and developing poise, it will beat the static card-table routine 100 to one.



DEAR MRS. JOSEPH COTTEN:

We think you're lucky...to be so lovely yourself...and to be married to such a distinguished star of the screen.

Yours,
TANGEE

Mrs. Joseph Cotten says:

"At last I've found it—
the perfect cake make-up!"

Scores of cake make-ups came to Hollywood ahead of Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up. Some were fine in one way...some in another. Then Constance Luft Huhn's newest creation arrived and took the motion picture colony by storm because it's ideal *in every way*. You'll find that Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up is so very easy to apply...stays on for so many extra hours...is designed to be oh-so-kind to your skin! And you don't look—or feel—as if you were wearing a mask.

* * *

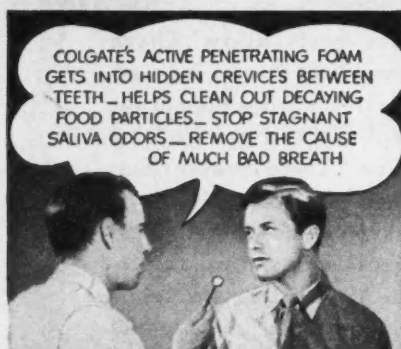
The thrill of Satin-Finish!

Yes, it is a thrill to find a lipstick that does not run or smear...that means lips not too dry, not too moist...that stays on for *extra hours*. And that's what Constance Luft Huhn has done for your "lip-appeal"...by creating the Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Today's smartest colors are Tangee Gay-Red, Red-Red and Medium-Red.



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN, Head of the House of Tangee and one of America's foremost authorities on beauty and make-up. Among Mrs. Huhn's most recent triumphs are the famous Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick, and the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up.

Use *Tangee* and see how beautiful you can be



Have you tried the New Colgate NYLON Toothbrush? Colgate—with 140 years' experience in mouth care—gives you these scientific advantages: *Genuine Nylon Bristles* that can't get soggy . . . *bristles placed just right* for proper between-teeth cleansing . . . *a special design* that makes it easy to clean upper and lower back teeth. And no more toothbrush confusion—there's a different-color handle for each member of your family. Every COLGATE TOOTHBRUSH is fully guaranteed! Regular size 29c; child's size 19c.

BEAUTY BREVITIES



NEXT time you need a permanent and you feel in a mood to experiment, why not try a homemade cold wave? We've watched the results on several heads and can report that the waves are soft and curly—all for the price of a pair of stockings. Although the manufacturers claim this perm takes only from two to three hours, we found that overly optimistic. Unless you borrow a hairdresser's drier, the operation will take up the best part of a day. Directions, however, are simple. They must be followed carefully as the variable factor is the skill of the operator—but the worst that can happen is a loose curl which won't last as long as it should. We suggest making a twosome of the project—invite a friend who also needs a perm so that you can take turn and turn about in winding and setting.

If you're a golden blonde and harboring a yen to be ash blond for a change, you might try using a blue rinse the next time you shampoo your hair. It creates a delicate and attractive shade of silvery gold.

Remember the time when foreheads were covered with frizzy fringes or with wads of hair bristling with hairpins. Now foreheads are free and unadorned, with the result that girls look more intelligent and less cluttered. But brows must be smooth and wrinkle-free—please take note! Eyestrain is one of the surest ways of creasing a brow. When you feel you must screw up your face in order to concentrate on some object, it's time for an appointment with an eye specialist. It is estimated that four fifths of our energy is expended through our eyes; any extra strain will cause the whole body to tire more quickly.

Most of us have a batch of odd mismatched stockings tucked away. The mates have sprung ladders and, as we can't stand on one leg like storks or appear with different shades, the good stockings are useless. Here's a good tip from a well-known dye manufacturer who has put out a special stocking dye. Collect all your odd socks and swish them around in a basin of warm water in which the dye has been dissolved. You'll end up with all the stockings the same shade, so mating won't be a problem.

False braids and forms which are used to give body to chignons and doughnut topknots can be kept pleasantly fragrant by sprinkling with cologne and wrapping them in a handkerchief each night.

It's not considered a good idea to wash your hair when you have a cold; thus a case of spring sniffles may pose a problem in having a clean head. As an emergency measure you can give yourself a dry shampoo by parting your hair all over your head and shaking

talcum powder into the parts. Then brush and brush and BRUSH! Powder will absorb oil and dust, make your hair look fluffy and clean. You must be sure to remove all powder—otherwise it will deaden the natural shine of your hair.

"I like you just the way you are" is a comforting phrase to hear—especially if it's spoken by someone you love. But accept it with mental reservations so you won't be lulled into security and allow yourself to sink into a rut. Change is the breath of life. Changes in clothes, hair-dos, make-up and thinking processes. Don't be afraid to change—if you make a mistake you can always change again and you'll develop into a more interesting and more intelligent person.

If your complexion seems to have acquired an end-of-winter murkiness try a weekly treatment with a fragrant powdery meal which is prepared for just such a contingency by one of our leading cosmetic houses. Shake a little of this special cleansing preparation in the palm of your hand, mix it into a smooth paste with a few drops of water, then smooth it over your face and neck; scour lightly, using only your finger tips; rinse it off with warm and then with cold water. You'll find it helps to remove flaky skin, cleans up blackheads and whiteheads and generally brings a glow of cleanliness and health to your complexion.

When you're giving yourself a home manicure, never cut the cuticle around your fingernails. It acts just like the selva edge of a piece of cloth—it will fray and produce hangnails if cut. A much better idea is to press the cuticle back with an orange stick tipped with absorbent cotton and dipped in cuticle remover.

Now that spring is here you'll probably feel a strong urge to get out to the country over week ends—to walk through fields and woods in search of wild flowers and pretty-colored leaves. Our advice is—be bold, be bold but not too bold, lest you end up in a patch of poison ivy. If you're allergic to the stuff it may mean a horrible summer stretching before you, with your skin erupting in blisters and sores. Poison ivy is a serious danger to a great many people.

One of the commonest causes of skin blemishes is overeating or a diet too high in starch and fats. If your complexion is not all it should be, avoid food such as cakes, chocolates, pies, mayonnaise, and all fats in meats. Stock up on fresh fruits and vegetables.

One of the best antiseptics for skin eruptions is a twice-daily lathering with soap and water. +

Every Woman SHOULD KNOW



about MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM

Now lovelier, lighter skin beauty is within the reach of any woman who goes after it allied with **Mercolized Wax Cream**. This famous Cream contains an active ingredient used as long as history has been recorded. It loosens and dissolves scaly little chappings and is effective in helping to make skin firmer—more translucent. In the presence of **Mercolized Wax Cream** a lovely bleaching action takes place on the skin surface, and the appearance of dingy, cloudy pigment is retarded. If your complexion is **PASSABLE**, don't be satisfied—seek to make it more radiant, more attractive and younger looking with **Mercolized Wax Cream**. Use only as directed.

OILY SKIN—Helped by the invaluable aid of **SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT**. Just dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and pat it on the skin several times a day. It subdues excess surface oil, tightens soft skin tissue by temporary contraction, and leaves the skin feeling delightfully refreshed.

Sold at Cosmetic Counters Everywhere.

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STOCKING DYE

BEAT THE STOCKING SHORTAGE BY DYEING ODD STOCKINGS INTO MATCHING PAIRS.

SIX GLORIOUS SHADES

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Holly looked down at him. "Having fun?"

Making no attempt to rise, he said, "You never asked me if I was in a rush to get back to be bridegroom or best man." He propped her portrait against the divan. "Thirty bucks she cost me. How I fall for you!"

"You can get up now. Go home and write 30 to the end of the story. I've learned my lesson," she added bitterly. "Neither Angela nor dad needs me. Bill doesn't need me. Even Hannibal doesn't need me."

"But Kirk needs you." A hand shot up and grasped her wrist. She landed in his arms. "Why do you think I sent you that SOS?" The arms closed more tightly about her. "You're going to have to make me happy in some of the damndest places."

When the earth settled down once more on its axis, she touched the portrait. "Why did you buy it?"

"To amuse our grandchildren on rainy days," he said. But he kissed her when he said it. +



"Welcome" in Today's Accents

Continued from page 19

To the question: Should a separate dining room be included? the architect in this case has answered No. Instead, Mr. Parkin provided a dining centre at the end of the living room next the kitchen. The table—of the extension type—can seat as many as eight persons. Though a curtain hung from the ceiling would preserve privacy, it was decided to use a wood-weave screen instead. Against it, helping to define the area, stands a compact sideboard. When there's a party the sideboard can be moved against the end wall and the screen employed to conceal the swing door to the kitchen. This gives the room an open, hospitable look.

Window walls make modern rooms literally part of the garden. Therefore the need for great expanses of color is not felt. Fading caused by the sun's rays must also be taken into account. In this room soft neutral colors have been selected for backgrounds. They are relieved by accents of high color in relatively small quantities. Diffused lighting ensures that daylight effects can be repeated at night.

The walls are greyed plywood, with the ceiling striking a lighter note. Curtains are hand-woven, of a neutral sheer cloth. Natural wood tones, slightly greyed, are used for the furniture, and beige rugs contrast pleasantly with the coral shades of floor tiling. The couches flanking the fireplace are upholstered in a subtle, handwoven plaid, having a warm grey background, and white, brown, deep grey and lime yellow in the plaid. Cushions in lime yellow and pink maple provide highlights. Colors in the plates are chiefly soft green blues with bits of yellow. The chairs in the window grouping are in lime-yellow textured cloth, while green-blue hand-woven fabric is introduced in the chair upholstery. In the dining centre balance is achieved by table settings harmonizing with the gentle colors of the Picasso painting hanging above the table. +



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TRADE MARK
It's your Guarantee of Purity



FOR CUTS AND SORES



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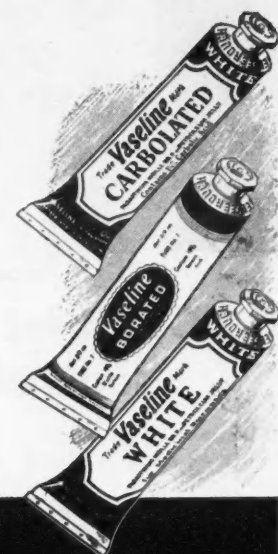
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THROUGH the years 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly has earned a place in Canadian homes as a dependable remedy for cuts, burns, irritated throats, chapped skin and many other minor ailments. It is obtainable at all drug counters for only 10¢, 15¢ and 25¢ in jars and 15¢, 20¢ and 25¢ in tubes. It costs no more to get the highest quality petroleum jelly, scientifically prepared and chemically pure—just make sure it bears the well-known trademark, VASELINE.

'VASELINE' brand Medicated Products should be included in your First Aid Kit for home and for travelling. Use 'Vaseline' Borated Petroleum Jelly for inflamed eyelids or nasal irritations.

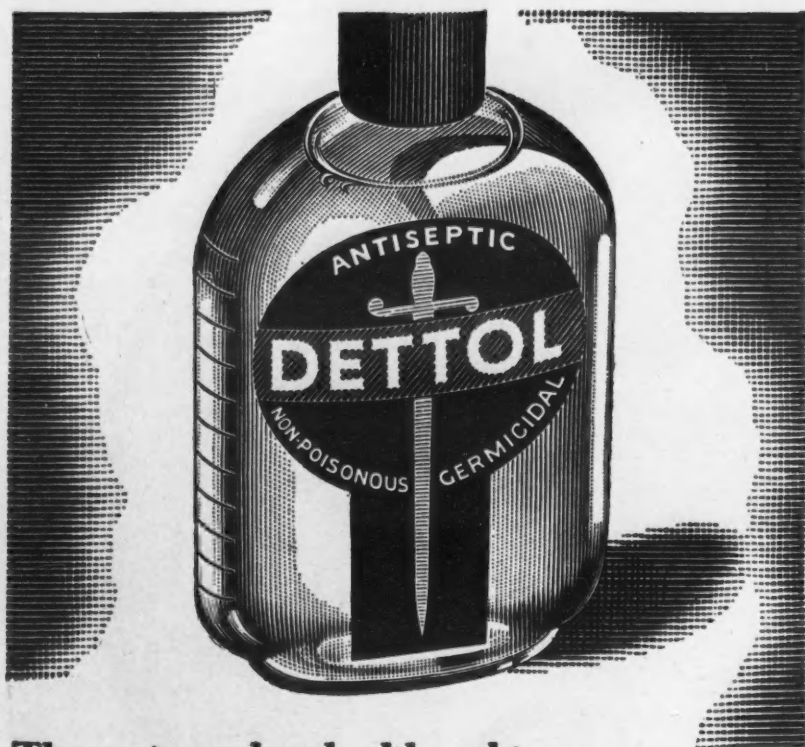
Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd., Montreal



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YOUR SHOES ARE SHOWING!

EMBARRASSING ISN'T IT?



YOU NEED

2 IN 1

ITS details like well-kept shoes that add up to good grooming. Besides—the better you care for your shoes, the longer they'll wear.

2 IN 1 gives shoes a better shine... keeps them bright longer. Contains special leather-cleaning and leather-protecting waxes and oils that protect as they clean. And 2 IN 1 is quick and thrifty to use. It takes just 2 minutes a day... just a few cents a month... to give shoes more effective 2 IN 1 care.



BLACK, BROWN, TAN Paste 10¢... BLACK, BROWN Liquid 15¢

Love Goes Lightly

Continued from page 27

wedding supper. Chicken mousse, ice box rolls, orange layer cake with shaved almonds and a frozen rum custard. Holly of the helping hand!

After lunch she plugged in the vacuum sweeper, always a signal for the phone to ring. It did. Kirk's voice, distorted by long-distance and a bad connection, quickened the dull ache in her heart to pain. "Holly? I'm in a heck of a jam. Marooned on the Shipley farm east of Tuttle. No trains, no bus. Being Saturday, the farmers are in town."

Her knees trembled so she had to sit down while the wires crackled with the information that he'd flown south with an old Army pal expecting to be back in a couple of hours and had been forced down with engine trouble. They'd patched it up and his friend had flown on. "But I've got to be back by five."

"I know," she said quickly.

"Got any ideas?"

"Plenty. But they'd melt the wires," she thought, plunging into a heated argument with herself. This isn't your problem! Tell him to call the police, the fire department. Tell him Lochinvar is expected to furnish his own horse.

"Hello!" He sounded pretty desperate.

"I'll drive out for you," she said, and hung up. Delilah into Donna Quixote. She flew up the stairs for a quick shower and down again in a comfortable old suit of lilac tweed and a white slicker.

It rained all the way to Tuttle, and there the heavens opened with a lively revival of the deluge. In the bus station she asked the way to the Shipley farm.

"South road," the ticket man said, "but don't tackle it until the storm lifts."

Anxiously she looked at the station clock, then dashed back to her car. The motor throbbed to life. Mile after mile on the "farm to market" road, she battled wind-driven rain, straining her eyes into increasing darkness. When her rear wheel began to slip she knew the gravel had run out. A brilliant flash of lightning bared a one-way bridge just ahead with the inevitable approaching car. She jammed on the brakes. Instantly the steering wheel became a feather in her hands, the car a wild thing with a will of its own, determined to stop only in the ditch.

A thousand years later when the rain had ceased and a pale sun struggled with grey flannel clouds, she heard a motor. Stiffly, she clambered out over the front fender, slipped off, picked herself out of the mud and flagged the truck. A strapping farmer with a "this is just like a woman" look on his face climbed out.

The farm kitchen was warm with the sound of laughter and the smell of freshly made doughnuts. Kirk, on a high stool near the stove, was regaling an apple-cheeked woman dipping the crisp brown circles in powdered sugar. He greeted Holly gaily. "The reinforcements are here."

"No," she said, "the horse for Lochinvar."

"Go wash your pretty puss and we'll give you a doughnut."

"You haven't time to dawdle," she pointed out, but her words were so much air through a wind sock. He made her wash the mud from her face, rub her wet hair until it sprang up in a riot of

curls and choke down food she didn't want, before he got in the car.

"Want to drive?" she asked.

"No." He stretched an arm along the back of the seat. "I like to make every carefree moment count."

She shrank into her corner. If this was a pale and anxious bridegroom, she was Madame Chiang Kai-Shek. At the one-way bridge a car was approaching. "The same car, no doubt," Holly thought grimly. This time she gunned the motor. Mud plastered the windows as they slithered crazily over the planking.

"You're certainly rushing me to the altar," he said.

"I'm trying to get you back before the vicar goes to bed."

He moved closer. "I go for these whirlwind courtships," he said, "but I'd rather be a bridegroom than a corpse." His fingers reached up and twined themselves in the curls at the nape of her neck.

Jerking her head away she hunched over the wheel, floorboarded her foot and proceeded to make hash of county, provincial and natural laws.

THE RADIO was blaring as they came into the hall. In the living room plates with crumbs of wedding cake covered all available surfaces. Pear blossoms had fallen on the dusty piano top, but what sent Holly's wits scattering like pollen in hay fever season was Angela lolling in front of the fire, her head resting against Roger's knee. She was holding her left hand, obviously admiring the gleam of a gold wedding band.

They all saw Holly at once. Her father, with books and papers littering the floor about him, stopped typing to peer at her. Bill by the radio stopped stuffing things into a gladstone to grin at her. Hannibal on the needlepoint chair serenely polished his hind leg.

Angela rose to her knees looking vaguely distressed. "You don't mind we got married?" She appealed to Kirk. "You explained about Roger's invitation to speak at the science conference in New York?" Without waiting for his reply, she turned to Holly. "The wire came while we were at the dance, and Kirk thought it was silly to wait until June."

Holly's lips moved. She hoped the proper words of congratulations came out.

Bill winked at Kirk. "I had to be best man when you took a powder." There was a new grown-up set to his shoulders as he crossed the room to kiss Holly. "Chin up, Chick. Keep your nose clean and write."

"You're going to let him go?"

"I always co-operate with the inevitable," her father said blandly. "It's all nonsense trying to make people do what's good for them."

That summed it up. Her passion for helping everyone had been making them miserable and herself ridiculous. It was what Kirk meant when he said, "Love goes lightly." Maybe he'd organized this wild-goose chase to prove it. She felt she'd never know. Furiously, she blinked back unbidden tears.

Suddenly aware of the emptiness behind her, she followed a trail of cigarette smoke into the study. It was dark and she flipped on the switch. Kirk, making a quick turn, dropped a picture, tripped over it and measured his considerable length on the floor.

leaving home. Why don't you just forget the whole thing, and get interested in some of the other fellows? There's a lot of new ones coming down to the Centre lately."

"I can't," said Coralee, and she put her head down on Thelma's fresh white collar and sobbed.

"So it's that bad!" exclaimed Thelma. "Well, Freddie and I'll talk it over and see if we can think up something."

"Would it be all right," sniffed Coralee, "if I wrote him a letter and explained everything, confidentially, so he'd understand?"

"Oh gosh, no! Don't ever do anything like that," Thelma warned.

"Why?"

"Because that makes you chasing after him. Any girl that chases after a fellow can never hope to be happy, even if she marries him. He loses his respect for her, and he can always throw it up to her afterward. Freddie can never say that I lifted a finger to get him. He did all the chasing. Whatever you do, don't chase after a boy."

Coralee realized the enormity of the thing she had done. She went home and helped mom get supper, but her mind was on the letter. Now she had certainly finished everything. Mom noticed how droopy she was and suggested, "Why don't you go to Young People's? You ought to keep it up."

"Nobody goes but high-school kids," Coralee replied.

"That nice Mr. Willets goes, and I'm sure he's 35, at least," said mom. Coralee only shuddered.

There was only one thing to do about the letter. She couldn't get it back, she couldn't keep Roy from reading it, but she must convince him it wasn't true.

She slept little all that night, and Monday's work was torture. What if she never had a chance to explain? What if Roy ignored the letter? And the worst thing suddenly dawned on her, what if he should show it to someone else, to Midge? What if she had to go through the rest of her life with the burning shame of that letter on her conscience? All the way home from work, and during dinner her nerves jitterbugged. The phone rang, but it was for dad. Then the doorbell rang. She jumped to answer it.

THERE WAS Roy, looking like he'd never looked before. There was a serious something in his eyes that went right through her. He looked inside the door, and saw her coat where she had thrown it across a chair when she'd come in. He reached for it, silently pulled her through the doorway, closed the door and held the coat for her.

"We'll get someplace where we can talk," he whispered.

"Roy," she said, breathing hard as she kept up with his long-legged strides, "about the letter, I was just being silly. I was kind of jealous of Midge Harrison, I always hated her. But the rest, I just thought it up for a joke. Thelma and I

did. We thought how funny it would be to see what you'd do."

He slowed down and looked at her. "That's not good enough," he said. "Thelma wasn't back till yesterday. The letter was postmarked Saturday."

"Well, she suggested before—Oh, no, she didn't. I'm just lying some more," she cried in desperation. "But anyway, Roy, I regretted the letter as soon as I mailed it, and I wish I hadn't, and I'm horribly embarrassed, and I wish you'd give it back to me and forget the whole thing."

"Listen, what is this?" He looked about in the half dusk, and there was a bench for waiting passengers at a bus stop, and he drew her over to it and they sat down. "Look. First I'm the fair-haired boy. Then I'm slapped down. Then you write me a letter that sounds real, and you're all mine again, except your folks don't like the likes of me."

He was interrupted for a moment as the bright headlights of an approaching bus spotlighted them. They both stared silently at the ground as a man ran up and boarded the bus. It passed, and Roy continued, turning and looking at her intently. "Now let's have it straight. I can take a run-around if necessary, but I'd like to have it over with."

He held her arm between his fingers, and it hurt. Coralee tried to say something and her voice squeaked, and her eyes stung, and she had to get out a handkerchief and wipe her nose. "You're hurting my arm," she said.

He let go, and his arm slid across her shoulders. It felt very warm and secure. "Let's have it straight," he repeated less severely. "Everything."

"Oh, Roy, it's just that now you'll never respect me, because I chased after you."

"Is that all?" he asked.

"It's enough," she insisted. "Thelma says even if—Well, we could never be happy because I've lost your respect."

"Have you?" he said. And then, "Up to last week, I did all the chasing." He took his arm away and got the letter in question out of his pocket, also a book of matches. He crumpled up the letter and made a small bonfire of it on the dirt below their seat. "There goes all the chasing you ever did. Now, if I do a lot more, will it cancel that, and get me back my respect for you?"

"It might," Coralee admitted. "I could be hard to get, but you could try."

"Wipe your nose again, and I'll try now," he said.

After the attempt, which was successful, he got up and pulled her after him. "Where are we going now?" she gasped as they raced back in the direction they had come.

"I'm going to ask your pa for his daughter's hand," he answered. "I'm going to tell your ma that I'll be the only guy around the premises from now on, and I expect to be around more than once a week. And that I like nice girls, too, but I think they should be well kissed."+

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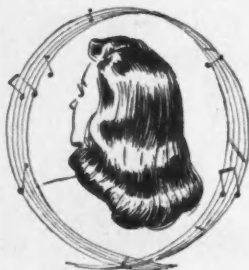
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NOXZEMA COLD CREAM



Don't Chase After the Boys

Continued from page 22

Nothing happened on Saturday. She tried to read a book. She read the first page over and over. The words went together in proper sentences, but they made no sense. Her brain kept chanting, "Roy is out with Midge. Roy is out with Midge," and it drove out all other meanings.

On Sunday she telephoned Thelma. "We were just leaving," Thelma said. "I'm taking a week of my vacation and going out in the country with my folks. I'll write you, if I get time in between writing to Freddie. That's the only reason I'm willing to go. Love letters. Yum-yum."

Nothing happened on six consecutive days, six dreary, awful days, except that on Friday evening Coralee went to a movie with Evelyn, and on the way home caught a glimpse of Roy and Midge Harrison in a malt shop. That made her feel that everything was really all over. She guessed she would save up her money and go to teachers' college and be the old-maidiest schoolteacher that ever lived. She wouldn't even get married at 25. Not to the best man on earth.

Saturday evening was dreadful, the worst yet, because for some reason she kept thinking about the kiss that felt like the sweet, deep pink centre of a rose, and about "serious intentions" with cottages and crisp curtains. She went into her room and lay on the bed and cried big lonesome silent tears. Evelyn came in and asked inquisitive questions.

"Don't be so darned nosy," Coralee snapped at her. Evelyn went out, and she heard her telling mom, "Coralee said a nasty word," but no one disturbed her again.

THEN CORALEE did a very bold and brazen thing. She wrote a letter. She put down everything the way it really was, and not the way it was supposed to be, or the way people thought it should be. She put down that the reason she wouldn't kiss him again was because nice girls weren't supposed to, and that first time was only a slip. That mom wanted her to have different boy friends, and only about one a week, and their house wasn't big enough for a girl to have boy friends anyway. But anyway she loved him, even though he'd never said he loved her, but if he did love her a bit, wouldn't he try to see her and help her figure out what to do? And she was sure he wouldn't care for Midge Harrison. She was awfully spoiled, even if she was cute.

Coralee went out and mailed the letter to Roy before she had time for better judgment.

Thelma came home next day, and since Freddie was working until evening, she had time to see Coralee. She told Thelma all about the whole ghastly week, explaining how she had tried to keep in line with mom's ideas, and had thereby lost Roy.

"Gee, baby, I don't know what to advise you," Thelma said. "My folks have always been so liberal and nice to Freddie, I don't know how I'd act if they weren't. Of course if Roy thought it was just your folks, he'd probably stick, but he thinks you've brushed him off. And of course you can't run your folks down to him, unless you feel like

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classes. As it was, her few moments with Miss Graham gave the day a lift. Even the chemistry test, which might as well have been based on the differential calculus for all Jill knew about it, did not faze her. She relaxed into a happy dream at its conclusion. Miss Graham was tops. She'd die for her. Willingly. She only wished she could. Suppose there were a motor accident—and Miss Graham needed a transfusion to save her life. And she had that queer type of blood, was it four or one?—and only Jill had the same type—and she needed—but quarts—

"So it's quite plain that the specific gravity and the density of the object are not the same. Or is it, Miss Croft?" Percy pounced like a cat. He never let you have a moment's peace. To play chess with him was about the dopest idea Jill had ever heard of. A stuffed owl like Percy!

Miss Graham didn't appear in the gym after school. After they had checked all the birds, Jill went in search of her and found her coming out of the staff room with Mr. Payne, the boys' physical ed instructor. She was looking just as interested in Mr. Payne as she had been that morning in Mr. Meikle. Of course it wasn't as surprising about Mr. Payne. Eldon McNeill had talked about Mr. Payne all the time he was dancing in the Paul Jones with Jill at the third form tea dance, and Eldon had got it across to her that Mr. Payne was the answer to almost anyone's prayer. He could complete a forward pass with both eyes shut, and what he didn't know about hockey had escaped the Maple Leafs also. Moreover—though this was not on Eldon's authority—he had an elegant profile and a smile just like Van Johnston's. So if Miss Graham wanted to put in time getting a few pointers on hockey from Mr. Payne—well, that was understandable.

But Miss Graham wasn't apparently getting pointers on hockey.

"I'll see if we can get horses for Saturday morning, then," Mr. Payne was saying. "And I'd better call you, Elaine. Can I get you at home?"

Miss Graham gave him the number. If she had smiled at Jill as she smiled at Mr. Payne, Jill would have swooned. As it was, Jill felt chills crawl up her spine. Suddenly she didn't care about badminton. By the time badminton was over, anything might have happened.

Miss Graham dropped a hand lightly on her shoulder. "Come on, Jill. Let's go over the nets too. They're still hanging together, I hope."

Jill's spirits rose. Miss Graham seemed to care about badminton. You could almost forget that she was just as interested in people. Some people. People like Mr. Payne. And Mr. Meikle.

But you remembered it again that night. It was a rather special night, because Smokey came over, laden with half her personal belongings, from "Mathematics Made Easy" to her second-best pair of pyjamas. Mr. and Mrs. Croft were going out for their fortnightly bout of good talk and bad bridge. John had also set forth for an evening with a man he had met overseas. He claimed he was going to spend his time either up at the university showing off his rather fine set of paleolithic tools, or else down in some smoke-filled dive talking nihilism, depending on which of his odd assortment of vaguely remembered friends this turned out to be. Rand was going out

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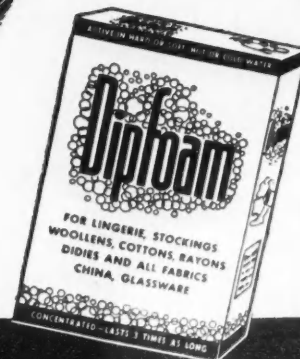
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Call Her Elaine

Continued from page 16

of its being a lingering malady?”
“No, darling. All schoolgirls have crushes. They never last.”

“Crushes?” John raised a quizzical eyebrow at her. “You don’t mean to say Lauren what’s-her-name has a rival? Is a new siren about to adorn Jill’s walls?”

Lindy, who had been with the Crofts for 15 years and considered no family conference complete without her expressed opinion, set down a plate of buckwheat cakes with a portentous sigh. “Tain’t whose picture she’s got plastered all over the wall that matters, Mr. John. It’s what the child eats. She won’t eat more’n half a dozen of my buckwheat cakes at a sitting.”

“Why ever not? I thought she had an unlimited capacity for buckwheat cakes.” Mrs. Croft sounded startled.

“No, ma’am. She says she can’t afford to get tubby. Miss Graham ’ud take a very dim view of having a tubby person on the basketball team, that’s what Miss Jill says.”

“And that’s true, Lindy.” The topic of conversation put in a personal appearance. She entered the dining room with a springy bounce—“A light, graceful step, as if you were carrying a water pitcher on your head,” was what Miss Graham called it. Rand winced as he regarded her. A 4 a.m. party had left him particularly unresponsive toward anything as hearty as Jill.

“Toast, Jill?”

“No, not buttered, thanks. Too fattening, mum. Why don’t we have Melba toast? And could Lindy press my tunic? I haven’t time.”

“Neither has Lindy,” her father put in grimly. “I thought you were pressing it just last week. At least somebody blew out the iron plug.”

“I know, but Miss Graham wants us always to look our best every day. Mums, I’d like a glass of orange juice, please. Did you know that one glass of orange juice contains 90 milligrams of vitamin C?” enquired Jill, who had never been known to drink orange juice except under pressure, and to whom figures were as a closed book.

The was interrupted by an ear-splitting series of staccato yells from the street.

“My lord! What is it? An air raid?” Rand ducked.

“Silly. It’s Smokey. She’s learning to yodel. That’s how we call for each other now. Miss Graham’s teaching us a Swiss yodelling song, ‘From Lucerne to Weggis Town’—They yodel in the mountains all the time. The Swiss, I mean. Isn’t it lovely? Hi, Smokey!” and with a swish of her short skirt she was out of the door.

SHE AND Smokey by-passed such dull topics of conversation as the morning’s chemistry test and their latest essay topic, “My Plans for the Future,” to rhapsodize over Miss Graham’s new yellow linen tunic and what it did for her dark hair and blue eyes. They confessed their hopes that they might make the junior badminton team. They

walked around by Gloucester Place on the chance of meeting Miss Graham and walking to school with her, but apparently they had again been beaten to the draw by Mr. Skelton, the Latin teacher, whose officious convertibility was becoming daily more unpopular with Jill and Smokey. By unspoken agreement it was Smokey’s turn to invent an excuse for going up to Room IIIB.

“Maybe we ought to see if there’s badminton tonight,” she suggested, not too brightly. They had been going up to find out if there was badminton after school for the last two weeks.

“Yes, let’s,” agreed Jill, as if the suggestion were dashing novel.

When they turned the corner by Room IIIB Smokey, in the van, stopped dead in her tracks.

“Jill, look!” she hissed.

Jill peered over her shoulder. Miss Graham, in a raspberry wool dress, was standing at her door talking to Mr. Meikle, the chemistry teacher, better known to his youthful victims as Percy the Pill. Or rather, she was listening to him. She was even looking interested, which was more than Percy’s classes ever paid him the compliment of doing. She was smiling, and everybody knew that Percy hadn’t cracked a joke in the last 10 years. He didn’t believe in them. Bad for discipline. Though, of course, discipline had nothing to do with this angel in Technicolor to whom he was now addressing himself.

“What’s she talking to that drip for?” Smokey wondered. That anyone quite so swish as Miss Graham could waste a glance on one of her own natural enemies shocked her. Her outlook was not yet adult enough to warn her that people are really swish only when they don’t distinguish between drips and nondrips.

“I dunno.” Jill’s estimate of her idol threatened to slip a notch. “Suppose she doesn’t know what a driz he is?”

“My gosh, she can see, can’t she? Why, his teeth rattle and he’s got flat feet.”

“He wears a wig,” hazarded Jill mendaciously, on the principle that any derogatory remark about Percy the Pill was bound to be justified.

“And when he sneezes—” But just then Miss Graham caught sight of them. She gave Percy the Pill one of her most devastating smiles, said warmly, “Then you must take me on some night, Mr. Meikle. I’d love to find out what chess is all about,” and turned to Jill and Smokey. Just as if they were the two people she most wanted to see. It was a habit of hers, perhaps because she had the happy faculty of wanting to see the people she did see.

“Hello, infants. All poohed out after the game last night?”

“Oh, no!” they chorused. Basketball never poohed them out. It took things like chemistry to wear down their resistance.

“Well, how about checking over the badminton birds tonight? That’s part of your job as junior games captains.”

Smokey, as was her wont, became tongue-tied when face to face with anyone before whom she particularly wanted to scintillate, but Jill could have rattled on indefinitely had not the bell rung for

APRIL SHOWERS

By Pauline Havard

♦♦

All the colors of the flowers
Mingle in the air again,
As April, through enchanted hours,
Turns silver skipping-ropes of rain!

see? And one of these dimwits might just catch her in an off moment, and she might say 'yes' before she had time to even think about the tennis tournament."

"Gosh, she might." Smokey's tone indicated that the depths had been reached. "Mr. Payne's pretty hot, too. I'll bet he's got just as wolfish a howl as Rand's. And Rand sure seems to get what he wants." They could hear Rand whistling piercingly off-key in the next room. He had obviously got what he wanted tonight.

Jill dropped her pen with a splash of ink. "Smokey, that's it. Smokey, you're wonderful. Of course, Rand!"

"How'd you mean?" Smokey enquired, perplexed but unwilling to betray the fact that she didn't quite know what was wonderful about her.

"Well, don't you see, stupid? Then we could call her Elaine all our lives. Then she'd practically belong to us. I mean, if she married Rand."

"But would she?"

"Well, wouldn't they all?" retorted Jill practically and a trifle cynically. The crook of Rand's finger had an appalling effect on all the femininity of his acquaintance, and sometimes, as for instance when Rand growled around about the shirts she borrowed, or sent her on unremunerative errands, Jill felt that women rather overrated him.

"Gosh, Jill, how marvellous!"

Jill frowned. "Of course they don't even know each other yet."

"Oh, that's easy." Smokey waxed enthusiastic. "Look, I'll ask Miss Graham in to the Milk Bar for a soda, and you bring Rand in."

"If you think," Jill returned grimly, "that Rand would be seen dead with me in the Milk Bar, you don't know much about wolves."

"Oh, dear." They sighed, chins propped on hands. How tiresome of Rand. Now, John would go, quite amiably. John would be just as happy having a coke with Jill as a gin fizz with the dizziest blonde in town. Much happier, probably. But then John wasn't the dazzling type. He never had been, even at Rand's age. John would drink

his soda and probably order a double one for Jill, but he'd never even know that Smokey wasn't with her mother.

"Look." Smokey had an inspiration. "You could ask her to dinner. Then they'd be bound to meet. Lots of people ask teachers to dinner." She might just as well have said, "Lots of people ask alligators to dinner." Of course you had to keep reminding yourself that Miss Graham was different.

"Well, gosh, Smokey, that's an idea. How about Friday? Could you come then? The show at the Capitol's punk this week end anyway."

Smokey agreed to forego the pleasures of the Capitol this Friday. "Let's make sure Rand'll be in."

They dashed off to consult Rand, whom they found manoeuvring a tie into position. Jill swung on the foot of his bed. "Rand, *whatcha doing on Friday?*"

"Nothing you'd be interested in, baby."

"No, but, Rand, really?"

"Well, I haven't exactly mapped out a campaign yet. Why?"

"I mean, will you be in to dinner?"

"Dinner? When Lindy cooks it? You bet. I haven't missed one of her week-end specials since the Air Force gave me the boot."

Jill released her hold on the bed and did a dive and roll on the rug. "That's all I wanted to know. C'mon, Smokey. I guess that's settled."

IT WASN'T really settled. There were still the details to work out. Jill and Smokey abandoned French prose in favor of menu making. They were realists enough to know the importance of food in all the major issues of life, even including a marriage to be arranged. They culled over all Lindy's specialties. Dessert first. Pineapple upside-down cake. And fruit cocktails. And fried chicken with rice. They almost came to blows over whether they would have cornbread rolls, Jill's choice, or cheese brioches, Smokey's, but finally Smokey won out because they remembered that when John came home

✦ Continued on next page



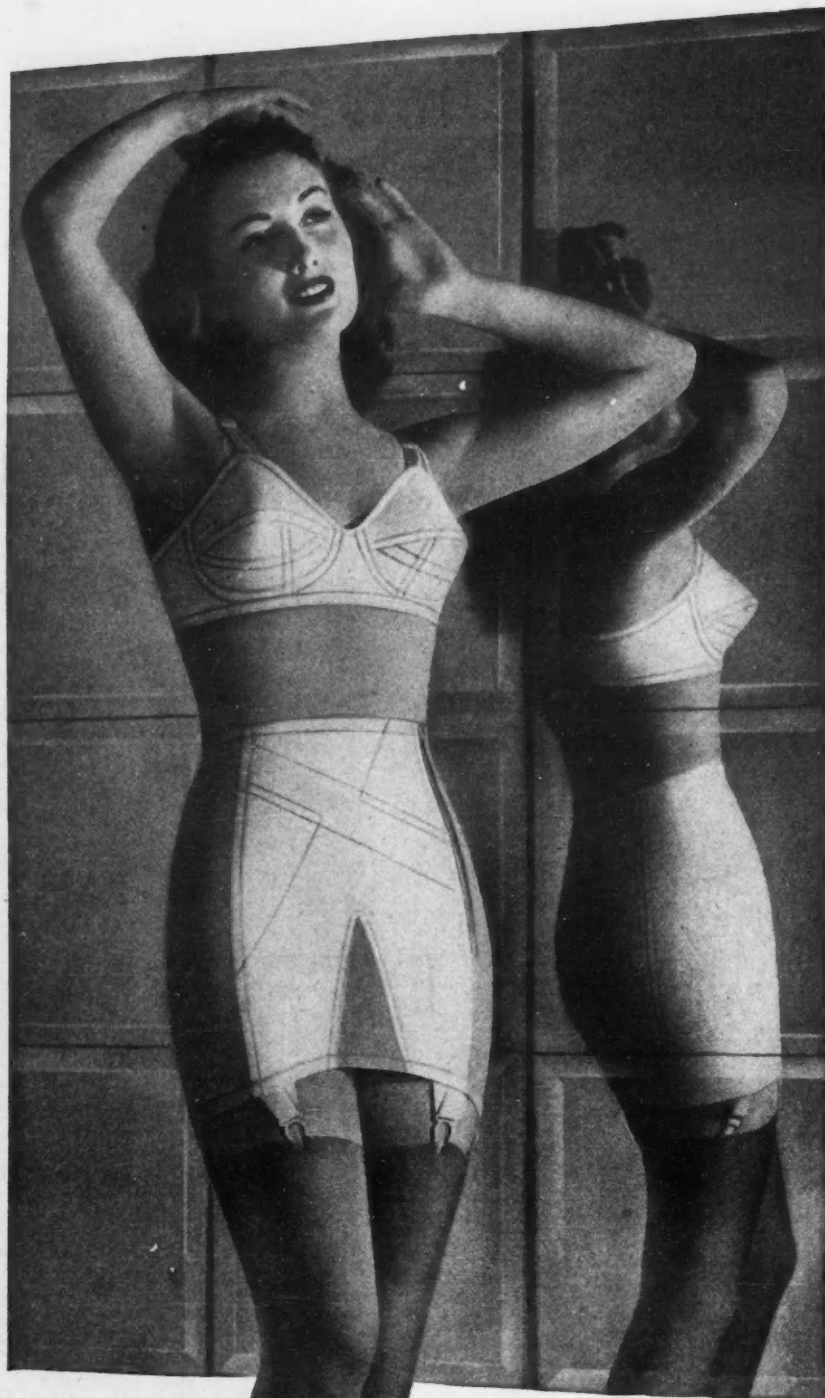
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PREFACE

to

Spring

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later on, with one of the numerous females who enlivened his existence and monopolized his father's phone.

"I'll keep an eye on your daughter till 10 or so," he offered handsomely.

"In my day the evening was practically over by that time," reproved his mother.

Rand grinned. "You can't expect a gal to look glamorous before 10, lady."

"I'm not just clear on why we think Jill needs looking after," remarked her father. "Seems to me she can handle most situations with remarkable aplomb."

STILL, IT was nice to have Smokey. It brightened the evening considerably. First they held a jam session in the rumpus room, going delightedly from one tuneless jumble of sounds to the next, and accompanying each with extraordinary contortions and evolutions of their supple young bodies. If they kept on improving, they might win the jive prize at the lake next summer. Then they investigated Mrs. Croft's cosmetic jars. Smokey had been told that she looked like Ida Lupino, and Jill suspected that with the right foundation she might turn into a second Hedy Lamarr. However, Mrs. Croft obviously didn't use the right foundation, for the desired effects remained elusive. After that they automatically drifted to the pantry, whence, armed with doughnuts, pickles, and cheese and honey sandwiches, they finally came to anchor at Jill's broad maple desk.

They were completely in accord in their lack of comprehension of the beauties—not to mention the rudiments—of the French language. "On apporte les hors d'oeuvres," Smokey muttered in a worried voice and a hideous accent. "Hors d'oeuvres," I know it means 'unemployed,' Jill, but it just doesn't make sense. I get so mad when the darned language doesn't make sense."

Jill tossed the dictionary at her. "I know," she sighed. "And here's 'eau de vie.' It ought to mean 'holy water,' but you can't drink that. Smokey, d'you know what her first name is? Elaine."

"Elaine. That's beautiful. Elaine Graham." Smokey didn't have to ask whom they were talking about. They talked about her all the time.

"Wouldn't it be marvellous?"—Jill was sky-high on another flight of fancy—"if some day she asked us to call her Elaine. Just you and me, Smokey."

"Dunno," Smokey sounded dubious. "Guess I'd always kind of think of her as Miss Graham. Sort of a habit, I guess."

Jill remembered then a certain crawling of her spine that afternoon. "Smokey, those men. Mr. Payne. And even the Pill. And they're just the ones at school. There are probably oodles of others."

Smokey was aware that there probably were. The world was full of men. She didn't think they added particularly to its attractiveness. "So what?"

"Well, don't you see? Maybe she won't always be Miss Graham. Maybe she won't even be at the High much longer. Maybe one of those drips'll marry her."

"Holy cow!" Such an idea had not occurred to Smokey. But she saw its horrid possibilities at once. "How awful! You don't think she would, do you? Why, there's interschool tennis coming up. And the athletic dinner. And the gym display. Oh, she couldn't."

"Maybe not right away. But she might start getting ideas, don't you



*You will come
to it some day!*

NO BELTS
NO PINS
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PERHAPS you are the conservative kind—slow to change, loyal to old habits. You've become used to belts, pins and external pads on "those days" every month. You've even stopped hoping for anything better for the purpose of sanitary protection... Well, plenty of women just like you have switched over to Tampax and you yourself will not probably forever resist the March of Improvement!

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"Goodness, no!" Jill was emphatic. "You see, they'll fall in love. They're bound to. Well, you know what Rand's like. He just mows 'em down. And gosh, John, she's got everything. Well, when two people like that meet—well, you know what happens."

"I suppose I do, but let's have it anyway."

"Why, they fall in love. It's fate—kismet. You see it all the time."

"You do? Where?"

"In the movies, stupid. For somebody that's been practically all over the world, and that the university even gives a job to, you still need an awful lot of educating. It always happens. Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. Judy Garland and Robert Walker. Well, there you are. Rand and Miss Graham. Smokey and I knew it was settled the moment ever we thought of it."

John regarded her over his pipe, "You know, my duck, you amaze me. A schoolteacher, isn't she? One of those blemishes on the fair face of nature? And you and Smokey have set up as a matrimonial bureau for her benefit. You're even prepared to sacrifice your own brother for the cause. In the name of Ra and Rameses, why?"

"It's not for her benefit," Jill confessed candidly. "It's really for ours. To have her in the family. Oh, John"—and she clasped her hands in a gesture which would have been ridiculous had it not been so sincere, and which John would not have dreamed of laughing at—"she's perfect. You can't imagine."

John patted her shoulder affectionately. "No, I can't, but I'm willing to admit that you intrigue me. I never saw you so worked up over a teacher before. However"—and he began to propel her firmly toward the door—"Rand is going to have to make his conquest without benefit of my tie. I'll be needing it Friday night for a special date with the kangaroo at the zoo."

Jill sighed. She was disappointed in John. Usually he was reasonable. There were even times when she suspected that John was one of the rather nice people she knew. But he certainly wasn't being noble about the trifling matter of a tie. Even if he found monkeys and bits of stone more interesting than his brother's future he might at least be gracious about it. That tie would have been bound to fascinate Miss Graham.

JILL AND Smokey had a horrid moment when they wondered whether Miss Graham might already have an engagement for Friday night with one of her horde of odious admirers, but they got their invitation in early in the week and Miss Graham said that she'd be delighted. Which made everything just about perfect.

Jill ran her family ragged preparing for the occasion. Mr. Croft, badgered and cajoled into buying cigarettes, salted nuts, and unwieldy bottles of ginger ale, declared he thought it would have been a lot simpler to entertain the queen. Lindy finally marched Jill and Smokey

out of the kitchen with the admonition that she had been frying chicken for over 35 years and she didn't need any advice from them. Mrs. Croft protested mildly when her garden was practically torn apart and moved en masse into all the vases in the house. By five o'clock she was ensconced in the midst of this bower of flowers, anxiously attended by Jill and Smokey, and wondering why children had to be so intense about everything.

It was a good thing that Miss Graham lived up to her advance publicity, or the Croft family would have suffered from severe anticlimax. However, even Mr. Croft had to admit that Jill and Smokey had for once lapsed into good judgment. He liked a girl who could look beautiful, talk sense, and make him feel 10 years younger. Mrs. Croft, of course, though she would never admit it, approved of anyone who liked her children. Jill and Smokey found their idol even more entrancing in the intimacy of home than they had at school. They marvelled over what a lucky man Rand was. Only they rather wished he would hurry up and come home. When the telephone rang they both made a dive for it.

But it wasn't Rand. "Hello, Susy," John's voice greeted Jill. "Tell your mother I won't be home for dinner, will you? The Indians in the North American wing have gone on the warpath and I'm going to be busy picking up the pieces."

"All right. Only it's fried chicken, you know."

"It is? What are we celebrating? Father made head of the bank?"

Jill couldn't help sounding slightly conspiratorial, "Miss Graham's here."

"Oh. You mean the—? Oh. I'd forgotten. Is she still the fairest flower that blows?"

Jill didn't approve of his tone of levity on such a sacred subject. "Of course," she said coldly.

"Well, blast the Indians. Inconsiderate of them, I call it. How's the romance progressing?"

Jill was about to report that its hero had not yet arrived, but just then Rand's car came plunging into the driveway. His father complained that he drove as if he still had the whole sky to cavort in.

"Here's Rand now. 'By, John."

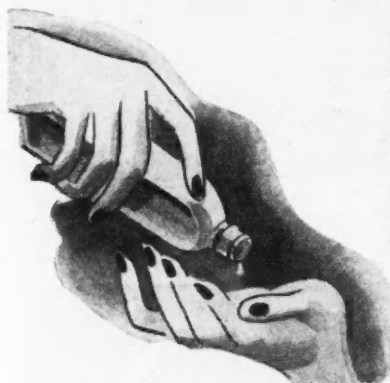
She was not prepared for the shock of what greeted her in the doorway. Rand, yes. But not Rand alone. With him was one of those visions whose habitat is either an advertisement for somebody's cold cream or else a night club spotlight. Blond hair fanned on her shoulders. Plenty of make-up and plenty of curves, all in the right places. Huge eyes in a lovely expressionless face. She had everything, including Rand.

"Hi, gang!" he greeted them. "This is Sheila. Be nice to her, mums. She's going to be your daughter-in-law."

MRS. CROFT gulped, once. "Randolph!" she said weakly. She couldn't remember ever having seen this blond bombshell before.



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from Halifax he ate five brioches at a sitting, so obviously they must pack a terrific wallop.

Mrs. Croft took a gratifying interest in their plan to invite their teacher to dinner. She hoped their enthusiasm for Miss Graham heralded an awakening enthusiasm for algebra, physics, and other totally unrelated subjects. She even went so far as to suggest that they might also invite Miss Harrington, who taught English literature, and Mlle. Pelletier, who taught French.

Jill was shocked. "But, mother, why would we want them? They don't even think we're quite bright."

Mrs. Croft laughed. "We might have a lot in common."

"Miss Harrington," said Smokey reproachfully, "wears long combinations, and Mlle. Pelletier has asthma. You don't think Rand would want them to dinner, do you?"

"I think he could live through it, considering the odd females he has sometimes brought home himself. However, if it's such an ordeal, perhaps we'd better not chance it this time."

Of course Rand could be depended on to look his best. He always did. Still, it would be a pity to take any unnecessary risks. Jill had an inspiration.

"You remember that tie I gave John for his birthday? The one with the suns on it and the palm trees? It would look elegant with Rand's brown suit."

"Gosh, yes. Could we borrow it?"

"Sure. John never wears it anyway. He doesn't know much about the sort of ties he should be wearing. He doesn't think about impressions. I'll get it."

She was foraging in John's bureau that evening when she heard his voice behind her. "Did I mislay your bobby-socks in my drawer?"

"Oh, John. You know that tie I gave you? The one with the suns?"

"Uh huh. Never saw so many suns before, even during a hang-over."

"Well, Rand wants to borrow it. Where is it, John?"

John was genuinely surprised. "Wants to borrow it? Are you sure? Not feverish, is he?"

"Don't be silly. He wants to make an impression."

John still sounded sceptical. "Um. Good or bad?"

"John, I wish you'd be serious. It's awfully important. Maybe his whole future life depends on it. The impression, I mean."

"In that case," said John firmly, "no tie."

Jill saw that she would have to reveal all. "He's going to get married."

"What ho! Good for him. Never thought he'd succeed in narrowing the field. Who is it?"

"Miss Graham."

"Never heard of her."

"Oh, John, you have. She teaches us P.T. You've heard lots about her."

"Oh, that dame? I didn't know young Randolph had the pleasure of her acquaintance."

"Well, he hasn't. Not yet. Not exactly. But we're having her to dinner on Friday night, and we're having fried chicken, and they're going to get married."

John began to fill his pipe, a sure sign that the situation was outstripping his mental processes. "Life can be simple, can't it?" he temporized. "You don't think you're simplifying it just a little too much, I suppose?"

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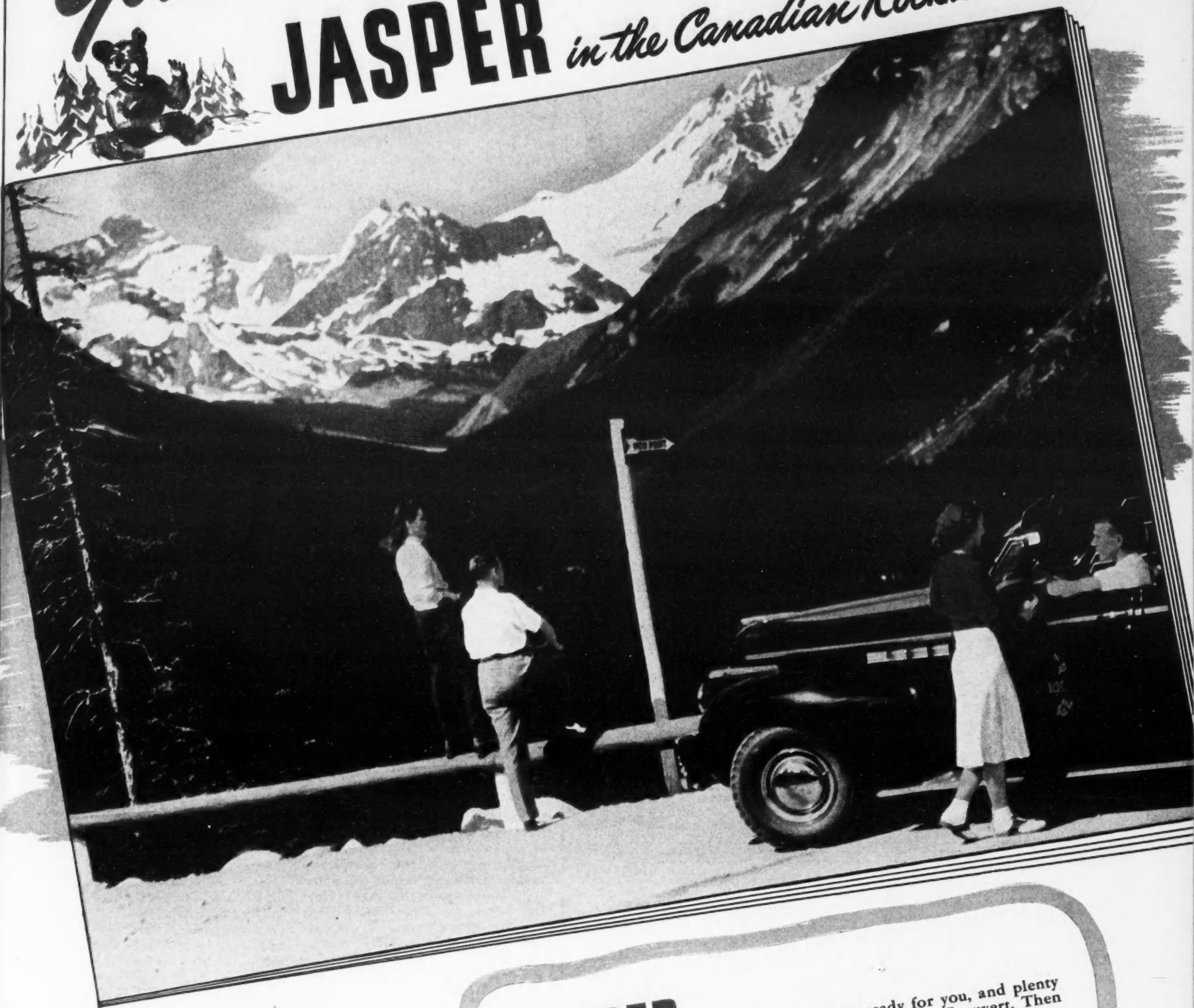
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Rand pushed Sheila firmly toward his mother's arms. "It's true, mums. She promised today, out at the races."

Mrs. Croft rose to the occasion. Her children knew they could depend on her. She held out both hands, "Sheila, my dear. Welcome home."

Mr. Croft kissed Sheila, privately noting that she looked like someone who would get engaged at the races. He wished he had been fortified by his dinner. This was the first close-up he had had of anyone quite like Sheila. He didn't read cold cream advertisements.

They went in to dinner. Everyone talked a great deal. Miss Graham made Sheila laugh. Only Jill and Smokey didn't laugh. They were stunned. This, of all possible calamities, they had never foreseen. Now Miss Graham was lost to them forever. Rand had betrayed them.

It was just after the fruit cup that Jill, already bowed down, was dealt another blow. John appeared, disreputable in old grey flannels and a shirt which bore evidence of the struggle he had been having with the clay models of the Indians in the North American wing. He had forgotten to brush his hair.

"Sorry I'm late, mums, but I can't resist Lindy's fried chicken. The Red Man can wait." Only he didn't glance at the fried chicken. His gaze fell on Sheila, and he must have suffered a slight shock, for his eyebrows shot up as he looked at Jill. Then he saw Miss Graham, and apparently he was relieved. His grin was John's way of emitting a long low whistle.

Jill was ready to die of mortification. Not only had Rand practically left Miss Graham standing at the altar, but here was John, late for dinner and looking as if he had been tinkering all afternoon with a dozen old cars. What would Miss Graham think?

As a matter of fact she didn't seem to mind. John sat down beside her and devoted his attention even more to her than to his chicken. He talked a good deal of nonsense, in a slightly less absent-minded way than usual, and she made no effort to snub him. You would almost have said that she was enjoying him—almost, that is, if you hadn't known that girls found John rather dull. Well, not dull, perhaps, so much as uninterested. But the odd thing was that this time he didn't seem uninterested. He almost seemed to be enjoying Miss Graham. Who would have supposed that Miss Graham was interested in anthropology? And who would have dreamed that John knew anything about badminton? He even confessed to having played on a Navy team, which showed just what the Navy could do to a man. Jill began to breathe more easily. Miss Graham was

having a good time, even if the purpose of the meal had been treacherously defeated.

IT HAD been a waste of time for Jill and Smokey to arrange the chesterfield so carefully, with the lamp at one end and a bowl of daffodils at the other. Rand wasn't interested in the chesterfield. At least not with Miss Graham. But John spiked any plan he might have had to leave Miss Graham out of his evening's entertainment. "You don't get engaged every month, Randolph, my boy," he observed. "This calls for a celebration. There's a good floor show at the Beachhead, and a moon just off the point. How about it, Miss Graham? Are you game to help us make the night hideous?"

"It sounds like fun," she smiled at John. Jill was astounded. What had come over John? He must have changed out there in mid-Atlantic. Or perhaps on shore leave. Why, you'd almost think he liked girls. You'd almost think they liked him.

Smokey was disgusted with the turn of events. "Well, that's gratitude for you!" she exclaimed indignantly as, sitting on the abandoned chesterfield, she and Jill finished off the remains of the pineapple upside-down cake and listened to the sounds of departing revellers outside. "Here we go and slave to make a nice party for them, and they hardly even get acquainted, let alone get married. And then they ditch us like a couple of old shoes. What's the matter with them? Don't they think we'd like the Beachhead?"

"Maybe he'll fall for Miss Graham yet," said Jill, not very hopefully.

"Who're you trying to kid? That glamour puss has him all parcelled up ready for delivery. Not a chance."

The screen door slammed again, and John poked his head in. He flipped Jill a bill. "Hi, you kids. There's a good show on at the Reo. And make yourselves sick on the gooiest sundaes you can get, afterward."

Jill whistled. "Gosh! All this, John? Yippee! That'll stake us for double lover's delights with marshmallow and chocolate sauce."

"Okay, if that's your idea of heaven. I know what mine is, and two bucks doesn't even begin to cover the tip. But thanks, kids, for the steer. You're a couple of bloomin' cherubims!" He went off with a salute which made Jill wonder how a person could get that way on just a cup of coffee.

She stuffed the bill into her pocket, frowned, and then suddenly grinned. "Gosh, Smokey," she gurgled, "Y'know what? I bet we get to calling her Elaine after all." *



Pattern Descriptions

1594—Teen-age "Simple to Make" chemise dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 12: 2 1/2 of 35-inch; 2 1/4 of 39-inch; 2 1/2 of 54-inch. Price, 20 cents.

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1596—Junior misses' and misses' two-piece dress in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15, bodice: 1 1/2 of 35 inch or 1 1/2 of 39 inch lengthwise striped material. Skirt and cuffs: 2 of 35 inch; 1 1/4 of 39 inch. Price 25c.

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1601—Misses and women's "Simple to Make" one-piece dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 3 of 39 inch; 2 1/4 of 41 inch; 2 1/4 of 50 inch. Price 25c.

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partments. You can keep almost any amount of money in it. There is even a secret compartment for very large bills. It's a useful thing for anybody to have," she finished and looked at John Gault. At this she blushed.

HIS FACE was a study. He seemed on the verge of emitting a great string of oaths, and then he looked at Granny's rueful countenance and quivering chin, and he broke into a laugh. "It's very useful," he said. "I don't see how I've managed so long without it!" And he took the wallet.

We all went out, drooping, but when we got on the sidewalk, John Gault summoned his most gentlemanly manners. He smiled his charming smile and bent over Granny's hand. "Mrs. Miller," he said, "I want you to have this to remember me by."

"Oh, no," said Granny, on the verge of weeping. "I don't need it. I'm not likely to forget you."

"Please," said Mr. Gault.

"Very well," said Granny, and accepted the token. She turned it over and over in her hand. She had never had one in her hand before. She always kept her money in the sugar bowl. "Thank you very much," she said. "I have always wanted one. I daresay it won't take me long to find out what to use it for. But now we must have some lunch to celebrate. Let's go to a drive-in stand. I love them, but Clive says they aren't very dignified."

This was fine with me. We drove up and ate hamburgers and had coffee. When it came time to pay, Granny scrambled around in her purse and found that she was without funds.

"Have you any money, chickie?" She enquired of me. It was rather useless to look to Mr. Gault. "I asked Clive for some money this morning, but he is so absent-minded, he forgets it 366 times a year."

"There are only 365 days in the year," I reminded Granny.

"He can do it twice in one day," Granny said. "But do you have any money, dear? I have to settle this check."

I had a dollar. An uncle had given it to me on my birthday. I had been saving it, in the vain hope of buying a book entitled "How to Break Into Hollywood," but so far I hadn't had the opportunity and the privacy required. Grandpa had advised me to put it in the savings bank where it would earn a fortune for me in a hundred years or so. But I had not really made up my mind what to do with this one-dollar bill which had neither brother nor sister in my purse. I certainly had never had any intention of paying for hamburgers with it. I began to understand how Grandpa felt about his funds.

"Give it here," Granny said, for she was perfectly aware of the dollar. "I will pay it back tonight."

"What happened to the rest of that \$50 bill we had last week?" I enquired.

"Oh, I forgot to mention it. A poor family who had just lost their home in a flood came to the door and what could I do? Be quick, chickie. The waitress is getting impatient."

I handed over my money, continuing to feel that it would be safer in my own purse.

"Now, Mr. Gault," Granny said, for she had apparently decided that he was her permanent responsibility. "I want

you to go down to my husband's office tomorrow morning. He has just received a large new contract and he will give you a job."

"Mrs. Miller," said John Gault, "you amaze me. I have been liar, thief and rascal to you and now you offer me a job. Do you think it is quite safe?"

"I am never wrong about people," Granny said. "I will speak to Clive about you after a dinner when he is in a good humor."

She then handed him the address.

"I am a reformed character," John Gault said. "For you, Mrs. Miller, I will go straight!"

THAT EVENING Granny gave Grandpa his billfold.

"Here is the prize you made such a fuss about," she said. "I hope you are satisfied. I went to great trouble to obtain it."

"Where has it been all this time?" Grandpa asked, for he had completely forgotten about the raffle.

"I just got it today," Granny said. "As I mentioned, with great trouble."

"It's a nice wallet," Grandpa said. "As a matter of fact, I have been needing one." He examined all the compartments and the secret place for large bills with interest.

Granny beamed. "Now you have to do something for me in return, Clive."

"Oh, my!" Grandpa moaned. "Never a monotonous moment."

"I am sending a young man to you in the morning and you must give him a job."

"Millicent, how many times have I told you to let me run my own business."

"I'm sure he is going to be a very good worker. His name is Mr. Gault and he looks strong enough to do anything."

"Is he trustworthy?"

"Of course," Granny said. "You know what a judge of human nature I am."

"Oh, all right," said Grandpa, "but don't ever let this happen again!" "Certainly not," said Granny.

The next morning she gave Grandpa a large package. "When Mr. Gault comes in," she said, "I want you to give him this."

Grandpa was in a great hurry to get off and had no time for argument. He grabbed the package and left, muttering in his beard.

"Granny," I said, later in the morning. "Did you send Mr. Gault Grandpa's blue suit?"

"Yes," she said. "He never wears that suit. All he ever wears is the herringbone. He thinks the blue makes him look old. And it's really better on a younger man."

Grandpa had apparently made the mistake of leaving his keys in his pocket. "There's only one unfortunate thing,"

Granny said. "I should never have given him that billfold. Last night when I went through the pockets there wasn't a thing there. He had put all his money in the billfold and put it under his pillow."

I was frozen with this news. I knew how much the quality of our meals depended on Granny's foraging.

"It was a strategic error," Granny said. "It will make everything more difficult."

"Granny," I breathed in consternation. "What are we going to do?"

Granny looked complacent.

"The Lord will provide," she said. +



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The Good Provider

Continued from page 46

"I just put it there to tease you," Granny said, much flustered. "I didn't intend for you to win anything. You ought to be ashamed. You have just made a fine business deal in this dreadful depression time. You have a new suit. Your wife thinks of everything and now you want to win a prize contest. The Lord really won that contest. You know that, Clive."

"I am getting very tired of trying to compete with the Lord," said Grandpa. "And I know He does not expect it of me. I'm sure He is very sorry for me because He knows you so well."

THE TELEPHONE, which seemed to be Granny's secret ally, rang again at this juncture and Grandpa had to rush off to his office. In his hurry he had laid the offending ticket on the table and the minute he was out of sight, Granny snatched it up.

"This ticket belongs to John Gault," Granny said righteously. "He has probably won a fortune and knows nothing about it. He may have met with foul play for all we know. But we must find him so he can claim it."

Granny scurried to the garage and began to back the car out. We drove to the Graham Flour Company, but they had never heard of John Gault and they had not hired a new employee in years. On the contrary, they were turning them off.

Granny did not know what to do but she began systematically to drive up and down the streets in the part of town across the railroad tracks, looking in every direction for a young man in torn trousers, clutching his overcoat against his throat. Meanwhile she communed.

"Good Lord, I thought for a while there," she said, "that you had sent me a liar and a tramp. But since you have chosen to let him win, there must be some mistake about it. Therefore, I have to find him. And I hope you will help me. All I can do is look and drive — and Clive says I can't even drive."

Every afternoon for a week, when Grandpa was safely at business, we drove around looking for the young man in the long overcoat. We asked everybody we saw, but nobody could tell us anything. By this time we had exhausted the poorer sections of town, so Granny took to driving down the good residential streets. It also occurred to her that we might have better luck in the morning.

Sure enough, the first morning we went out we approached a pillared mansion and there at the door was the tall young man in the long overcoat. We saw that he was speaking to the lady of the house with that mixture of charm

and desperation we had been exposed to, and we could almost hear him say: "I have a job waiting for me at 10 sharp if I can only get a suit of clothes."

"There he is," Granny cried, stopping the car with a great squeal of brakes and accompanying loss of rubber. She jumped out and sprinted toward him like an autograph hunter after a movie star.

John Gault looked up and recognized her and began to run.

"Wait, wait," Grandma cried. "You may be a millionaire and just don't know it."

JOHN GAULT did not take much stock in this shout and he kept running. Granny was winded, but I saw my chance. I was suddenly overcome by what must have afflicted Granny so often. I had a mission. I had to catch John Gault. I was appointed to do this task and nothing could stop me. And nothing did. I panted after him, finally caught up, for I was younger than he was, laid hold on his overcoat and stood my ground. He gave up, letting come what must.

"Okay, lady," he said. "Call the cops."

"Why should I?" Granny enquired.

"Well," said John Gault, reasonably, "I lied to you. I didn't have a job waiting. I didn't have a friend who told me about you. I heard about you in the village. I got the name of that man off the tablet in front of the church when I passed by. I took your husband's new suit and sold it. That makes me a thief. I tried to get a job, but even that suit didn't get one for me. It was a swell suit too. Nicest thing I ever wore. I got hungry and I knew I couldn't get in a breadline with that suit, so I sold it to get money. Before that I had actually been panhandling and a man gave me that raffle ticket because he didn't have any change on him. But it hurt me worse to give up that suit than it did you."

"I understand," Granny said. "But now your worries are over. You have won a prize in the raffle."

"What?" said John Gault.

"It's true," said Granny. "It was in the paper. We're going straight over there and get it."

We set out in the car for the offices of the East Side Community Association, a charity organization which had sponsored the prize drawing. The three of us made quite a stir when we went in. The lady at the desk was very pleasant and hastened off to get the prize. We hardly dared to breathe.

"If it's a very large sum of money, I'd better take care of it for you," Granny said with simple dignity.

About this time the young lady came back.

"It's a lovely prize," she said. "A genuine leather billfold with six com-

A FINE FIGURE OF A GIRL

Only those with smooth, feminine curves and a slender silhouette can claim that title. Don't let unattractive bulges spoil the graceful lines of the new spring styles. Write today for our bulletin "KEEPING IN SHAPE," and learn the recipe for a lovely figure.

"KEEPING IN SHAPE"

Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 22.

Price, 10 cents.

Order from: Chatelaine Service Bulletin Dept., 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont.

They Have Fun on the West Coast *Continued from page 11*

members (like no liquor; control of check-out passes during a party, etc.) and be dreaming about a setup to cover sports, hobbies, handicrafts, etc., before long. You'd probably belong to one of the Hi-Y clubs in the high schools, and help with ceremonials, penny carnivals, paper drives, and such dos as the popular Hard Time parties and after-four tea dances, as our Councillors do. You might even be one of the lucky executives sent by your Hi-Y (at a cost of \$20 to \$30) to the summer session for leadership training at wonderful Taunton House, on the west shore of the Capalino River.

You'd go to Friday night dances at the Nine-Fifty-Five club (the YM, at 955 Burrard Street) and parties in the parish halls, schools and at community centre Teen Towns. You'd dance to school orchestras or a PA system or juke boxes, mixing schottisches and barn dancing with your jitter-bugging, crab and shrimp and salmon and oyster concoctions with your hot dogs and cokes, and shouting for Artie Shaw, Tommy Dorsey and the late Glen Miller, raving over Van Johnson, June Allyson, Perry Como, Vaughan Munro and Andy Russell, and dividing sharply like teen-agers everywhere in Canada, on the subjects of Spike Jones and Frank Sinatra.

You might point out—as our Vancouver Council does—that boogie (mood music and blues) is here to stay, while jive (just noise) is on the downgrade, like egg sandwiches for parties. You might arrive at the ingenious conclusion, as they did, that teen-agers like to dance in the dark because boys at that age and stage of dancing skill (?) are self-conscious about their hoofing ability in the full glare of the hundred-wattors (Remember, they say scornfully to parents, the row of unhappy sitter-outers at your parties? None such nowadays); that it is the solemn duty of every older sister to teach her brother to dance before he hits the party line; and that parents, on the whole, lose too much of the free-and-easy, relaxed way of having fun by the time they're grown up; and the easygoing tone of high-school mixers (noontime dances), sock parties (with shoeless dancing) and general informal fun should be retained in adulthood.

YOU'D HAVE convictions, ideas and plans. And the enthusiasm to try a lot of things you'd never done before.

Like a radio program. Every Saturday morning, come eleven-fifteen, an announcer at CKWX says, "Take it away, Hi-Time," and eager young broadcasters, like Councillor Denyse Pierce in our photograph, give out with the news of Vancouver schools and young clubs.

Or the Theatre Under the Stars. Come summertime, the City Fathers turn patrons of the arts, and provide a continuous series of light operas, all for free, in city-centred Stanley Park. With the mountains and the sea for backdrop, the lights of Lost Lagoon and the high arch of Lions' Gate Bridge in the background—well, it's something. You could try out for the chorus, as lots of teen-agers do, if you're staying in town for the summer. Thousands of

you would be off bike-hiking on the island, spending 25 cents a night for a bed at one of the Youth Hostels that dot the province, camping up the inlet, or sailing.

Maybe you don't build your own boat in the back yard, and haul it down to the Bay, as hundreds of boys (with the admiration and help of feminine enthusiasts) do. But you can't reach 16 in Vancouver if you're a normal boy or girl, without having handled a snipe or a put-put or a sloop or a flatie or a cat boat. Beverley Jones is our Council's star yachtsman, but everybody else sails, one way or another, too. And the sailing parties, with races and bonfires and picnics as the come-on for novices, are terrific. You'd probably find yourself, in no time at all, and no matter how hardened a landlubber, in (as one 16-year-old explained) "partnership with a 20-ft. sloop."

Of course, you might stay ashore occasionally and swim. Beach parties are dreamy—especially at night when 20 or more of you turn beachcomber, gather up a fire, swim in the sea water, and warm up after playing ball on the beach, to finish the evening roasting wieners around the campfire, with the portable gramophone doing something wonderful to your favorite discs, and you singing your lungs out. (Hostess brings the mustard and the relishes, boys the cokes, and girls the hot dogs.)

That is, of course, if you're not skiing. Honest, in both spring and fall you can take your choice. Walk two blocks, if you're like Councillor June Penn, to the foot of the mountain, pile your ski kit and your week-end supplies on the half-ton truck, and start up the hill. Hundreds of Vancouver Teen-agers take the bus or the ferry to Hollyburn, Grouse, Seymour—just pick your mountain—and four girls will go together to rent a cabin for the season (about \$20 each) where they can sleep and cook in the few hours between tearing down the mountainside, day and night, and dancing at the big clubhouse or sitting around the open fire, singing.

Skiing would be the really out-of-this-world sport, if it weren't for all the house parties, and the treasure hunts and progressive dinners before the school dances; free tennis in the park; horse-back riding for a dollar an hour, golfing on all the city's courses, bowling, having tea parties, going to the supper dance at the Vancouver Hotel (if you're old enough), sitting Saturday noons in the big windows of The Georgia over a malted milk, watching the world go by, having fun at one of the busy Neighborhood Houses, like Gordon House, or Alexander, and helping when you're made the leadership class . . .

THERE ARE special week ends with the family across the border to Seattle, trips up the Islands in the big boats . . . strange ships riding at anchor at the wharves . . .

Then, of course, there's the highest star of all the heavens that you hitch your wagon to, and keep your fingers crossed. It's the Royal Roads Passing Out. Final ceremonies and functions at Canada's famous Naval Training College, in Victoria. And since the cadets are teen-agers—that puts the whole wonderful series of graduation affairs right in the prow of your dream boat. There are games and tumbling exercises to watch, and a marvellous big



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Blue Grass Perfume . . . Blue Grass Flower Mist . . . Blue Grass Eau de Cologne . . . Blue Grass Eau de Toilette . . . Blue Grass Body Sachet, for top-to-toe fragrance . . . Blue Grass Sachet, exquisitely dainty satin pillows . . . Blue Grass Bath Salts to change the tub to a perfumed pool . . . Blue Grass Bath Oil, for the height in tub-time enjoyment . . . Blue Grass Dusting Powder, snowy soft against the skin after bathing . . . Blue Grass Brilliantine to touch the hair with sheen and fragrance.

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SEE how Marboleum, with its rich marble effects, has added colour and charm to the playroom above. You would be delighted with Marboleum in *your* playroom because it makes a practical as well as a beautiful floor. Linoleum absorbs sound, has foot-easy resilience and can be cleaned in a jiffy with a damp mop.

Planners of new homes and many contemplating remodeling are finding wider and wider uses for linoleum—for table tops—and splash areas as well as for the floors throughout the house.

Consult your linoleum dealer. Even though his supplies are limited at the present time, he'll be glad to help you plan smart, colourful linoleum floors for your home.

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Pacific Party Time

BY LOTTA DEMPSEY

Chatelaine's Teen-age Council of Vancouver gives you the one-two-three of successful fun and games, especially if you're hostess



TREASURE HUNTING Chatelaine Councillor Barbara Effinger and Gordon Whittaker ask an astonished householder for a candle in a holder, a thirty-seven-day-old newspaper! But the lady knows her scavengers, and obligingly produces. It's a West Coast favorite with the teens of both sexes.

THE most perfect of good times are the ones that seem to just happen. But almost always . . . unless it's the last day of exams, or unless the too, too terrific new boy in the crowd is but directly tuning in on your wave length . . . unless something out of this world occurs, it's a fact that the more wonderfully easygoing the party, the more planning has gone into it.

That's the way Chatelaine's Teen-age Council of Vancouver feels about it. They really dug the subject, from here to there and back again (over cokes and cookies a few days ago), and came

out of it smiling and full of ideas for you and you and YOU.

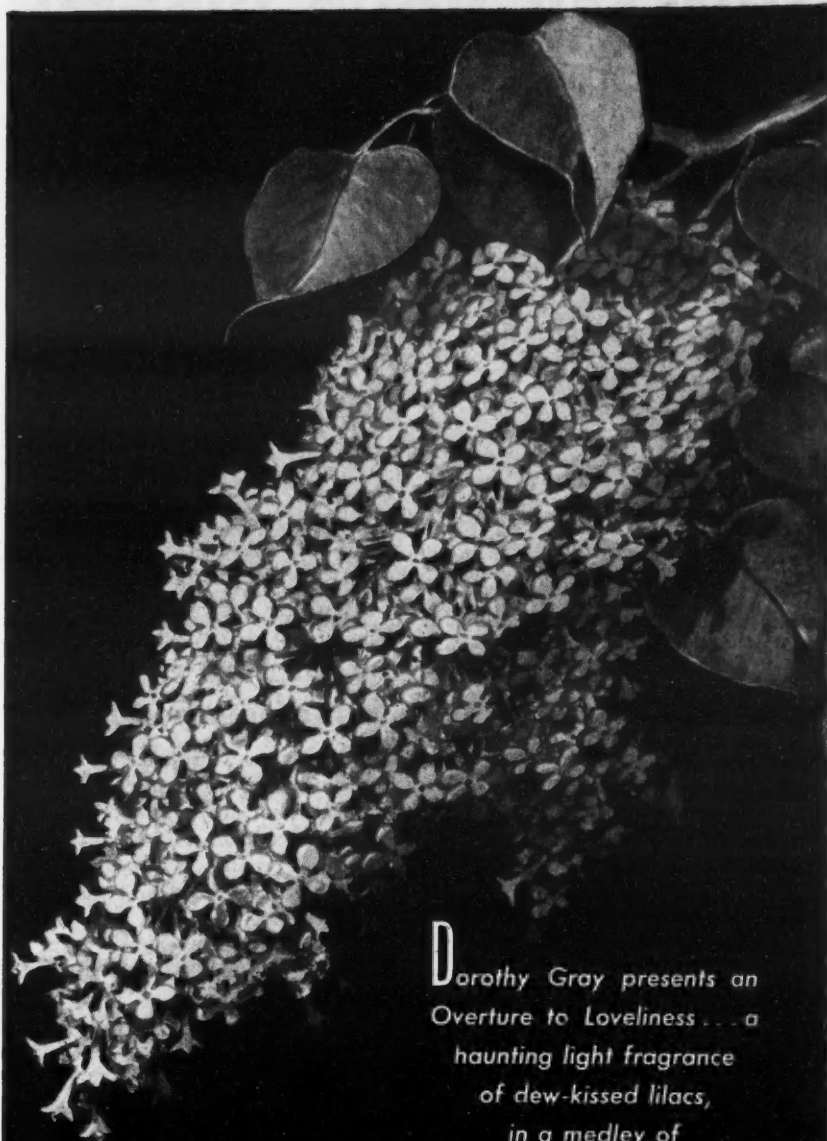
So many wonderful suggestions popped up in the way of special parties, outdoor doings, food and stuff, that it seemed a good thought to sort it all out and give it to you clear, curt and concise, and in their own words, almost. Like this . . .

Outdoors

Beach parties. Of course, we don't make the mountains, the moon and the driftwood you can always find around University and Locarno Beaches for bonfires. Not to mention the salt-water bathing. But even a beach party can be a bust, if it isn't properly planned. And this goes for any outdoor corn or wiener roast. First, it's good to have everyone there knowing at least one other person. And of course you'll be sure one or two of the boys are good at song leading, keeping things moving . . . and building fires! Have the firewood ready and piled before the kids arrive, and be sure, if it's your binge, to be there early, ready and unruffled! This goes for every kind of affair as a No. 1 must in hostessing. Okay if the boys are bringing the cokes, girls the wieners (we usually do that), but you, Madam Chairman, supply pickles and relishes, see that there are whittled sticks for roasting, cushions or rugs or what have you for sitting on, and any other extras like marshmallows (when and if) or a batch of cookies you dreamed up in the afternoon. Remember this is your night for watchdog duty, and no matter how you feel about lolling back with Bill beside the flickering flames, you're alerted to look after everyone else. Believe it, there's *nothing* like the satisfaction of having given a party that



SHIP AHOY Skipper Beverley Jones, in her dad's yachtsman's hat (he's Commodore of the Vancouver Yacht Club) and Pat Chown, both Chatelaine Teen-age Councillors, rest a moment in their brass-polishing, aboard. They're getting ready to take off on a favorite teen-age sport, sailing, with lots of grub in the galley for picnicking.



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MAKERS OF

NATURE'S RIVAL
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CURVE CONTROL WITH COMFORT

formal, and parties the Victoria people give, and maybe you stay at the Empress Hotel, smothered in its gardens.

You can see why Vancouver teenagers modestly feel that the Evergreen Playground is somewhat of a junior reserve; and they ride the range as many hours per diem as they can beg, borrow or steal from school work and family chores.

They like the U. S. A.—so short a friendly hitch-hike or bus or boat ride away—but these most British of our peoples, including the teen-agers, are strongly entrenched in pride-of-Canada citizenship. They want to hang on to what they feel about Canada, and their own city, and its offering of the good life in work and play.

They're keen as a blade to know about you, in the rest of Canada, and to have you know them.

Chatelaine's Teen-age Council in Vancouver says, "Hi, you — how about climbing over the mountains and having fun with us? We'll be seeing you!"

Designed for Better Living

Continued from page 9

the domestic zone, which takes in the kitchen and play yard; the living zone, which covers the living-dining room; and the quiet zone, which includes the study and bedrooms. All are well defined, yet linked together by free-flowing space which can be divided at will by screens and folding walls.

The building is located on the lot with the living zone away from the street, facing the garden. For convenience the garage is placed right on the street line: there's less snow to shovel in winter! It is possible to drive into the garage and enter the house through the storage room without going outside. The kitchen, opening off the storage room, has large windows through which to survey the play yard. It is possible for mother to keep an eye on the kiddies while preparing meals. Planned for operation with a minimum of effort, the kitchen incorporates in its design a compact yet well-equipped laundry. The furnace room contains an automatically fired furnace and domestic water heater.

STRETCHING ACROSS the rear of the house is the living-dining room. The dining area, which adjoins the kitchen, is separated from the living area by a screen. The fireplace is centred on the room, making it easy to arrange furniture. A special feature is, of course, the window - wall which, designed for solar heating, extends almost from floor to ceiling. The glass is permanently fixed in place, and ventilation is provided by means of screened louvred openings which can be opened and closed from inside the house. Absence of windows in the side walls ensures privacy, while huge sliding doors give access to the terrace.

The entrance hall, reached from the street by means of a covered walk has its own clothes closet. Handy to the kitchen, the hall leads directly to the living-dining room. A short corridor branches off to the bedroom wing. On the north side of the corridor is an "extra" room which could be used either as a study or guest room.

House No. 1 can be built in two stages.

Continued on page 76

New way to end PERSPIRATION WORRIES

1. A new type fluffy-light cream that stops under-arm odour, stops perspiration safely.



2. Easier to use — goes on quicker — disappears at once. Leaves no sticky film.

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24% more effective than other deodorant creams tested

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we're learning that there's a job for everyone—and everyone should do their part, without trying to grab the lime-light. It's just as easy to learn things the right way—like committees and resolutions and voting and stuff—and much more fun once you get the hang of it.

Special Affairs

Barn Dances. There's absolutely nothing like a real barn dance, hay and jigs and square dances and all—to add new life to things when they get dull. The overalls and straw hats are fun and you can do silly, gay things with food—like box lunches and man-sized sandwiches and red-checkered tablecloths.

Treasure Hunts. We have the craziest times with scavenger parties—send kids out in twos or fours to ask for dopey things—like an old newspaper or a cartoon of Stalin or a candle in a holder, a toothbrush, or a used light bulb or corn-cob pipe or rung of a chair. Honestly, you can make it too absurd and wonderful. And you really get to know people . . . especially the ones you're with. Your experiences when you come back are the most marvellous talk material; nobody can be shy on a treasure hunt. You can carry it into the food department too—make people hunt for sandwiches and cookies and cold drinks, hidden in waxed paper in different parts of the house or garden.

Progressive Dinners. This may sound like a grown-up elaborate idea, but it's really fun and little work for everyone. Especially for about four or five couples who are going to a big dance together. Easy. One girl serves soup or fruit juice or cocktail at her house . . . the next, with the biggest dining room, could do meat, potatoes and a vegetable, and a third dessert and milk. Make her place nearest the party. Of course, you'll need boys whose dads let them use their cars! And, speaking of that, be sure you deliver the vehicle back when required, and not too gasless. This goes especially if your dad let's him drive your family bus. He'll deliver you and the car home, of course, and then strike out on shanks' mare, solo.

When You're Hostess

Parties. Ask your parents, or one of them, to be on hand for at least the arrival and departure of the guests. If

it's formal, mother and dad will receive the guests with you and see them off standing in a convenient place, near the living room doorway, perhaps. It's nice for mother to put on a long dress too. If the kids leave at a decent hour, the family and the neighbors will enjoy the party and will be all relaxed for a repeat. Your own best pals will stay and help you tidy, if they're really hep. And you could spare a few hours from primping to help mother with the preparations. Lots of us prepare all our own food—including making toasty cheese things, sandwiches, fruit punch and cookies.

After the dance. If you're one of the lucky ones who can bring the gang in for bacon and eggs or hot dogs, after a big party, make the family realize you appreciate it. (You'd be surprised at how many teen-agers can't.) Don't split the ozone with your noise. Get the boys and girls to help do the cooking and cleaning up, and, by supplying frilly aprons for the males, having things ready and doing a little clever organizing, you can even make them love the whole job. Take mother's first gentle hint about breaking up.

Teas. While these are strictly for the birds, according to the boys, they're still fun. Do the sandwiches and things as fancy as you like, be as grown-up as you please, and be sure to see that those few girls who are from other schools or crowds have a good time. A mother-daughter tea is a pleasant idea. Mother will let you use her prettiest silver and china, if you're careful and help with the cleaning. It's worth it, especially in candlelight.

Pyjama Parties. Friday nights we often have pyjama parties, and they're terrific. Half a dozen girls at one house, sleeping on floors and chesterfields, eating cake and cookies and bananas and oranges and drinking pop . . . doing each other's hair up and trying new make-up . . . talking and reading and generally letting off steam. It's a grand pay-off, too, if the males you know are given to mysterious frats and clubs come Friday eve. Stage your own unexplained parties, and make them envious!

If you really like people and want them to have fun, instead of just having parties to show off or pay back others, they will. Especially if you make the occasion informal and easy—and plan stunts and tricks to include everyone, and arrange food that's good to eat. +

Chatelaine Handicraft Patterns

Teen-Age Specials

Accessory touches for a date dress. Crisp crocheted butterflies crocheted poppy and lily of the valley, also pattern for twin heart lapel ornament. Order No. S 48. Price 10 cents.

Bag and bonnet to set off a teen-age sweater and skirt getup. Can be made of plaid, check or figured leftovers. Order No. S 71. Instructions, including diagram for cutting. Price 10 cents.

Gay suspenders to give an old skirt a knowing air. Pattern No. S 92. Price 5 cents.

Cheeky cherub lapel ornament in crochet. Pattern No. S 91. Price 5 cents.

Pekingese lapel pin, made out of loops and threads. No. S 88. Pattern price 5 cents.

Crocheted identification—button lapel pieces in twin set of initials and numerals. No. S 90. Instructions 5 cents.

Choker and bracelet of twisted crochet chains. No. S 103. Instructions 5 cents.

Cable stitch bolero for cool evenings at the beach. Pattern No. S 97. Price 5 cents.

Knitted corselet belt to flatter a young waist. Pattern No. S 104. Price 5 cents.

"I thought of a number and doubled it"

One glance at Doris, surrounded by children, was enough to convince anybody that she was in her element. Yet it was a shock to Isabel. "Whoever would have thought of *you* running a nursery school," she exclaimed.

"You girls at the office never really knew me," declared Doris. "For years I pounded a typewriter, but my heart was in this sort of thing all the time. My mind was made up . . . and my money was laid aside, regularly, all those years. With my first salary cheque I began to think about life insurance as a way to save. I figured how much I could buy without stinting . . . and then I doubled it. It was worth while skimping a little, then, I thought, if eventually I could get into what I really wanted to do.

"So here I am. At an age when a lot of women are tired of the old business grind, I'm starting a new life. My life insurance endowment enabled me to do it. There were times when those premium notices used to get me down . . . but am I glad I stuck with it!"



Life Insurance Guardian of Canadian Homes

A message from the Life Insurance Companies in Canada and their Agents.

UNMASK YOUR HIDDEN SKIN BEAUTY!



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ing the day as a protective make-up foundation. Watch your skin grow smoother, softer, lovelier!

For Noxzema is more than a "beauty" cream. It's a greaseless, medicated formula. Don't wait! Get a jar today. At any drug or department store, 17¢, 39¢, 59¢.



NOXZEMA



NEW BLUE-JAY with pain-curbing NUPERCALINE

That throbbing pain around the hard core — relieve it now! The new Blue-Jay is activated with anaesthetic Nupercaline. It deadens the pain, while the gentle medication softens and loosens the core—you just lift it out. It's the greatest advance in years in medicated treatment of corns. Ask your druggist for the new Blue-Jay.



Only from the Islands of the Outer Hebrides, where the Islanders ply their skilled and ancient craft, come the tough, hard-wearing Harris Tweeds. Woven by hand from virgin Scottish wool, Harris Tweed in all its variety of stylish shades and patterns is the tweed for people who "know about clothes."



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Salisbury House, London Wall, London, E.C. 2, England.

everybody simply loved. You can relax at somebody else's.

If there's swimming, be sure decent arrangements are made for changing easily and that the fire's really big enough to warm everyone up afterward. And stay friends with the family (yours and theirs) by breaking up at a reasonable hour.

Skiing. We do it week ends, up on Grouse and Hollyburn and Seymour, so that means we're often pretty much on our own, and our honor. Funny how the girls who crash through conventions seem to lose that sudden flicker of popularity so fast. *Boys have parents too.* And so much of the leeway we get depends on everybody in the crowd being good sports, and not letting the family's trust down. Besides, if we ski all day, dance and sing around the big fire in the clubhouse in the evening, by about 10 it's wonderful to gather into your own special female clans in your cabins for talk sessions before bedding down. Of course, every girl who shares the cabin must carry her weight—help with cooking, bedmaking and so on. And you've got to have your own kit: enough sweaters and jackets, etc., and your own "bug" (candle in a jam tin, to light you up and down the mountain at night) and your own pack so as not to weigh down the boys you know. That is, if you want to keep going, and having fun. And not make trouble for the boys' Voluntary Safety and First Aid Patrol, by taking unnecessary risks, or acting smarty and cracking up other groups.

Hiking, Riding, Etc. We love it—especially around Stanley Park and Vancouver Island. Better to get one of the good-sport mothers or fathers to go along if it's a two-or-three-day walking or bicycle hike, even if it's all girls. One practical parent is a wonderful help when the inevitable emergency occurs. Dress to suit the outing and leave the fancy gadgets at home.

Away From Home

Parties at School. You remember that little old word "democracy," don't you? Don't try to run affairs with your own little clique—get the shy kids into things and see how much fun it is for you and them. Don't plan long-dress affairs and expensive setups some of them can't afford. Work with the teachers on what you want to do and see how much farther you get. Try new ideas, for raising funds for your Junior Red Cross, Hi Y and other interests—new twists to penny bazaars, hard-time parties (where everybody wears their oldest and raggedest, and noontime mixers—dances where you bring your lunch and have half an hour around the piano).

In Public Places. You're still Mrs. Murphy's little girl to most of the olders who will see you when you start dating at supper dances and drive-ins. Most of the rules were made for your benefit—like staying in the party, instead of going off on a twosome. Carmen Miranda and Martha Raye are spectacular and riotous to watch in a movie—but a little startling to copy at a party.

We take a very dim view of any boy who has notions about liquor. Usually he's just talking—but he's easy to squelch when everyone treats him as though he had B.O.

Clubs. Now that we're having such fun with Teen Towns and fun centres

EAGLE-LION HEADLINERS



EXCEPTIONAL ENTERTAINMENT

Phyllis Calvert ★ ★ ★ Styles are hitched to a new star.



That smartly brilliant London star who is wielding a widening influence on Canadian styles in costume jewelry, gowns and hair-dos is Phyllis Calvert. This was one of the unexpected effects of her latest success—the lady-intogypsy role of MADONNA OF THE SEVEN MOONS.

★ ★ ★

These Calvert-created fashion trends will continue indefinitely. After THEY WERE SISTERS, in which she shares starring honours with James Mason, she will be seen in her first Technicolor film, MEN OF TWO WORLDS; then with Stewart Granger in THE MAGIC BOW.

★ ★ ★

DEAD OF NIGHT, Eagle-Lion's omnibus of thrills, has eight stars, six stories, four writers and four directors—making it a multiple hit.

★ ★ ★

Postwar problems, individually and together, of a soft-rock miner and a concert pianist provide the basis of both the romance and the music in CORNISH RHAPSODY. Stewart Granger is the miner and Margaret Lockwood the musician.

★ ★ ★

In ROGUE'S PROGRESS you'll see Rex Harrison, the blithe spirit of Noel Coward's BLITHE SPIRIT, supported by the exotic Lilli Palmer and Jean Kent, in a film which skips lightly, amorously, through international smart-set centres; South America to Paris and the Riviera during that era of wonderful nonsense, the mad twenty-thirties. You'll remember him from "Night Train to Munich" and "The Citadel" as filmdom's debonair handler of smooth comedy and slick dialogue.

★ ★ ★

To catch that extraordinary sea storm in I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING, producers Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger spent weeks in Scotland's Western Isles, waiting for bad weather.

★ ★ ★

Eagle-Lion Pictures at your Favourite Theatre

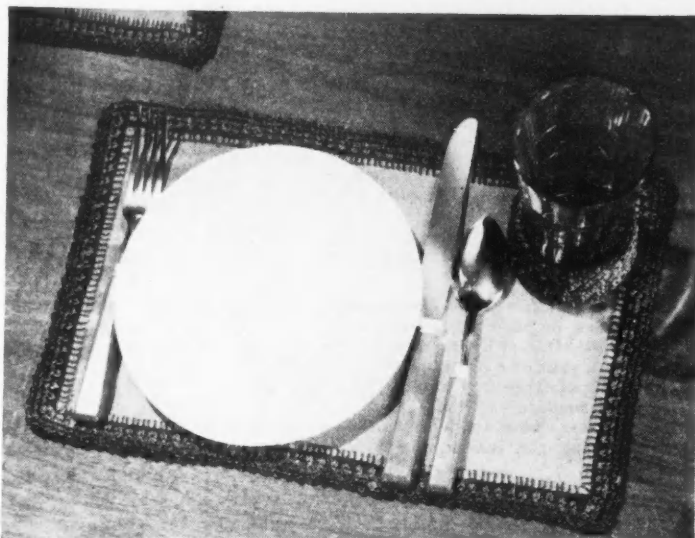
Trousseau Handicrafts

Springtime is wedding time, with everyone busy whipping up all those little things for trousseau and shower. And every bride loves unusual, hand-made gifts that bring bright individuality into her new home.

Here's a gay and useful set to delight her: an apron trimmed with multi-colored crochet and a matching pot holder. The crochet trim counts up like mad; the sewing is no trick at all.

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Breakfast for Two, luncheon for four or dinner for eight! This is the kind of place mat that always looks right for any meal in the day, and wears and washes practically forever. And you might make the little glass jackets in a variety of colors for bright breakfasts! Our set is in brown fabric, the crochet trim in brown, red and green — wonderful early-morning cheer. Pastels are lovely for luncheon; all-white for dinner. Instructions for making, 5 cents. Order No. S126.

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Women of Mexico

by Miriam Chapin

WHEN Canadians think of Mexican women, they are likely to have one of two pictures before their eyes—either the dark beauties of the movies, or the barefoot, blue-scarved peasant women on the dusty roads. It is true that the two extremes of society are more sharply contrasted in Mexico than in Canada, where pretty girls dress a good deal alike whatever their family fortune. But there is an increasing middle class in Mexico, where particularly in the cities a vast number of up-and-coming young women are making their way into the world of business.

Offices and stores and restaurants are staffed with women now almost as much as in Canada, and while it is not yet quite the accepted thing for married women to keep on working, many of them do. There are lawyers and doctors and smart business women among them. The stage has its traditional attraction for the Latin woman—surely Dolores del Rio, who has come back to her own country to act in the famous films the new movie industry is turning out, is the best-known Mexican woman in North America. There is no really outstanding woman novelist, but there are several who write well for the stage. The social worker follows also an old tradition: Matilde Rodriguez Cabo is a remarkable synthesis of old and new, a typical Mexican woman, caring for children, who does it by handling the terrifically difficult job of Head of Children's Public Assistance. Concha de Villarreal is a columnist on a big daily, who campaigns with a bitter typewriter against all sorts of evils, from cancer and prostitution to inefficiency at the post office.

Since I could not possibly talk with all those that I wanted to, I tried to pick out three who are as different as possible, in order to give Chatelaine's readers an idea of what some of the foremost in the country are like. These women are not typical—they are far ahead, individualists. But they show what Mexican women can do.

IF YOUR idea of them is the indolent senora, directing a staff of submissive servants in a big house and doing nothing more violent than a little embroidery, consider Adela Formoso de Obregon Santicilia, who was one of Mexico's delegates to the United Nations Conference for International Order at San Francisco; she is a special authority on education.

I went to visit her one afternoon at the new Universidad Feminina of which she is founder and director, and was greeted by a very pretty woman in a tailored suit, who looked far too young to be the mother of an 18-year-old son. The college, three years old and still adding laboratories and playing fields, is the only one of its kind in Latin America. Its stated object is to prepare girls for various careers—diplomacy, teaching, art, chemistry, biology, pharmacy, and half-a-dozen others. Since it is affiliated with the National University, girls who want to take special courses there may do so, and its diploma is recognized on an equal basis. There are 300 students and 40 teachers. When the last examinations for diplomatic and consular

service were opened, more women than men turned up for them, slightly to the dismay of the officials who had not quite contemplated turning the service over to the graduates of the U.F.

Educating them for the future is only one segment of Senora Obregon's life. Besides running her household of husband and three children, she started and attends to the Society for the Prevention of Blindness, which sends out travelling ambulances to country schools to care for cases and teach improved methods of prevention. There is terrible blindness in Mexico, often due to lack of care by midwives. As a young girl, Adela Formoso was a promising violinist; she travelled in Europe after her first son was born to study the theatre, and came back to found a school of ballet. In her off hours she has written several books, particularly concerning adolescence, and some charming essays and poems. Life of idleness? No interest in national problems?

AFTER GETTING my breath from the picture of this career—though the Senora herself gives no sign of haste—I turned to a famous painter, Maria Izquierdo. She is a very different person, perhaps closer to Mexican soil, who interprets in her painting the life of the countryside, and sometimes uses the technique of the primitive. I had seen in the newspapers much comment on her difficulties with the governor of the federal district, so I asked her to tell me about the opportunity for women to do murals. She said she had always wanted to, and so was eager to take the contract offered her last January for the new courthouse. When she had her designs ready, in August, the contract was cancelled, with no reason given.

Sitting with a swarm of her tiny white curly dogs in her lap, she talked of her work, of her showings in New York and Los Angeles, of her feeling of being part of Mexico. The best of her really fine easel pictures were, it seemed to me, those of horses and colts, running or poised against the brutal brilliant hills of Mexico.

THEN ONE day I noticed in a Mexican news magazine a little item under "Humorescas." It said that the deputy who sponsors the new electoral law would still refuse women the right to vote, but that because Dr. Esther Chapa had done so much to gain that right, he would wish to grant it to her alone. Surely the only female voter in Mexico ought to be worth knowing, so I went to see her at her office-laboratory. She earns her living doing blood analyses, and she gets her recreation out of campaigning for the suffrage. Next year, she says, the women of Mexico will succeed.

A stout, vivacious woman in her thirties, she told a story of almost incredible hard work. When she entered the State Medical School, there was only one other girl, and teachers ignored them. Now there are 500 women studying there, going out to do public health work in the villages, accepted everywhere in town and city. She believes that the vote is a necessary part of the

✦ Continued on page 99

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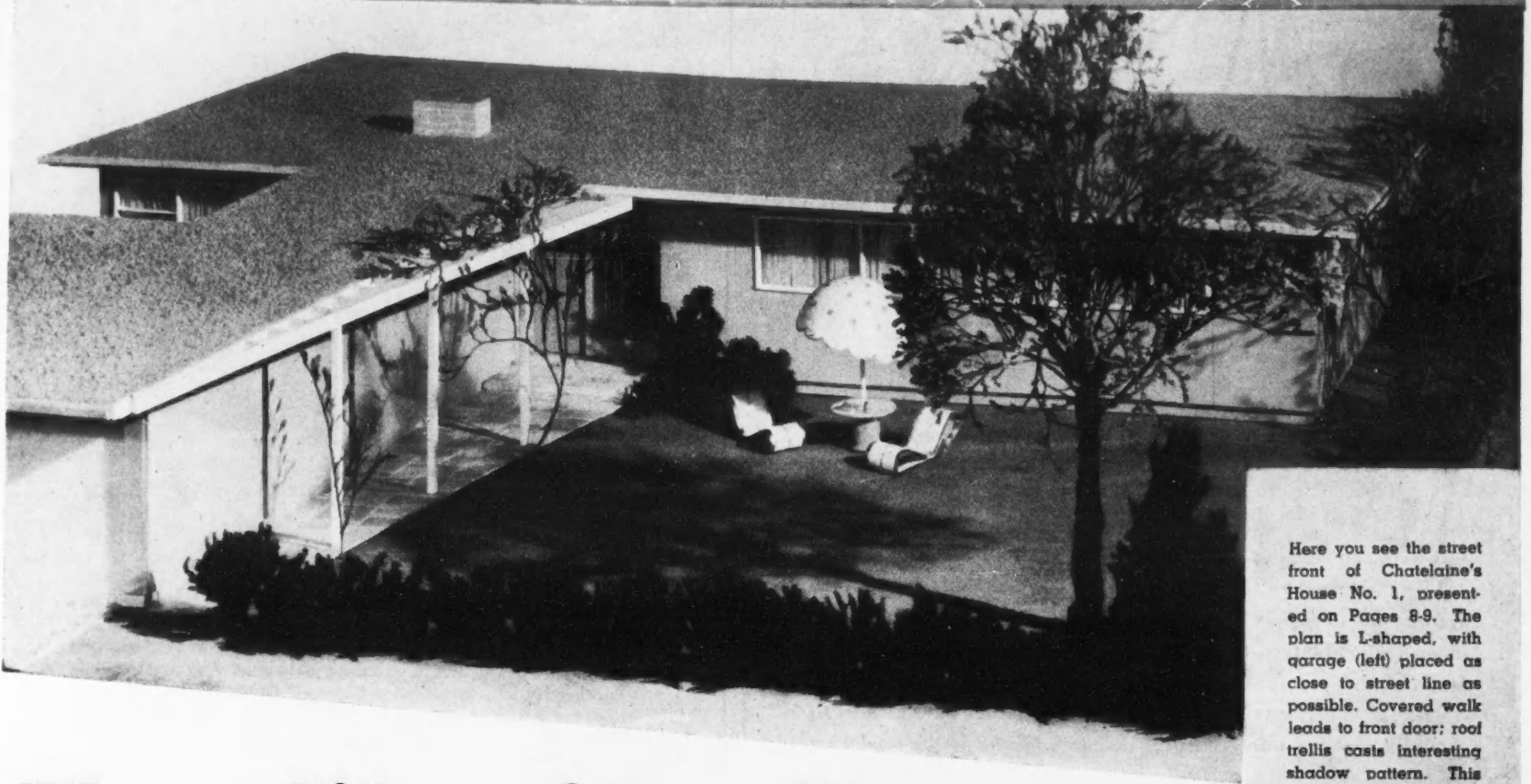
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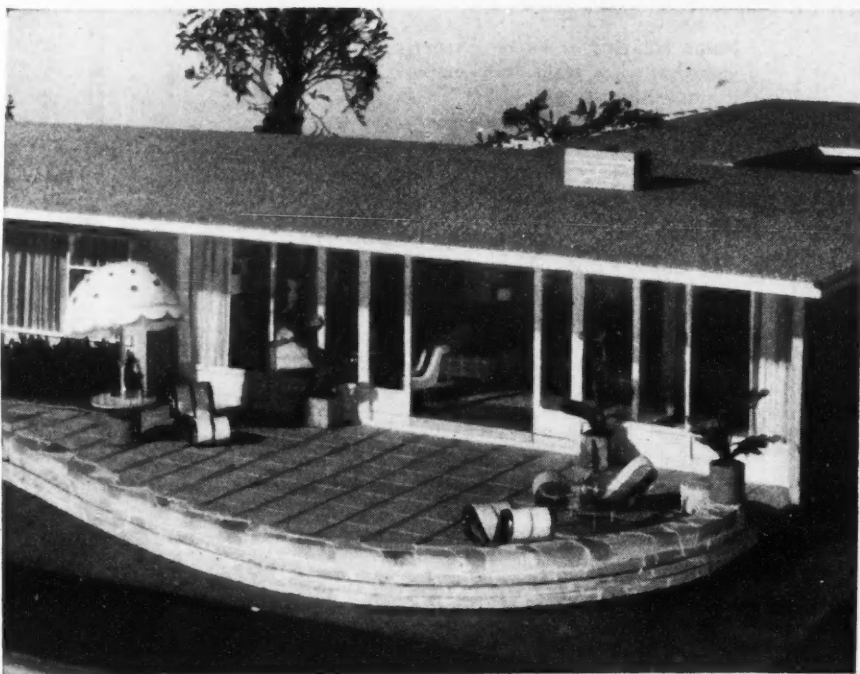
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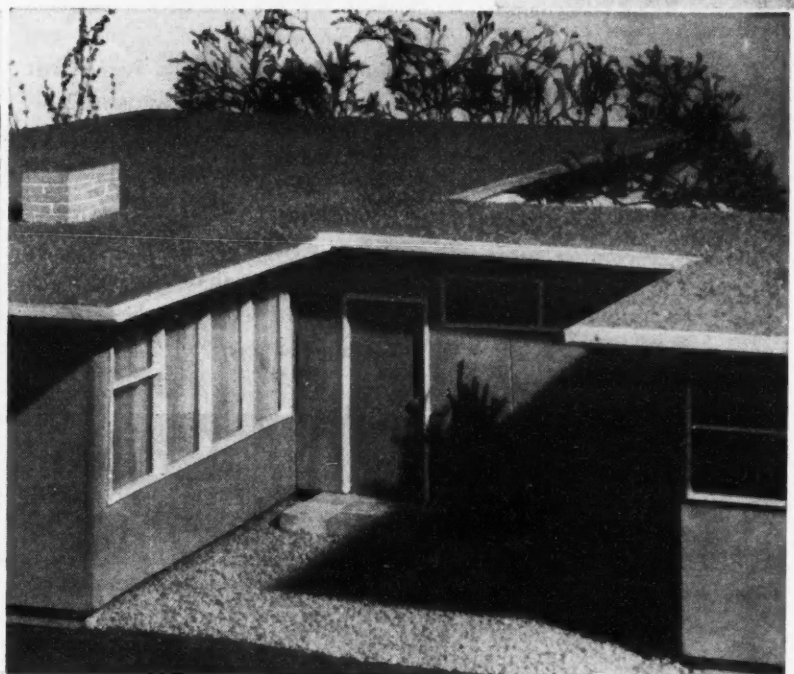


Here you see the street front of Chatelaine's House No. 1, presented on Pages 8-9. The plan is L-shaped, with garage (left) placed as close to street line as possible. Covered walk leads to front door; roof trellis casts interesting shadow pattern. This is north elevation, so glass area is limited.

Three Sides of One Story



The south terrace as it would invite you on a summer day. Sliding doors are pushed back to achieve union of living room and garden. The flat roof is pitch and gravel; exterior walls are plywood; chimney is stone. John B. Parkin designed the house.



This small neat indentation in the design, on the east, affords a delivery entrance, a drying yard and a place for baby carriage or play-pen which can be overlooked by mother's supervising eye from the kitchen windows.

OTHER VIEWS OF CHATELAINE HOUSE NO. 1.



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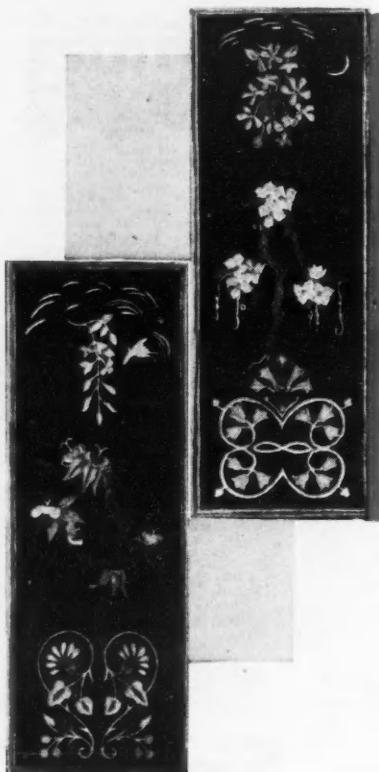
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Those who delight in exquisite embroidery will love these Persian panels, in brilliant design of exotic flowers. Not quickly done—but it's a masterpiece of fine needlework to be classed with your family silver. Stamped on black taffeta, each panel measures about seven by nine inches. Cost \$1.25 per pair, including backing and cottons for working. Order No. 120 C.

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Designed for Better Living

Continued from page 70

The final stage is the one illustrated in the photograph on the opening pages of this article. It then has three bedrooms and two bathrooms: in its original it has two bedrooms and one bathroom. Expansion is simple, since the partitions between the bedrooms are storage-walls, nothing more nor less than completely fitted, movable closet units. They are designed to accommodate everything that has to be stored: shoes, clothing, books, radio, and can be used to define floor areas in any desired pattern. In this case they are rearranged so that the original single bedroom (marked "child's room" on plan) becomes a double room, divided down the centre by a folding wall. Such an arrangement allows children to share common play space but gives them privacy when required. The bathrooms embody the latest plumbing equipment and have generous medical supply and linen storage facilities.

CHATELAINE'S HOUSE No. 1 employs insulation, plus the heat of the sun, to realize fuel economy. Solar heating is made possible by development of a new type of double-glazed window used in combination with proper orientation of the house on the lot and an overhanging roof eave. The purpose of the eave is to shut out rays of the high, hot summer sun, yet admit those of winter when the sun is low on the horizon.

It is necessary to have an automatically controlled heating system, one that will go off when solar rays are available and switch back on when they are not. In House No. 1 radiant heating is used. The chief advantage of this type of installation is maintenance of an even temperature from floor to ceiling. It consists of coils of piping laid in the concrete floor slab. Hot water is circulated through the pipes, making the floor a huge heating element. It is not too hot to walk on, however, being about the same temperature as the human skin. Mastic tile forms the floor finish.

The lighting is all of the built-in fluorescent type, which gives improved illumination at less cost. A breaker takes the place of old-fashioned fuses. Adequate wiring and plenty of convenience outlets provide for full employment of electrical aids to housekeeping.

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Oval shape in flat solid crochet—to complete a fireside scene or act as color co-ordinator for bedroom or bathroom. Size 24 x 36. No. S114. Price 5 cents.

Good-looking scatter rug in ridged crochet—rectangular and fringed. Size 24 x 36 inches. No. S115. Price 5 cents.

LUNCHEON SET

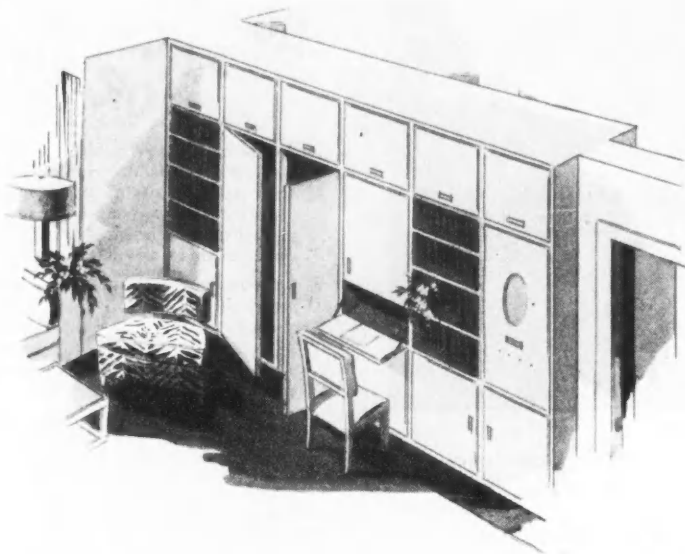
Grecian influence in crochet. Complete instructions for runner 13x22½ inches, place mats 13x17. No. S96. Price, 5 cents.

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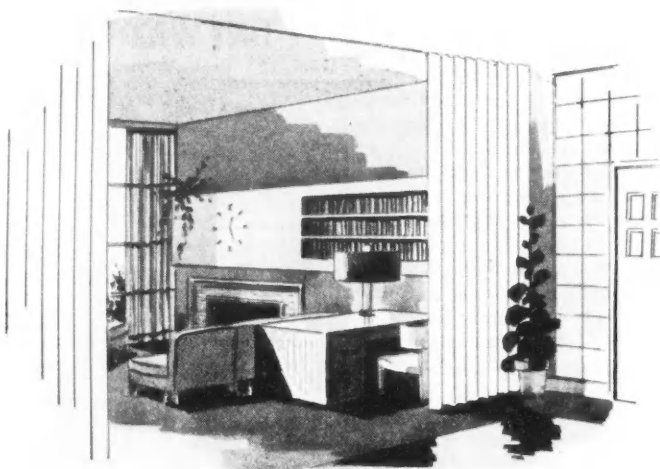
for Your Future Home

When the time comes for you to build, you'll want to make full use of improved ideas and techniques that will enable you to enjoy and take pride in your home. Here are some worthy suggestions for your scrapbook.

By JOHN CAULFIELD SMITH, Architectural Editor



Storage Walls are news. This contemporary answer to the question of where to put required-from-time-to-time things when not in use goes a long way toward properly organizing storage space. The "wall" is composed of cupboard units which consist of interchangeable elements designed to accommodate articles as different as shirts and skis, and replaces the partitions in a house that do not carry direct weight of the floors above. Any desired combination of units can be employed between any types of rooms. In the above sketch is shown a grouping of closet, bookshelf, desk and radio units.



Folding Walls are news. The old folding partition with its wide leaves and squeaky hinges has given way to a modern, streamlined accordion type which can be used either as a door or as a wall. Fabric-covered, soon available in colors and finishes to match any decorative scheme, it is built on a steel frame to ensure durability. Used as a door it saves space, the floor area required by a swinging door being freed for more useful purposes. As a wall it can be used to divide a room into two compartments. Each has its own identity when the wall is closed, but they combine when it's opened. Above sketch shows an installation between a living room and entrance hall.

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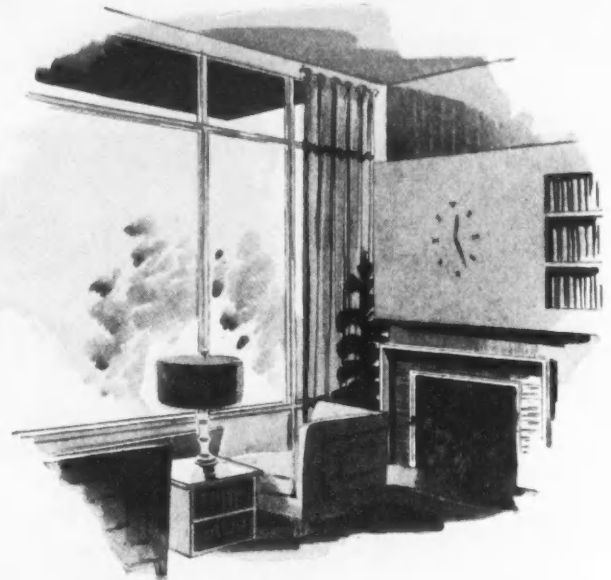
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IDEAS



Window Walls are news. Huge glass areas taking up practically the whole wall of a room are made possible through development of a new type of insulating glass. It can be built right into the structure of the house, and does away with the necessity for storm sash. Consisting of two, or in very exposed locations three, sheets of sparkling plate glass separated from one another by a metal-sealed dehydrated air space, this new glass does not fog over or frost. Eye health is promoted, heating costs kept low.

NOON DECEMBER 21
(Lowest angle of sun's rays).

NOON JUNE 21
(Steepest angle of sun's rays).

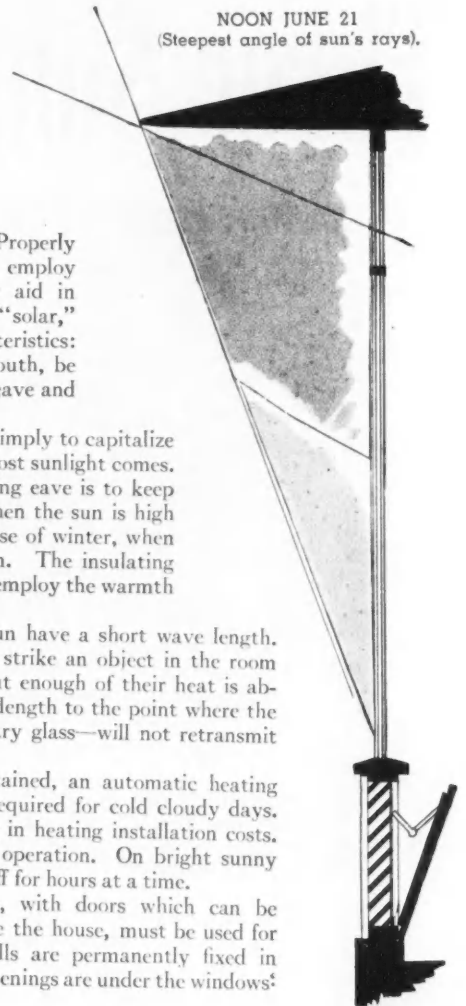
Solar Heating is news. Properly designed window walls can employ the sun's rays as a heating aid in winter. A house, to qualify as "solar," must have three main characteristics: its window walls must face south, be protected by an overhanging eave and made of insulating glass.

The idea in facing south is simply to capitalize on the direction from which most sunlight comes. The purpose of the overhanging eave is to keep out direct rays in summer, when the sun is high in the heavens, yet admit those of winter, when the sun is low on the horizon. The insulating glass is specified to retain and employ the warmth gained.

You see, the rays of the sun have a short wave length. They pass through the glass, strike an object in the room and are reflected from it. But enough of their heat is absorbed to increase their wave length to the point where the insulating glass—unlike ordinary glass—will not retransmit them.

Despite the solar heat obtained, an automatic heating plant of normal capacity is required for cold cloudy days. There is, therefore, no saving in heating installation costs. Where economy results is in operation. On bright sunny days the furnace can be shut off for hours at a time.

Screened louvered openings, with doors which can be opened and closed from inside the house, must be used for ventilation, since window walls are permanently fixed in place. On the south side the openings are under the windows; on the north, on top of them.



They Make Movies

Continued from page 25

situations as opposed to actors and fictional plots, and there is an underlying theme or message. Workers in this field develop an almost missionary zeal in their efforts to bring everyday living to the screen.

By 1939 Evelyn Spice had married Lawrence Cherry, a fellow-Canadian who was also working in films in Britain, though in a different group. Evelyn was tired out. She still looks frail, though her husband says she has a capacity for hard work that would put a horse to shame. So the Cherrys came back to Canada, where it was Evelyn's intention to do a little free-lance work, no more.

But between 1939 and 1942, when they came to Ottawa to join the Film Board, Evelyn was just as busy as she has always been. She and Lawrence pooled their talents in making pictures for independent firms, operating from a Saskatchewan farm. It was there that Evelyn Spice developed her knowledge of agricultural and rural life, and today she is the recognized farm expert at NFB.

The youngest Cherry, John, was born during those days too, and Evelyn thought she would probably continue to free-lance, and not undertake a full-time job. She was thoroughly conscious of her responsibilities as a mother, and even after the Cherrys had come East at Grierson's request, she was dubious about joining the Film Board staff. Eventually her energetic mind found the right solution. Along with other parents the Cherrys founded a nursery school in Ottawa, at which John was happy and busy; happier, his parents feel, than at home as an only child. The school was not just a useful place to dump Johnnie while Mother went off to work. His welfare came first, but fortunately for Canadian films it gave Evelyn Spice an opportunity to use her talents and experience in the public service. Incidentally, her net income is practically nil, since she must pay a housekeeper as well as young John's school fees.

Evelyn is one of the few Film Boarders who stick to a strict schedule, and this is because of her determination that John will not suffer because his mother works. Much of the business of movie-making is done at odd hours, on into the night if necessary. But Evelyn arrives at 9.30, goes home for lunch with the family, and leaves at 5.30, coming back later in the evenings sometimes, but never missing precious Saturday afternoons at home if she can help it.

When she arrived at the Board in 1942, she found a great difference between the early experimental days in England and Grierson's wartime pace. There was very little time for leisurely research into new formulae. She was put right to work to produce a series of shorts on nutrition and food conservation, and they appeared at the rate of one every six weeks, an amazingly short

time in which to make a film. The Knife and Fork series is still remembered, and, Evelyn is proud to say, still usable now.

Evelyn Spice is not only a writer and director, she is a craftswoman, and one of her specialties is adapting available equipment to her needs. The cameras and microphones, to name only the most familiar instruments, were designed for studio use, not to be carted all over the country and set up in farmers' kitchens. But if you make documentary films, you must go where the people are, to factories and farms and homes, in order to show real conditions in Canada. So it's useful if you know the mechanical ropes, as Evelyn does.

THE CHERRYS' unit has just finished a film called Farm Electrification, a simple and self-explanatory title. It was shot last summer in Manitoba, and is nearly ready now to be sent out to the Film Board's rural circuits, to be seen in schoolhouses by children and adults. Some of these audiences have never been able to look at the rest of Canada except at these schoolhouse shows.

You'd find it an eye-opener to hear how many steps there are in making a film only 20 minutes long. First, Evelyn Spice read all she could find on the subject of farm electrification. It's a Film Board principle that the producer should do his own research, and Evelyn believes in it firmly. Only in this way, she feels, can you write a good script, the necessary plan for your picture.

Next the script was outlined. It might be almost unrecognizable in the finished film, but is important as a pattern, even though the "actors" she found later would probably mean many changes.

At last the unit went out to Minnedosa, Manitoba, where they were "on location." They had to cover hundreds of miles before they found just the right farm people to tell the story of the coming of electricity to the country districts. These are actors who act only their own lives, and nothing must be faked. Sometimes, of course, you must rehearse or re-enact real life so it looks natural as art, but the biggest problem is selection. Choose a farmer who looks and talks like a farmer, and it will be comparatively easy to teach him to say his own words for the camera and microphone.

Of course, we'd all love to be in the movies, and Evelyn says it's seldom hard to get these actors' co-operation. She remembers last Thanksgiving Day particularly vividly. All the restaurants in the little town of Minnedosa were closed, and the unit thought it would be a foodless day. But one place finally gave them stacks of ham sandwiches, and this was their Thanksgiving dinner, along with a huge enamel pail of coffee brewed in their makeshift studios. The farmer-actors must have thought it was a strange kind of celebration, sitting with the film folk around a trestle table which normally held the cameras, giving

WARNING

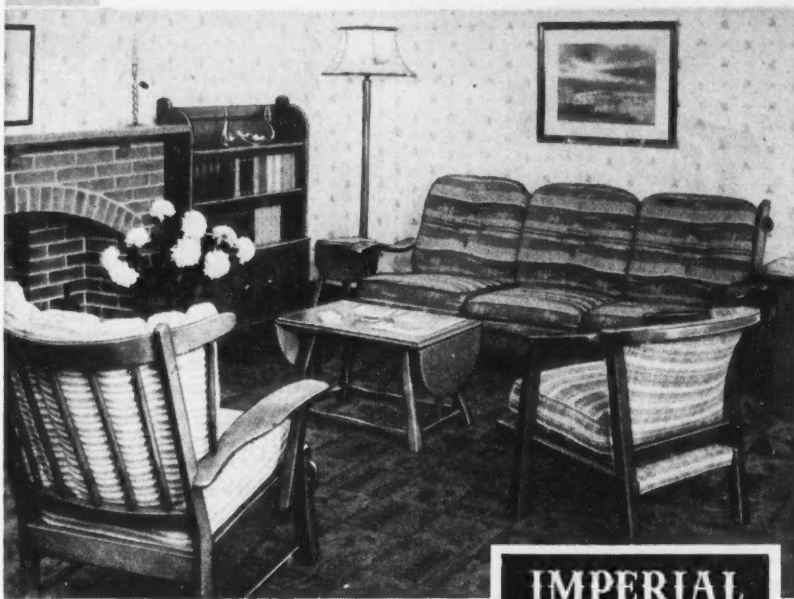
By Helen Ball

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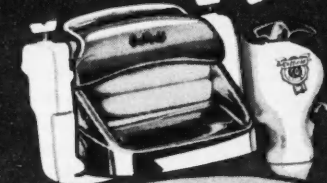
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Need a Hedge?

by Frances Steinhoff Sanders

IF YOU are a property owner, we think your answer to the above question is YES, in large capital letters. Actually there are few properties that are not improved by the addition of one or more hedges to serve specific purposes.

Many are the merits of a good hedge. Corner lot houses, in particular, need protection from short-cutters. So do many others. Are all the children in your neighborhood, not to mention the dogs, so well trained that they never trespass on your property? What about delivery boys? The paper boy? All such tracks, whether left by innocent or wilful trespassers are speedily eliminated when a stout hedge such as Japanese barberry bars their way.

And what about planning this season to ensure yourself of the privacy you have always craved out-of-doors? Prying eyes will find it next to impossible to peer through a compact evergreen hedge of cedar or spruce or what have you, according to what does well in your vicinity. Few of us like to dine in the public eye and as meals in the garden are more and more the order of summertime, let us have attractive hedges to screen us from the world, not only in our dining moments but for other times of relaxation.

Are there any objectionable features in your outlooking view? Do your neighbors' untidy habits get you down? Their daily washings? Outbuildings? Ugly architecture? Do you look straight into their living quarters? Kitchens? Service yard? Plant a tall hedge pronto! They won't mind, as a hedge will improve their property also.

In addition to providing protection, enclosure, privacy and screening, hedges can do other important jobs on a property. You can use one to advantage at the base of a bank that has been a headache from the grass-cutting standpoint. You can block out an ugly irremovable fence and provide a rich

background for flower silhouettes. You can use them as windbreaks to make living centres more comfortable, as well as to separate one portion of the grounds from another. And, for de luxe effects, you can use dwarf hedges such as Korean box for edging planting beds of roses, perennials or shrubbery. Low stone walls are often enhanced with a low clipped hedge above them.

Types to Choose. The purpose of the hedge as well as its location will help you decide on the best type of plant material to use. It is also a good idea to keep in mind the character of your soil as well as your local temperatures. Where there are extremes of climate there is no sense in planting tender types that will succumb to the first hard winter. A hedge is to be a permanent planting, so it is important to pick the kind that will not only be hardy, but will have the best foliage and an all-year good appearance.

For refined boundary planting on the street side of the house, the Japanese barberry represents the best qualities among deciduous shrubs, on account of its dense growth, together with a multitude of tiny barbs that act successfully as barriers to intruders. The very small oval green leaves turn a brilliant red in autumn and attractive red berries cling well into winter. Although it is not evergreen, it is pleasant in character the year round. It is usually kept clipped to between two and three feet. For positions in deep shade, the alpine currant (*ribes alpinum*) is a fine solution, with dark-green foliage that keeps a uniform color and is disease-resistant. Other leaf-dropping or deciduous shrubs that make satisfactory hedges of similar height are spirea van Houttei, snowberry or coralberry for medium shade, and truehedge or columnberry where a narrow hedge is desirable.

Among evergreens for a medium to low hedge, the Japanese yew (*taxus*

Continued on page 83



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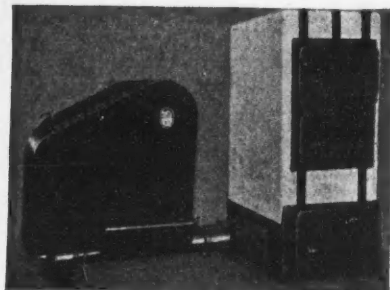


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children. This was her first real assignment, and though the films were very short, just four minutes each, she had to bone up on vitamins from A to—well, E. The nutritionists gave her the facts, but the problem remained: how to persuade the children that they should like what was good for them? It's an old question; and it was John Grierson who suggested using rhymes to carry the message of the script. One went: "A is for Airmen, whose vision is keen; their diet has plenty of carrots and cream." Perhaps the rhyme isn't very good, but the reactions of the youngsters were excellent, though Gudrun isn't convinced they all ate up their carrots as a result.

Gudrun has made many other pictures during her four years at the Film Board, and her work has developed steadily. She follows her pattern of modesty by giving almost everyone but herself credit for good work. In her earlier pictures, she hands the bouquets to her cameraman, who also happened to be a woman, Judy Crawley. She taught Gudrun a great deal during the shooting of the Vitamin pictures. Gudrun says, "All her exposures were perfect; she shot close to the bone, almost two to one." This isn't double-talk, just film language. It means that Judy wasted no film and she knew so well what shots she wanted that only half of them had to be discarded in the final editing. Apparently this is very good indeed, though somewhat startling to the lay mind.

Gudrun Bjerring and Evelyn Spice are only two of the Film Board stars behind the scenes, but they are helping in the Board's contribution to Canadians' knowledge of their own country. They don't even want to go to Hollywood either, as long as they can find such satisfying work to do in Canada. ♦

Need a Hedge?

Continued from page 80

cuspidata) is unsurpassed. The black-green needles remain the same color winter and summer. It will stand some shade and is the best dwarf evergreen to withstand city smoke and soot.

Where a medium to tall hedge is desirable such as along the sides of a property or to screen the back of the garden, we have the well-known cedar (*thuya*) family from which to choose. Because they are slender in girth, they occupy a minimum of space. The common white cedar likes moisture. Its winter color is not as good as in summer, but its ease of growth and denseness make it a useful favorite. Douglas spruce also makes a dense and satisfactory clipped hedge. Hemlock, although somewhat difficult to transplant, makes an ideal hedge.

At the present time the Chinese elm, with tiny oval green leaves, is being used very extensively as a deciduous hedge on account of its quick-growing propensities. It must be kept clipped, and probably more than once in a season, to keep it within scale, but it fills a longfelt need for speed and good quality in a general-purpose hedge.

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thanks for ham sandwiches instead of their usual huge festive meal at home.

Part of the fascination of documentary film-making lies in the bits of human experience which may make up the story to be told. Evelyn Spice found one such tale in the woman who had been city-bred, but had married a farmer and gone to live under completely primitive conditions. All through the years she kept two useless articles in the house: an electric iron and a small grill. When the time came, and electricity was actually installed in her farm home, she wept for joy. There is a re-enactment of the scene in *Farm Electrification*.

After the film was shot and the sound made to synchronize with the pictures, the unit came back to Film Board headquarters, and there began the selection of what was to be used out of the huge rolls of film. Evelyn says the cutting and editing is a most exacting business, and she looks forward to the time when the manual labor at least will be lightened by newer machinery. Finally, after commentary and music are written, the whole is put together, and the production unit has made another film.

If you're interested in the details of actual location work, here's a simple little illustration which occurred during the shooting of *Farm Electrification*. The problem is to synchronize the sound and pictures of a farmer-renter and his landlord, who are walking down the main street of the town, discussing the pros and cons of the subject. The landlord says he can't afford electricity; the farmer says he must have it, and so on. The camera can follow them all right, but for the microphone it's a problem. Then, too, the street noises would make it hard to pick up the conversation. So, first the walk is made and the conversation timed. Then the conversation is recorded in the comparative quiet of the studio, according to this first timing. Out on the street again, the two re-enact their walk, this time saying their lines in time to the recording, which is blaring out loudly. The pictures are made this time, although sometimes several rehearsals are made before the two are synchronized. No wonder the community sometimes thinks film-makers are crazy!

IF ADULTS are co-operative, children are uniformly delightful to work with. Gudrun Bjerring thinks so, at any rate—and she should know, having specialized in films for and about children for some time. Gudrun isn't terribly old herself, and she refuses to say she's a producer, really. She's just a junior. However, her name heads the list of the NFB Educational unit, and she has many films to her credit. Her latest picture is going to appear in the *Canada Carries On* series, shown in commercial theatres, and will be called *A City Sings*. It will also be sent out to schools and community film libraries, as was originally intended, under the title *Listen To The Prairies*. As you gather, it's a musical film and it brings you the Manitoba music festival, one of the best in Canada.

The Film Board will be interested in watching reactions from rural centres when they see and hear this film. One musical picture, an American one, appealed to some isolated groups tremendously; others were bored by the highbrow music, never having heard any

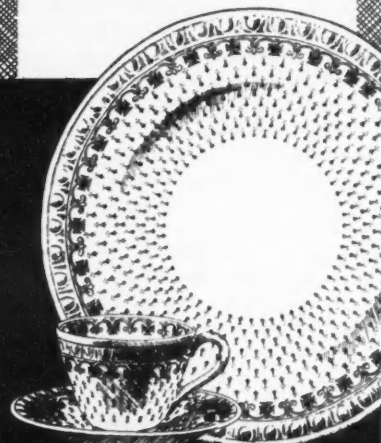


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before. Radios aren't all they might be in the far west or north.

But this film could hardly be called highbrow. You see the City of Winnipeg from exciting angles; you hear simple songs sung by Mary Morrison and Myfanwy Evans; you chuckle as you watch and listen to choirs of little boys.

When you watch *Listen To The Prairies*, you realize that it must have been re-enacted, though it doesn't spoil your enjoyment in the least. One of the small boys in a choir is holding his eyes stiffly away from the camera—Gudrun says he was a problem, and they had to make several retakes, because he simply could not resist a peek at the funny machine taking his picture. The others were all such good actors that they finally put the young ham to shame. Gudrun says she gave up trying, and left discipline to social pressure from the rest of the group. Social pressure in kids' language was "Don't be a dope, Joe." Here, as in *Farm Electrification*, the singers make recordings first, and then sing to have their pictures taken in time to their own voices.

Gudrun Bjerring didn't have to do quite so much research on this film, because she's a Winnipeg girl herself, and she appeared in the Festival for years—until one year. She tells the story on herself. "I was in the piano competition, and I was so bad the judges didn't even give me any marks. I think I must have the distinction of being the worst performer the Festival ever heard!"

Gudrun's failure as a musician didn't affect her career noticeably. She graduated from the University of Manitoba in 1940, and then got a job on the *Winnipeg Free Press* as a reporter, which seems to be good preparation for film work. And when John Grierson visited Winnipeg in 1942, she went to interview him for her paper. You've guessed it—he interviewed her instead, and within a month Gudrun was in Ottawa learning to make films.

Gudrun uses her old name Bjerring on her films, though she's married to Morton Parker, also of the Film Board. They say it's a good thing if a film maker marries another addict, because it's so absorbing that your spouse is bound to be subjected to a lot of shop talk, and if he or she isn't interested, it could be difficult. Unlike the Cherrys, the Parkers don't work in the same unit, though Morton wrote the commentary for *Listen To The Prairies*.

When you meet Gudrun Bjerring, you can understand her success with children—and adults too. She is so completely poised that you can't imagine her being upset by any of the things that could, and usually do, go wrong in making films. She is also so serenely pretty that you might think she was the other kind of film star, the kind in front of the camera.

She started her production career as general helper to a unit headed by one of the Board's most distinguished producers, Stuart Legg. Then there was a staff shortage, and she was asked to help out in a less exciting job, in the negative cutting-room. It was characteristic of her determination that while she pitched in and helped, it was clear that her heart was set on the production end of the film business.

At the time of the wartime concern with nutrition, Gudrun was asked to make a series of films for very young

Chatelaine Housekeeping



China courtesy T. Eaton Co. Ltd.

Easter Brunch

IT ISN'T only the college crowd home for holidays which loves the friendly informality of brunch. This breakfast-luncheon type of meal is the perfect idea too for any get-together of family or friends—when sons and daughters are home again for a brief day or two, or after church when someone brings along a friend.

Serve it any time between 11 and one o'clock. Choose an all-favorite menu, one that satisfies, yet doesn't call for elaborate

preparation and service. Have the food, except for the last-minute fixings, ready to be placed on the table in covered dishes, so the hostess can share in the leisurely enjoyment of the meal.

Begin with a refreshing fruit compote or tangy fruit juice. Or serve grapefruit as we have prepared it for our photograph: flute the edges of grapefruit halves (with scissors), fill with pink and white grapefruit segments, and pour a spoonful of maple syrup over as sweetener.

For those hearties with lusty appetites, serve bowls of steaming hot or crunchy crisp cereal.

After these preliminaries, + Continued on page 92



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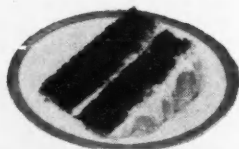
ECONOMY SPICE CAKE

Beginner or expert, you'll make marvellous cake with Swans Down and the recipe below! Low on shortening and eggs though it is, it's the kind of spice cake your family dream of—fragrant, moist, tender, wonderfully delicious.

- 2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon mace
- 1/4 to 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar*
- 2 tablespoons molasses
- 1 egg, unbeaten
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt and spices; sift three times. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually; cream well. Add molasses and egg; beat thoroughly. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time; beat smooth after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 8-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375°F.) about 25 minutes. Grand filled with thick jam and covered with fluffy vanilla frosting.

*To save sugar, substitute corn syrup for half of sugar. Use 1/2 cup sugar and 1/2 cup syrup; decrease milk by 3 tablespoons.



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This moist, delicious cocoa cake calls for just 6 tablespoons of shortening and only 1 egg—yet rates with the finest! But remember... you need Swans Down's evenness and tender gluten for such velvety crumb and fine keeping qualities, with such economy!

- 1 1/2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 6 tablespoons Baker's Cocoa
- 6 tablespoons shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg, unbeaten
- 1 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add soda, salt and cocoa; sift three times. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually; cream well. Add egg and beat thoroughly. Add flour mixture alternately with milk, a small amount at a time; beat smooth after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 8-inch layer pans in moderate oven (350°F.) about 20 minutes. Delicious filled and covered with brown-sugar 7-minute frosting.

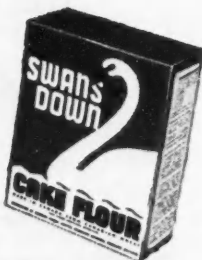
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prairies but will help solve problems wherever similar conditions present themselves.

On large properties we often see quite satisfactory tall screen hedges of honeysuckle (*lonicera tatarica*), as well as the ever reliable common lilac. In fact, practically all the flowering shrubs may be used in hedge formation, using just one variety. If left unclipped, they should be kept within restraint, else they will soon be out of bounds and present an untidy appearance.

For the dwarf edging type of hedge there are quite a number of shrubs from which to choose. The Korean box, a very hardy, low variety, with small oval leaves of the characteristic box type, is being used more every season as its fine merits are recognized. Rose beds are much improved with an evergreen edging to hide the legginess of rose bushes. And the box gives all-season bands of rich green to any kind of planting.

Among deciduous shrubs are the dwarf privet (*ligustrum iodense*) with deep-green leaves that last late in autumn, and the compact-growing very dwarf viburnum (*r. opulus nana*) with maplelike leaves and a rounded form that masses in well as a hedge for shrubbery or a wide perennial border.

In addition to the above, there are places where a special edging for perennials is desirable and then we may resort to the quick-growing grey-foliaged artemisia, or the very desirable herb, hyssop. The latter does best in full sun, in lime soil, with abundant light.

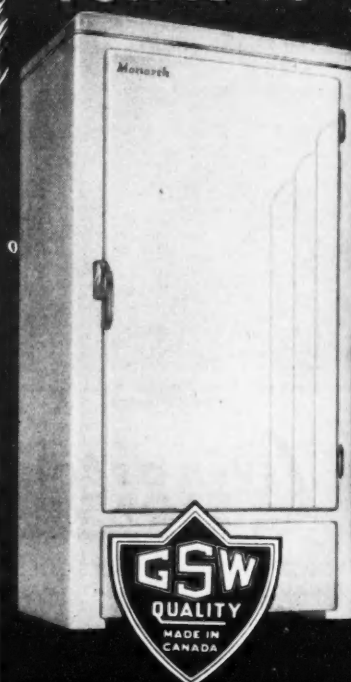
Planting. Hedge planting is comparatively simple, if a few guiding principles are followed. First of all, dig a trench deep enough to accommodate the roots comfortably and to allow a generous underlayer of garden loam enriched with well-decayed fertilizer. Space the plants according to their type and size. A good rule for spacing is to plant shrubs 12 to 15 in. in height the same distance apart. Similarly, shrubs 18 to 24 in. high are usually spaced from 18 to 24 in. apart, depending on the natural girth of the shrub. Most evergreens are better set at least 18 in. apart, while some of the larger-growing varieties will do better if 24 in. apart.

Form. To ensure dense growth from the ground up, deciduous plants are usually cut well back when they are planted. Nursery-grown plants do not require as drastic cutting-back as others, but a cutting-back of all over about 30% of the tip growth is always needed. The proper shape for a hedge is to be narrower at the top than at the bottom, and the top should be rounded rather than flat. The sloping sides admit abundant light to the lower branches, which is of the greatest importance in preventing them from pining away and giving the hedge the "leggy" look so commonly noticed.

Maintenance. In order to establish the narrow rounded form as described, clip along the sides but not between the shrubs. Clipping of deciduous shrubs should be done just as the first strong growth of the season is slowing down—in May or June, according to your locality.

Evergreens grow more slowly than deciduous shrubs and usually they do not require clipping until well past midsummer. They should never be severely pruned. Simply shape them and, once they have filled out, maintain that shape. ♦

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DAYS LONGER!**



The air-washing action of melting ice is Nature's own way of keeping foods full-flavoured, vitamin-rich!



**I LIKE ICE...
IT'S TROUBLE-FREE
AND COSTS LESS**

There's nothing to go out of order in an ice refrigerator. Upkeep is low. Each icing lasts 4 to 6 days.

CANADIAN ICE FOUNDATION
137 Wellington Street West, Toronto

Colorful cookies for every taste and all occasions — white, pastel or dark with chocolate. Big ones and little ones, rolled, sliced or dropped from a spoon. Try 'em!

COOKIE DAY in the old pantry at home was a red letter one for all the youngsters in our neighborhood. Mother, one eye on the oven and one on eager faces, dispensed with a liberal hand, but with all her generosity there were always lots left for the big cookie jar that stood on the second shelf.

As I look back, butter was used lavishly for all kinds of cookies. Nowadays we have to curtail our use of this flavorful fat, but we can still make cookies if we emphasize varieties that don't depend entirely on butter for flavor: molasses wafers, full o' spice drops, cereal crunchies, chocolate brownies. With these, you'll find mild-flavored dripping, clarified chicken fat or vegetable shortening quite satisfactory substitutes for butter.

For quickies, drop dough from a spoon onto your baking sheet; or form dough into cylindrical rolls, chill until firm, slice and bake; or pat down in a pan, bake, then cut in squares or fingers.

When you make rolled cookies you'll prevent dough from sticking to the rolling pin if you try this neat trick: simply place waxed paper over dough on a floured board and use your rolling pin lightly.

Drop Cookies

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1/3 Cupful of shortening
- 1/2 Cupful of sugar
- 1 Egg
- 1 Teaspoonful of true vanilla, orange or lemon flavoring
- 1 Tablespoonful of milk
- 1 1/4 Cupfuls of pastry flour
- 1 1/4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt

Cream the shortening, add the sugar gradually, creaming it well with the shortening. Add the egg and beat thoroughly. Add the flavoring. Sift and measure the flour, then sift again with the baking powder and salt. Combine half the flour mixture with the creamed mixture, add the milk, then the remaining flour. Stir only enough to mix the ingredients thoroughly. Drop from a teaspoon on a greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for eight to 10 minutes. Makes about two dozen.

Variations:

Nut Drops—add 1/2 cupful of chopped nuts to the cookie dough.

Lemon cookies—use lemon juice in place of milk; add 1/2 teaspoonful of grated lemon rind.

Orange cookies—use a mixture of orange and lemon juice in place of milk; add 1/2 teaspoonful of grated orange rind.

Spice cookies—add 1/2 teaspoonful of cinnamon, 1/4 teaspoonful each of cloves and nutmeg with the dry ingredients. Stir in 1/3 cupful of seedless raisins.

Chocolate cookies—add two squares melted chocolate and flavor with vanilla.

Lemon Wheaties

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 5 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
- 2 1/2 Cupful of sugar
- 2 Egg yolks
- 1 Teaspoonful of true vanilla

- 1 Teaspoonful of grated lemon rind
- 4 Shredded wheat biscuits, rolled fine
- 1 Cupful of pastry flour
- 2 1/2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- 1/8 Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Egg whites, beaten

Cream the shortening and sugar. Add the egg yolks and beat well. Add the vanilla and lemon rind, then the crushed shredded wheat biscuits. Sift and measure the flour and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Combine with the first mixture. Fold in the beaten egg whites. Drop by spoonfuls on a greased baking sheet and bake in a hot oven (400 deg. F.) for eight to 10 minutes. Makes three to four dozen cookies.

Gingersnaps

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3/4 Cupful of shortening
- 1 Cupful of brown sugar, lightly packed
- 1 Egg, beaten
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of mild molasses
- 2 1/4 Cupfuls of pastry flour
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of soda
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of cloves
- 1 Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- 1 Teaspoonful of ginger

Cream the shortening and add the sugar, blending thoroughly. Mix in the beaten egg and molasses. Sift and measure the flour and sift again with the salt, soda and spices. Mix well with the creamed mixture. Set in the refrigerator to chill for an hour or so. Shape the dough into balls the size of a walnut and dip the tops in granulated sugar. Place the cookies, sugar side up, three inches apart on a heavily greased baking sheet. Sprinkle each with two or three drops of water. Bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 12 to 15 minutes. Makes about 3 1/2 dozen.

Cereal Medley Cookies

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Egg
- 1 Cupful of brown sugar, lightly packed
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of true vanilla
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of milk or orange juice
- 1/3 Cupful of shortening, melted
- 1 1/4 Cupfuls of pastry flour
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- 3/4 Teaspoonful of soda
- 1 Cupful of crisp rice cereal
- 1 Cupful of wheat flakes or bran flakes
- 1/2 Cupful of quick-cooking rolled oats

Beat the egg, then add the sugar gradually and cream well. Add the vanilla and the liquid, then the melted shortening and blend well. Sift and measure the flour, and sift again with the salt, cinnamon and soda. Combine with the first mixture, then stir in the cereals. Drop by spoonfuls on a greased

Fit for a PRINCESS




A princess would delight in the gleaming beauty of King's Plate. Patterns of surpassing charm — old world craftsmanship attuned to modern tastes. Each piece hand burnished to a flawless finish. No flatware is more heavily plated. Protected by the visible sterling silver mound for service through the years.

IT'S KING'S PLATE Silverware

McGLASHAN, CLARKE COMPANY LIMITED
NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA TORONTO OFFICE, C.P.R. BLDG.

PROTECTED BY THE VISIBLE STERLING SILVER MOUND

This package contains 2 EXTRA PINT ENVELOPES AT NO EXTRA COST



DAVIS
SPARKLING GRANULATED
GELATINE
MAKES 6 PINTS OF JELLY
2 OZ NET

P.S. It makes food go further

BEST FOR JELLIED SOUPS, SALADS, SWEETS & SAVOURIES



When the swing session
gathers... serve **FRY'S!**

When the gang gathers after school to listen to records — clever mothers provide hospitality and nourishment with a foamy jug of Fry's cocoa.

For Fry's is the *quality* cocoa — voted "dreamy" by all peppy youngsters. They love its smooth chocolaty flavour — and its high food value makes it so good for them.

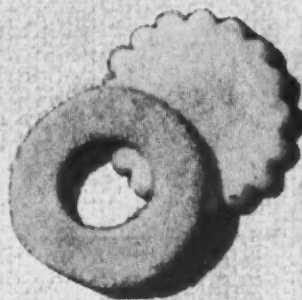
After school... at meals... at bedtime... your family will welcome Fry's cocoa. Reach for that tin on your pantry shelf and try the quick easy recipe below.



FRY'S
Cocoa

Family Serving

For each cup required, put in a jug one teaspoon of FRY'S and one of sugar... mix DRY... add enough cold milk to make a smooth paste... fill up with hot milk... stir and SERVE!



Crisp rolled cookies are surprisingly easy on sugar. There's a big return for what you spend in hard-to-get ingredients



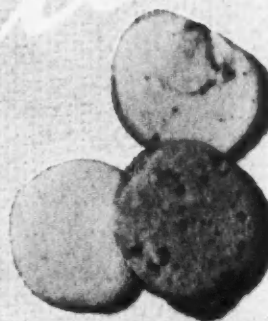
You have to use butter and sugar in these—but even half a dozen show off your skill



Checker play — fingers of white and chocolate dough, rolled in a sheet of chocolate.

Cookies

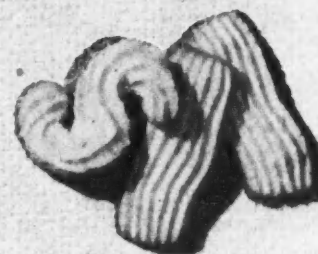
by M. LOIS CLIPSHAM



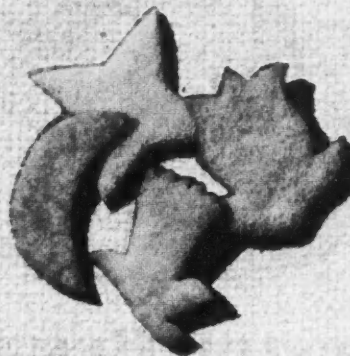
Let yourself go with variegated refrigerator slices. Have 'em plain, with bran, cherries, nuts, dates or whatever.



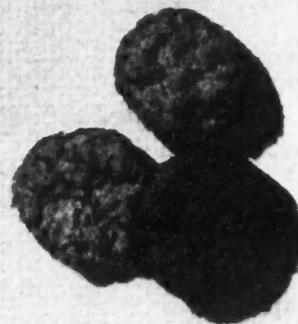
Cereal substitutes for flour in a different chocolate brownie which requires only half the usual amount of sugar.



Fun with a cookie press and a drop or rolled cookie dough. Fruit or nuts clog the works so stick with the plain varieties.



Fancy shapes in rolled cookies. Make your patterns or use a cutter. Tint the dough or sprinkle with colored sugar



Serve drop cookies with your favorite food: cereal medley and fruit, gingersnaps and milk oat-mealers with applesauce

Eggs and You

by Jane Monteith

WHY EAT 'em in the first place? Because in one form or another, whether you prefer them sunny side up or in a chiffon pie, eggs taste good—and are good for you. An excellent source of protein, they also contain iron, calcium, and the phosphorus that helps you assimilate the calcium, as well as certain of the B vitamins and vitamins A and D. Everyone should have at least three a week, "as is," or in combination with other foods; children should eat four or five a week.

Buying. Whether you plan to eat it plain or incorporate it in any one of a thousand dishes, it must be a good egg.

Here's where Government grading proves itself. Eggs are graded according to size and quality and you get just what you buy. Grade A1 are specially selected eggs of the best quality from Government-inspected flocks; A are best quality eggs suitable for poaching, boiling and frying; B are slightly inferior to A in quality but are still good for boiling, poaching or frying and are suitable for all kinds of cooking; C eggs are suitable only for cooking where flavor is not of the greatest importance.

Medium-sized eggs are the ones meant in most recipes that call for "one egg." Size doesn't mean so much when cooking for a small family, but in large-quantity cookery for the church bazaar or in large

recipes such as a wedding cake, it pays to stick with mediums. Large and "pullets," on opposite sides of the pole, so far as size is concerned, are fine for general eating purposes. Which you choose will depend on price and availability.

The only advantage the Institute has found that white eggs have over brown ones is that they're a little easier to color at Easter! And, even then, we find that a brown egg gives a certain contrast with green and orange tints that's very effective. Their eating quality and nutritive value are exactly the same.

Storing. You've bought a good egg—or a dozen of them—and now you want to be sure they stay good. The three magic words for storing eggs are: cold, dry, clean. Warm eggs deteriorate very fast, so store them in the refrigerator as soon as you get them home. Don't let eggs stand out in a hot kitchen while you're cooking, but take out the ones you need, to warm up a little, and leave the rest in the frig. Never wash eggs until just before using them or you'll remove the soft "bloom" that protects the shell from bacteria, ever present in the air. If an egg has a speck of dirt on it, remove the spot with a damp cloth, but don't wash the whole egg. Store covered, in a bowl—or the carton they came in.

Cooking. Eggs don't take kindly to high temperatures. If they're subjected to too much heat they become tough and unpleasant to eat. Whether you're boiling, frying, poaching, making a soufflé or baking a sponge cake, keep the temperature low for best results.

To Boil: Place the eggs in cold water, bring just to the boiling point, then remove from the heat and let stand for three to five minutes for soft to medium eggs. For hard-cooked eggs, place in cold water, bring to the boil and let stand for 30 minutes over very low heat. Plunge into cold water when done.

To Poach: Break each egg into a saucer, lower gently into a frying pan almost full of boiling salted water, bring back to the simmering point, cover and let stand away from the heat until the eggs are cooked to your liking. Lift out with a skimmer to drain off excess water. Serve on toast points.

To Fry: Again break each egg into a saucer. Slide into a heated frying pan, lightly coated with melted butter or bacon drippings, and cook over low heat. You can baste with some of the fat to "set" the top of the egg. Or cover with a lid.

To Scramble: Beat eggs slightly with seasonings and a little milk or cream—one tablespoonful for each egg—pour into a hot, lightly greased skillet and stir while cooking slowly over low heat. Or cook in the top of a lightly greased double boiler, if you prefer that variety.

A French omelet is exactly the same mixture as a scrambled egg, treated in a different way. Pour the beaten eggs and milk into a lightly greased frying pan and cook over low heat, without stirring, until the bottom is brown and the top firm. Covering with a closely fitted lid

+ Continued on page 93

**MAKE IT NOW
BAKE ANYTIME**

A BISCUIT MIX TO KEEP ON HAND

Here's a biscuit mixture you can make quickly, store in the refrigerator and use as needed for hot biscuits, casserole toppings, meat rolls and desserts.

THE BASIC MIXTURE

- 6 cups all-purpose flour
 - 1½ teaspoons Cow Brand Baking Soda
 - 1½ teaspoons salt
 - ¾ cup shortening
1. Sift, then measure flour. Sift three times with salt and Baking Soda.
 2. Cut shortening into dry ingredients to fairly fine mixture.
 3. Store in tightly covered container in refrigerator.

WHEN READY TO USE

To a portion of the dry mixture add enough sour milk or buttermilk to make a soft dough — about ¾ cup sour milk to 2¼ cups of mixture.

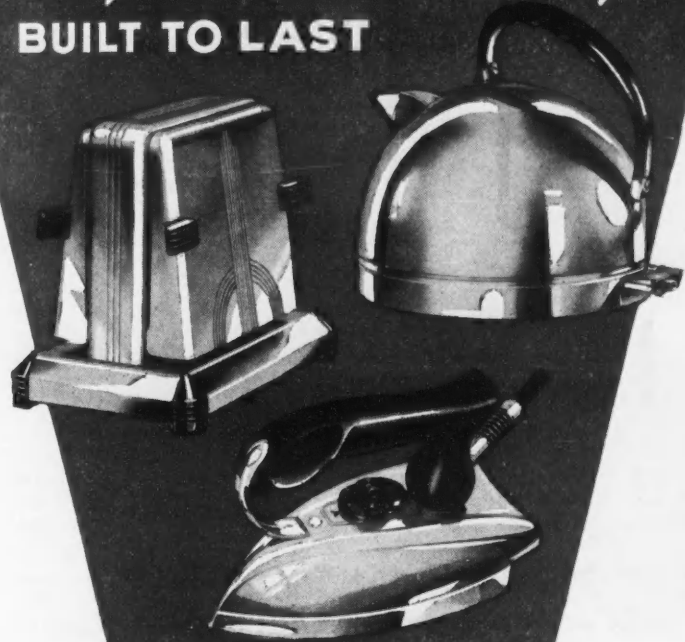
A substitute for sour milk or buttermilk can be made by placing 1 tablespoon of lemon juice or vinegar in a standard measuring cup and filling to ¾ cup mark with sweet milk.

**COW BRAND
BAKING
SODA**

PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA

Styled for Beauty

BUILT TO LAST



GENERAL ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

POPULAR among today's modern labour-saving appliances are the three attractive units pictured above. The amazingly fast G-E Hotpoint Electric Kettle boils enough water for four cups of tea in three minutes. The smartly streamlined G-E Hotpoint Toaster gives evenly browned toast — just to your taste, just when you want it. And the G-E Automatic Iron speeds your ironing by maintaining the proper heat for each type of fabric, without attention. For earliest delivery of these appliances, keep in touch with your G-E Appliance Dealer.



CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LIMITED



Looking for a Fairy God-Mother?

The 1946 Version is a Streamlined
"Wear-Ever"
ALUMINUM Pressure COOKER

Cooks a pot roast in half the usual time . . . with all the savoury juice and natural flavor of the meat retained.

Roasts a chicken in just 30 minutes . . . chicken so tender and moist it melts in your mouth.

Saves time all along the line . . . stews, vegetables, swiss steaks, soups, puddings . . . all foods cooked to perfection in a fraction of the usual time.



Made from Alcan sheet aluminum . . . the bottom extra thick, where thickness is needed, the walls made of lighter metal to reduce weight . . . This unusual design has been made possible by a new manufacturing process.

You will get your "Wear-Ever" Pressure Cooker more quickly simply by giving your name now to any leading Department or Hardware Store.

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| WEAR-EVER ALUMINUM TRADE MARK Made in Canada | WEAR-EVER ALUMINUM TRADE MARK Made in Canada | WEAR-EVER ALUMINUM TRADE MARK Made in Canada | WEAR-EVER ALUMINUM TRADE MARK Made in Canada | WEAR-EVER ALUMINUM TRADE MARK Made in Canada |
| ALUMINUM GOODS LIMITED Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver | | | | |

baking sheet two inches apart. Bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for eight to 10 minutes. Makes about 3½ dozen cookies.

Rolled Sugar Wafers

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- ½ Cupful of shortening
- ½ Cupful of sugar
- 1 Egg
- ½ Teaspoonful of true vanilla
- 2 Cupfuls of pastry flour
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of baking powder

Cream the shortening, add the sugar gradually and blend well. Add the egg and continue beating until smooth. Add the vanilla. Sift and measure the flour and sift again with the salt and baking powder. Combine with the creamed mixture. Mix well and roll wafer-thin on a lightly floured board. Cut with a cookie cutter and, if desired, sprinkle with plain or colored sugar. Bake in a hot oven (400 deg. F.) for six to eight minutes.

Variations

Variegated—Add a few drops of vegetable coloring to part of the dough. Gently press small balls of pink, green and plain together, roll out and cut in leaf, crescent or other shapes.

Decorated—Before baking top with a few currants, sliced cherries or a half filbert. Sprinkle with slivered almonds or other chopped nuts. After baking make sandwiches with a fruit filling or decorate with a thin water icing.

Refrigerator Slices

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- ½ Cupful of shortening
- ⅓ Cupful of white sugar
- ⅓ Cupful of brown sugar
- 1 Egg, beaten
- ¾ Teaspoonful of true vanilla
- 1½ Cupfuls of pastry flour
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- ¼ Teaspoonful of soda

Cream the shortening and sugar thoroughly. Add the beaten egg and mix well. Add the vanilla. Sift and measure the flour, then sift again with the salt and soda. Combine with the creamed mixture. Shape the dough into a roll, wrap in waxed paper and leave in the refrigerator overnight. Slice thinly and bake on a greased baking sheet in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for six to eight minutes. Makes about four dozen two-inch cookies.

Variations

With bran—add ⅓ cupful of ready-cooked bran and decrease the flour from 1½ cupfuls to 1¼ cupfuls.

With cinnamon—flavor with ½ teaspoonful of cinnamon and ¼ teaspoonful of vanilla.

For Chocolate Whirls—divide the dough, and to one half add half a square of melted chocolate. Roll out each portion of dough, place one on top of the other and roll up like a jelly roll. Chill and slice.

Chocolate Triangles

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- ½ Cupful of shortening
- 2 Squares of chocolate
- ¾ Cupful of fine, granular wheat cereal (white)
- 2 Eggs, beaten

- 1 Cupful of sugar
- Few grains of salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of true vanilla

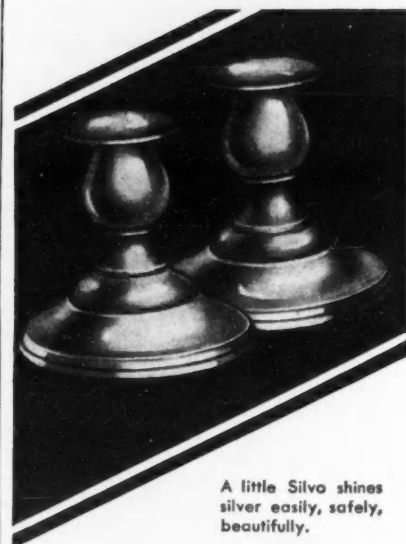
Melt the shortening and chocolate in a double boiler. Add the cereal and cook for 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. To the beaten eggs add the sugar, salt and vanilla. Combine the chocolate and the egg mixtures thoroughly. Line an 8-inch pan with heavy waxed paper and pour in the batter to ½ inch thickness. Bake in a moderate oven (325 deg. F.) for 25 minutes. Let cool slightly, remove from the pan and cut in triangles.

Almond Jam Bars

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- ½ Cupful of shortening
- ½ Teaspoonful of almond flavoring
- ½ Cupful of corn syrup
- 1 Egg, beaten
- 1½ Cupfuls of pastry flour
- 1½ Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- ½ Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- ¼ Teaspoonful of cloves
- ¾ Cupful of thick jam

Cream the shortening with the almond flavoring and the corn syrup. Sift and measure the flour and sift again with the baking powder, salt and spices. Add to the first mixture. Spread half the mixture about ¼ inch thick in a greased cake pan. Spread the jam over this, then cover with the remaining dough. Bake in a moderate oven (400 deg. F.) for 25 to 30 minutes. Cut into bars, one inch by two inches. Makes about 2½ dozen. ♦



A little Silvo shines silver easily, safely, beautifully.

How exquisitely gleaming silver reflects the charming taste of a discerning hostess—and how correctly this favourite "International" pattern sets her design for entertaining. To keep that shine undulled, free from tarnish . . . care for silver as this maker recommends—with Silvo.

S-28



Food for the MuskoX Men



The most important men in this 1946 Canadian Arctic expedition are these lads who look after the supply of frozen and dehydrated canned goods to be dropped by plane.

THE NEXT time hubby complains about opening a can of beans for dinner, smile sweetly and ask if he'd like to thaw the beans out first. Ask politely if he'd like to nibble on frozen, dehydrated porridge or chew pork loaf that comes in frozen strips, like chocolate bars. If he sounds baffled, let him know about the food Canadian officers and men are eating on Exercise MuskoX, the Army's Arctic expedition now well past the first lap of a 3,100-mile journey from Churchill, Man., to Edmonton.

Over that frozen, barren route, equivalent to the distance by rail from Quebec City to Vancouver, men of MuskoX are living largely on frozen, dehydrated foods prepared in advance, or fresh-frozen foods dropped by aircraft.

It's not a comfortable life, for it's no comfort to have to even manufacture water to make that stimulating cup of tea. That entails a drawn-out process of melting snow to boil water. And there's no chance for fancy frills, for after jogging over bumpy ground through subzero temperatures in a snowmobile that wasn't designed for comfort, MuskoX travellers will eat almost everything.

One basis of their diet is the "Arctic Monopack" rations—three meals in a container about the size of a small portable typewriter. The meals are individually wrapped in tiny coarse-paper bags and numbered to designate breakfast, lunch or dinner. Most packages contain chocolate bars, a one-inch can opener that resembles a pocket pencil and a midget wooden spoon. All are designed to take up as little room as possible and are packed with energy-giving foods such as canned meats, cheese, butter, oatmeal, soup, crackers and tea.

The Monopack rations are supplemented by fresh foods dropped by aircraft commanded by Wing Cmdr.

J. G. Showler, Winnipeg, former bush flier whose air supply unit operates from bases in Churchill, Baker Lake and Yellowknife.

Trial and error have proved some odd facts about the best foods being dropped. At first the airmen carried frozen loaves of bread, but the bread proved difficult to thaw. Now the loaves are replaced by doughnuts made with bread dough, containing extra shortening and a dash of egg powder. The doughnuts thaw out more easily because of their shape, which allows more surface exposure to the air. They can be strung on shoelaces to tent poles near a fire, placed on a tea-kettle lid, or dunked easily in their tea.

Another improvement adopted by men of MuskoX concerns pork and beans. Prepared with a higher meat and fat content than the cans of beans you buy in the store, they lend themselves easily to dropping by aircraft and have proved popular with the men. The spirit of improvisation has been paying dividends too. At first difficulties were encountered in thawing some foods, but the men solved that by building a special container near the engine of each snowmobile to hold tins of food. Other tins are placed near the snowmobile's exhaust and are easily thawed out when mealtime arrives.

Lieut.-Colonel Patrick Baird, tall, youthful MuskoX commanding officer from Montreal, said one outstanding discovery of trial runs has been that thawed peaches and frozen condensed milk make "wonderful" peaches and cream. But that can be little solace at times to the snowmobile drivers who face a soul-shrinking task when the party stops each night. While the others drink hot tea, the drivers dig a pit under the snowmobile from which to test the air pressure of inner tires with their bare hands. +

"That's where my favorite flavor was born!"



1. Round about 1897 big doings were going on in that little white house. For C. W. Post was busy creating that one really different flavor in breakfast cereals—the malty-rich, nut-sweet Grape-Nuts flavor.



2.

Nowadays the glorious flavor created in that little white house brings folks eagerly to breakfast in little houses and big houses all over Canada—in delicious, honey-golden GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES as well as Grape-Nuts.

3.

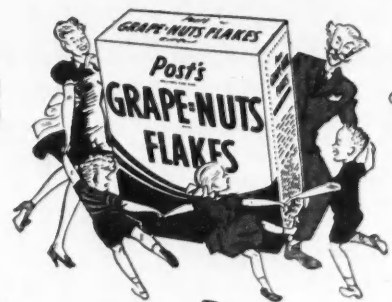
And Grape-Nuts Flakes give you folks needed nourishment in every spoonful: carbohydrates for energy; proteins for muscle; phosphorus for teeth and bones; iron for the blood; other food essentials.



4.

Two-grains—not just one—make Grape-Nuts Flakes so good. Wheat and malted barley are skillfully blended, roasted and then toasted for golden crispness, grand flavor, easy digestion. Get the giant economy package at your grocer's.

Post's
Grape-Nuts
Flakes



GF-376

A Product of General Foods

Eden Campbell's Page

IT'S SPRING—or is it? I saw my first robin this morning and he looked pretty hopeful. And folks west of the Rockies have been boasting about their crocuses for some time now.

Days like these, with April bustin' out all over, I don't mind even that last cut in the butter ration. But then I don't mind it in any weather—though I did like to spread it thick.

It not only looks like spring; it smells like it. And it sounds like it, too; listen to the wet smack of my paint brush on the deck chairs. Slap-happy, that's me!

Days I paint and evenings I do a lot of armchair gardening. I'm never bothered with weeds and no bug even winks an eye at my beautiful green shoots. If life could only be like that!

Quick, Henry, the DDT! Let us spray—that no fly will pass the screen test.

Moths, drat them, never seem to feel the need of a holiday. And spring fever to them is just a billion-dollar appetite. Cleanliness, fresh air and sunlight are their pet abominations.

It makes me pretty crusty to see anyone trim the edges from a sandwich these days. Surely none of you do.

Now that nylons are back again, I do hope folks will stop talking about them. If ever I was sick of any one subject . . . BUT you might tell me if you know where I can find a pair.

First time he ever heard tell of cold soup Grandpa set down his mustache cup with a bang of amazement. He didn't approve; such a thing, he said, was against nature. And, tell the truth, I'm inclined to agree with my ancestor. Of course jellied consommé is very nice indeed, if you happen to think so, but personally I like my soup with clouds of steam.

For easy dumpling dumping, dip your spoon each time into the hot broth, then into the batter. Makes a neat slip-off.

Simple arithmetic: A one-crust pie takes only half as much flour and shortening as a two-crust.

Eaters' Digest for April: Rosy rhubarb—stewed and chilled . . . maybe jellied . . . topping a topsy-turvy pudding . . . used for shortcakes . . . strained and poured for a cocktail. Fresh asparagus—buttered or served with Hollandaise or cheese sauce. Eggs—poached, boiled, or scrambled . . . used in the make-up of myriad dishes. Fish—in dozens of different ways. And, for Easter, ham—baked, glazed, and clove-studded . . . remnants used in delectable ways and the bone for the soup pot.

If your rations won't stretch to a whole or half ham, try half-inch slices. Here's a way to fix: Dice a bit

of the fat and spread it with some chopped onion and chopped parsley over the top, sprinkle with lemon juice, then bake in a moderate oven. Mighty nice!

Anyone hankering for a mess of dandelion greens should cut the leaves while they're very young and very tender—before the pesky plant bursts into bloom.

If ever a spoon tastes good it's the one that scrapes the saucepan when I bake a lemon pie.

You know better, don't you, than to store your dry bread crumbs in a tightly covered jar? Fit it with a waxed paper cap, then punch a few holes in the paper. For air.

My book of the month isn't a new one, but it gave me some interesting reading. It's a household manual published for Hudson's Bay Posts up there in the north. There are pages of suggested menus including a section of Easy Meals for Bachelors, and another for meals on the trail, with hints for packing the grub box, and what to have for a noon mug-up in the barrens. Among the recipes are Stovies and Badger Squaws, even a plum pudding!

Companion piece to the manual is "Your Food and Health in the North." Tells about vitamins, minerals, and suchlike and gives a lot of practical pointers on making the most of them. Good stuff. Take a bow, Company of Gentlemen Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay.

My neighbor says that lick of wax on window sills makes cleaning them a lot easier.

Try a few cloves in the fat when you're frying doughnuts, some chopped chives in devilled egg yolks, a pinch of mustard in a cheese soufflé, celery seed in potato soup, a little vinegar on spinach or dandelion greens. Now you tell one!

Me, an artist! Nobody ever suspected this, but I've a new-old Jacques and Hayes chair to prove it. I brought it home when Inez, my collecting friend, found it in an antique shop and went all starry-eyed over its lines and angles. There it stood, battered but unbowed, displaying the honorable scars of many years' service and begging me to do something about them. So I scrubbed and I scraped, I sanded and I steel-wooled it till it begged for mercy. Then on with the paint and finally—this is my artistic claim—a very lush design of fruit and flowers and such. Now, instead of a hang-dog look there's the air of a proud beauty about it. Comfortable, too; drop in and set a spell.

Wipe your wooden salad bowl with a damp cloth; it doesn't need washing. Or if it does, dip quickly, wipe as well as you can, then leave it in the air but out of the sun to dry. Now don't go putting it on a hot radiator or you'll have it warping. Likely to develop lordosis or something.

Free wheeling is guaranteed if you snuggle your rolling pin into a stockinette cover.

Due to one cause or another, the dining room seems to be disappearing from the postwar house. But dining, as far as I can see, is as popular as ever. And personally, I want a proper room for it—not some nook or alcove or corner that I have to squeeze into—and no room to let out the belt!

Cooking with gas? New ranges are very handsome and more than ever efficient. I've heard it said 85% of home cooking is done on top of the stove. Why don't you use your broiler more? It turns out delicious victuals.



Beat the egg yolks until thick, add the milk and seasonings. Beat the egg whites until stiff, then cut and fold lightly into the yolk mixture. Pour into a hot buttered frying pan and cook over low heat. When risen and firm, place in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) to dry the top. Before folding, pour heated condensed mushroom soup over half the omelet, then fold, and serve with remaining sauce.



Eggs and You

Continued from page 89

will make your omelet puff a little and ensure even cooking throughout.

Dressing Up: From a flavor standpoint, eggs can stand alone or in combination with other ingredients with equal success. There is almost no limit to the number of dishes in which eggs appear; they turn up in beverages, in desserts, in salads and salad dressings, in savory supper dishes and even in soup.

Dress up your eggs in the latest style—with piquant sauces, in casserole dishes, in a caramel custard, a Spanish cream or an upside-down cake.

Mexican Custard

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of milk, scalded
- Grated rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
- 6 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- 2 Eggs, beaten

Scald the milk in a double boiler with the lemon rind, add three tablespoonfuls of sugar and pour over the beaten eggs. Caramelize the remaining three tablespoonfuls of sugar (cook over low heat in a heavy pan, stirring constantly until syrupy and light brown in color) and pour a little into individual custard cups. Pour in the custard mixture and place cups in a pan of hot water. Bake in a slow oven (325 deg. F.) until the custard is firm. Four to six servings.

Peach Upside-down Cake

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Egg,
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of pastry flour
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of baking powder
- Few grains of salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of boiling water
- $\frac{2}{3}$ Teaspoonful of vanilla
- Few drops of almond extract
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of pastry flour
- Five canned peach halves

Cover the bottom of an eight-inch heavy frying pan with brown sugar and a little butter. Place a maraschino cherry in each half peach and lay on the sugar, cut side down. Or, if desired, use sliced peaches. Beat the egg, add the sugar and beat well. Sift and measure the first $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of flour, then sift again with the baking powder and salt. Combine with the egg mixture. Add the boiling water and mix well. Sift in the remaining $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of flour and stir the mixture thoroughly. Quickly pour over the peaches and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 30 minutes. Turn out on a serving plate upside down. Accompaniment: thin cream or a sauce made with peach syrup flavored with lemon. Five servings.

Savory Tomato Juice

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- $2\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of tomato juice (20-oz. can)
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of celery salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of lemon juice

Combine the seasonings with the tomato juice and chill thoroughly. +

Fruited Spanish Cream

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Tablespoonful of plain, unflavored gelatine
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of cold water
- $1\frac{3}{4}$ Cupfuls of milk, scalded
- 2 Eggs, separated
- $\frac{1}{3}$ Cupful of sugar
- 1 Teaspoonful of vanilla
- $\frac{1}{3}$ Cupful of cubed orange sections
- $\frac{1}{3}$ Cupful of cubed grapefruit sections
- 2 to 3 Tablespoonfuls of chopped maraschino cherries
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of sliced, blanched almonds

Soften the gelatine in the cold water, then add the scalded milk, stirring until the gelatine is dissolved. Beat the egg yolks lightly, combine with the sugar, and add to the scalded milk and cook in a double boiler for about five minutes, stirring constantly until mixture coats a silver spoon. Cool and chill until slightly thickened. Add vanilla to the custard mixture, stir in the fruit and nuts, then fold in the egg whites beaten until stiff but not dry. Turn into molds and chill until firm. Unmold and serve, garnished with sliced almonds and fruit sections. Four to five servings.

Garden Lettuce with Hot Egg Dressing

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 4 to 6 Slices of bacon
- 2 Eggs, beaten
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of milk
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of vinegar
- Salt, pepper

Cut the bacon in cubes and fry until crisp. Pour off most of the fat and remove the bacon. Mix the eggs, milk, vinegar and seasonings and cook in the same pan until thickened. Add the bacon and pour over coarsely chopped garden lettuce. Toss lightly and serve immediately. Three servings.

Eggs in Mustard Sauce

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3 Tablespoonfuls of dripping
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of pepper
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of dry mustard
- 2 Cupfuls of milk
- 8 Hard-cooked eggs

Melt the dripping and blend with the flour and seasonings. Add the milk gradually, stirring constantly until thick and smooth. Slice the eggs into the mustard sauce and serve on split hot muffins, or tea biscuits. If you like, add a little chopped parsley to the muffin or biscuit mixture. Eight servings.

+ Continued on page 95



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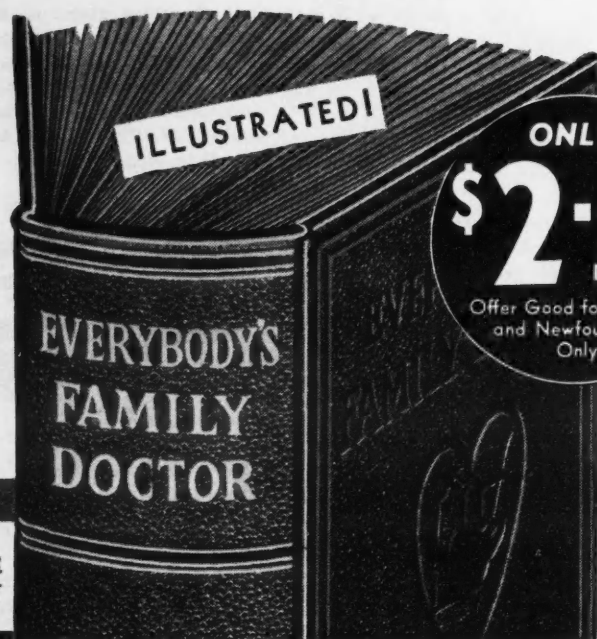
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EFD

Easter Brunch

Continued from page 85

on to the main course, which may take the form of broiled or pan-fried ham, sausages, bacon or small fish. Or eggs prepared according to one of the "specialties of the house." Include, if you wish, a tossed green salad for color and contrast.

Plates of hot buttered toast or baskets of crisp Melba slices go nicely with a brunch menu. Cornmeal or bran muffins, popovers or scones, will call for repeat orders. And, of course, be sure to pass some homemade ruby jelly or your best conserve in that pet English pottery of yours. Griddle cakes can be tossed off in a jiffy, especially if you use a prepared pancake mix. With a jug of new maple syrup you'll put everyone in a mood for spring—and Easter.

There'll be a grand finale of coffee—let there be lots of it! Or hot chocolate—rich and piping.

MENUS

| | |
|----------------------------------|-------------|
| Grapefruit with Maple Syrup | |
| Ham and Asparagus Rolls | |
| Cheese Sauce | |
| Bran Muffins | Melba Toast |
| Marmalade | Jam |
| Coffee | Cocoa |
| Savory Tomato Juice | |
| Broiled Sausages and Bacon Curls | |
| with Orange Circle Garnish | |
| Buckwheat Griddle Cakes | |
| Maple Syrup | |
| Coffee | Cocoa |
| Grape Juice with Lemon | |
| Mushroom Omelet | |
| Tossed Salad Greens | |
| Hot Biscuits | |
| Crackers | Cheese |
| Coffee | Cocoa |

Ham and Asparagus Rolls

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Count on two or three roll-ups for each serving. Have cold cooked ham cut in thin even slices. Roll four or five stalks of cooked asparagus in each piece of ham. Place rolls in a shallow pan and bake in a moderately hot oven (400 deg. F.) for 20 minutes or until thoroughly heated. Serve with plain or pimento cheese sauce.

Cheese Sauce

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1 Cupful of hot milk
- ¼ Teaspoonful of dry mustard
- Salt and pepper
- ½ Cupful of grated cheese or processed pimento cheese

Make a sauce with the butter, flour, milk and seasonings. When thickened and smooth, add the cheese. Stir occasionally until the cheese is melted. Pour over the ham and asparagus rolls.

Mushroom Omelet

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 4 Eggs, separated
- ¼ Cupful of milk
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- Few grains of pepper
- A Tablespoonful of butter for the pan
- 1 Can of condensed mushroom soup

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had better count on doing when summer rolls 'round. Wash the electric light fixtures one day, clean silver and brass another. Go over medicine cabinets—throwing out any old prescriptions not now in use—and clean the kitchen cupboards, washing china and glass as you go.

Menus. Plan your meals for house-cleaning days well in advance and arrange to have dishes that are easily prepared—as much as possible beforehand. Bake a supply of cookies to serve with fruit for dessert. Lean on oven meals—baked potatoes, scalloped tomatoes, meat loaf, for example.

Plan in Detail. Finally plan, in as much detail as possible, the work for each day. Make a resolution with yourself to stop working at a certain hour and stick by it. Lay in a supply of eggs and milk for a morning eggnog pickup and plan working periods with short rests between, so that you operate with maximum speed and efficiency. ♦

Eggs and You

Continued from page 93

Baked Eggs and Sausage

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Pound of sausage
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Cupfuls of milk
- 6 Eggs
- ¼ Cupful of dry crumbs

Cook the sausage, cut in ½-inch pieces, in a frying pan until light brown, stirring frequently to brown evenly. Put two tablespoonfuls of the sausage fat in the top part of a double boiler, add the flour and salt and stir until well blended. Add the milk gradually, stirring constantly until smooth and thick. Add pepper to taste. Add the cooked sausage and pour into a greased shallow casserole. Break the eggs over the top and sprinkle with crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) until eggs are set. Six servings.

Eggs Louisiana

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of condensed tomato soup
- ¾ Cupful of cold water
- 1 Cupful of bread crumbs
- ½ Cupful of cooked peas
- 1 Small onion, minced fine
- 4 Eggs
- ½ Cupful of grated cheese

Mix together the tomato soup, water, bread crumbs, peas and onion. Pour into a well-greased baking dish. Break the eggs carefully on top. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and cover lightly with grated cheese. Bake in a slow oven (300 deg. F.) until the eggs are set. Four servings.

Springtime Luncheon Dish

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of cooked, chopped spinach
- 6 Slices of hot, buttered toast
- 6 Eggs, poached
- 2 Cupfuls of medium white sauce (to which you've added a little pimento)

Place hot spinach on slices of toast, then the poached eggs and cover the whole with seasoned white sauce. Six servings. Fresh asparagus may be used in place of spinach. ♦

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THE man who first thought of a perpetual motion machine must have spent a lot of time observing a woman in her endless war on dirt. From washing dishes three times a day to the annual spring housecleaning, the everlasting fight goes on.

No one has yet found a way to turn housecleaning into play, but it needn't be a nerve-racking chore that upsets the whole family and reduces mother to a mere shadow of her former self. Time spent in planning, on paper if that's a help, is time well spent in the resulting order and efficiency when you finally get down to business.

Painting and Decorating. You'll have a much better chance of getting someone to do the work for you if you make your arrangements well ahead. Decide which rooms you want redecorated and plan your housecleaning schedule to fit in with the painter's timetable. (Let's hope he doesn't break that date!)

While you are casting a critical eye over your house, take an inventory of ornaments, books and oddments. Be ruthless in disposing of the bits of "junk" that will accumulate in any house.

Draperies, Curtains, Slipcovers. Contact your dry cleaner to find out how long he'll need to clean draperies, curtains, slipcovers, etc. Then send them out in plenty of time so they'll come back looking like new to take their proper place in a freshly cleaned room.

Closets and Drawers. Clean closets and drawers. Now is a good time to plan this summer's wardrobe and plot a little for next fall. Send dresses, blouses, suits and other articles that are worth making over but that you've grown out of, or tired of, to the centres of distribution for aid to Europe.

Equipment. Check your housecleaning equipment. See that it is in good order and that you have an adequate supply of soap, wax, furniture polish, steel wool, moth repellents and all your favorite cleansers on hand. Test the attachments for your vacuum cleaner and the machine itself. Be sure the bag is empty and clean before starting to work. Make a duster bag for your wall broom—bags for the dust mop are a good idea too. It's easier to wash a duster than the mop itself.

A handy gadget for cleaning, at any time, is a tray or basket for carrying soap, dusters, wax and polishes from room to room. No need then for running downstairs for something that has been forgotten or "losing" a duster while you're brushing cobwebs off the walls.

Odd Jobs. Do any odd jobs you can before starting the housecleaning proper. Go over the fruit cupboard before tackling the cellar, making mental notes of how much fruit, jam and pickles the family has eaten and how much canning you + Continued on next page

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"Larry doesn't sleep well"



JANET POWER
Practicing psychologist and mother of three of the kind of children you'd like to know

"OUR little boy is just over two years old, and he's the apple of our eye. But he has one annoying habit which we can't seem to correct," puzzles Eva R. "At night he goes to sleep without a murmur — BUT, just as we're ready to go to bed, Larry awakens, fusses, wants to play games! I've tried cutting out his afternoon nap, but that doesn't make any difference."

Assuming your little boy is in good health, mother, I don't think you need be highly concerned about his losing sleep—he'll make it up during the day. But Larry's habit is irregular and disturbing! Here are some pointers:

To begin with, a child should have a room of his own whenever it's possible—where he can be completely quiet and where no ordinary noise will waken him. Then, make sure Larry gets ENOUGH EXERCISE during the day to tire him. Give him a kiddie car, a light wagon, pail and shovel and other toys with which he can play actively. Put him outside to play, either alone or with other children, for several hours each day. He may not like this at first, but he'll get over it!

Put him to bed right after lunch for his afternoon nap—and never let him sleep beyond 3 o'clock. At night, don't play exciting games with him just before bedtime. A warm bath followed by a short story is a good prelude to sleep. REGULAR SLEEPING HABITS are most important for a little child. And your patient teaching will help him get a tranquil, well-adjusted start in life!

Happy Breakfasts

In many homes, the call to breakfast is the signal for the youngsters to set up a howl about their food, to object to the family cereal. This doesn't need to be the case if you serve a cereal that's appetizing and amusing—KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES! Children love to listen to the merry Snap-Crackle-Pop Rice Krispies make when you pour milk on them. Then when they taste the little golden bubbles, they're so pleased, you'll soon find they're back for more! "Rice Krispies" is a registered trade mark of the Kellogg Company of Canada Limited for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

Janet Power

THE MOTHERS' FORUM

Kellogg's want to share with others the solutions you mothers have found for your own children's problems. Have you an interesting story? If so—write to Mother's Forum, Box CH-14, London, Ontario. Kellogg's will pay \$5.00 for each letter used in this column.

"My boys wouldn't come home" writes Mrs. J. T. Wilson

... "My two older children used to stay out for hours after school, coasting. They came home long after supper. I talked and pleaded with them, finally tried spanking, but it was no use. Then one evening when they were very late, I told them to go right back out until 10:30! They didn't like it but I made them stay until that time. Then I gave them cereal and milk and put them right to bed. The trouble ended right there!"

removed at the same operation. All of the adenoids cannot be taken out by the surgeon, but enough can be removed to clear up the trouble.

The surgeon who is performing the operation will give you directions about preparing your child for it. Do not show by your remarks or actions that you are worried about the operation, as that may frighten your youngster. It is wise to tell your child that the doctor will put him to sleep and that although his throat will hurt when he wakes up, it will soon get better again. Your surgeon will tell you what food or other treatment he wants the child to have after the operation.

BABIES ARE not infrequently born with hernias, although they may not be noticeable at first. There are several different types but the commonest in babies occurs at the umbilicus or navel. An umbilical hernia is also the easiest to remedy. A physician usually does this by applying a wide band of adhesive in a special way. He tells the mother when he should see the child again in order to replace the adhesive and the care that should be taken in the meantime. Once in a while, however, this simple treatment is not sufficient and an operation is ultimately necessary. Unless some complication arises, this is usually postponed until the child is about three years old.

All hernias occur in spots where the abdominal wall is weak. If you notice any unusual lumps in your baby's or child's groin (where the legs join the trunk), in the scrotal region, or elsewhere in the abdomen, you should take him to your physician. Hernias are all potentially dangerous, as a loop of the bowel may become caught in them, with very serious results.

As for treatment—under normal conditions trusses are used at first in small children. The truss should be fitted by a physician, who will instruct you in its use. As the child grows, it is necessary to replace the truss by a larger one. Except in a very small percentage of quite young babies, trusses do not cure the condition. Operation is, therefore, the only cure, but if all goes well, as it usually does, it is delayed until the child is about three years old. Generally, these operations are performed in the late spring or in the summer when there is little danger of the child developing a respiratory infection (cold, pneumonia, etc.) following it. The results are almost invariably good. Usually it is necessary for the child to stay in hospital for 10 to 14 days.

THE APPENDIX is a small fingerlike sac attached to the first part of the large intestine. In man it seems to serve no useful purpose. In the herbivorous animals, such as the cow, it is very large and plays an active role in digestion. Unfortunately in human beings it not infrequently becomes infected with germs and an acute inflammation of the appendix, or appendicitis, is the result.

The symptoms of appendicitis in children are quite variable. Pain in the abdomen is the commonest one, but it need not be severe and it often is not in lower right-hand part of the abdomen, where you commonly expect it. Usually the child vomits, but this does not relieve the pain. Generally he does not have much fever. Because of the variability of the symptoms you should call your physician promptly if you

Continued on page 99

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BABY: Shame, Mom—saying you'd leave a nice baby like me on the doorstep, I should leave you!

MOM: But, lamb—you were driving me wild with your fussing . . .

BABY: That's why you and I are swapping places for a while, Mom. Wait'll you see how miserable a baby's skin gets, from woolies, and wriggling around, and stuff. Sure I fuss—but do you do anything about it?

MOM: Well, I do give you nice baths . . .

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Child Health Clinic



Common Operations

by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

EVERY mother dreads the thought of an operation on her child, but as a matter of fact, trouble rarely occurs in the course of such common operations as the removal of tonsils and adenoids, the repair of hernias or ruptures or the removal of the appendix. This is because our surgeons are so well trained and our operating room staffs so careful and efficient. In addition the care and effort that you have put into keeping your child in good health help him greatly when surgical intervention is necessary.

Tonsillectomy and adenoidectomy are by long odds the commonest operations, and you probably wonder why the tonsils and adenoids so often cause trouble. As you know, the common cold—all too common—is the most frequent cause of illness in our youngsters. A very small germ called a virus is the primary cause of a cold, but if it is at all severe, it is usually because larger and more venomous germs, such as streptococci and pneumococci, are at work too.

Both the tonsils and the adenoids are composed of lymphoid tissue, and their main function is to catch germs in rather a sievelike manner. When your youngster develops a sore throat, the germs very soon are caught in his tonsils. The poisons produced by these germs cause the tonsil to become swollen, red and tender. If all goes well, the tonsils promptly kill off these germs. However, frequently the tonsils do not succeed in this effort—instead the germs establish themselves there and the result is a chronic infection of the tonsils. This does not, of course, mean a persistent sore throat. When the tonsils become chronically infected they are no longer a help—in fact they are a real hindrance. The poisons produced by the germs in the tonsils may prevent the child from gaining weight at the normal rate, and may make him listless and pale. Every now and then the germs may spread out from the tonsil into the throat, and the

result is another sore throat. In some youngsters the germs from infected tonsils spread down into the lymph glands of the neck and these become enlarged, tender and even occasionally abscessed.

Tonsils can be large, without being diseased, but a skilful physician can tell by examining the tonsils and the tissues around them whether they are causing trouble. Take your physician's advice about having the tonsils removed. If he believes that the tonsils are seriously menacing the child's health, he will recommend that they be removed as soon as possible. This can be done at any time, provided the child is not suffering from a cold. If there is less urgency, the operation may be postponed until the spring or early summer, when there are fewer colds around.

Usually it is several months after the operation before the child's general health and vigor show signs of real improvement. Do not expect results too soon. This operation will not prevent your child from catching colds, but his throat and his neck glands will not be so severely affected. Also when his tonsils are out, there will be less chance of his coming down with such dangerous diseases as rheumatic fever or kidney infection following a sore throat.

THE ADENOIDS are similar in nature to the tonsils, but they are situated on the back of the throat behind the nose. If they are enlarged due to chronic inflammation they may block the passage between the nose and the throat and the child is forced to breathe through his mouth. This usually leads to disturbed sleep and may even alter the expression and shape of his face. In addition, such adenoids may injure the child's general health. Sometimes diseased swollen adenoids are responsible for a chronic discharge from the nose or they may cause some degree of deafness. In most cases both the adenoids and tonsils are

Common Operations

Continued from page 97

child develops pain in the abdomen which lasts a few hours or which is severe. Your doctor can then examine him for other signs which will or will not confirm his suspicions. It is often not easy even for him to decide whether the child is suffering from acute appendicitis. If the trouble seems to be appendicitis, an operation is performed, as cases that are operated on early do very well indeed.

If the condition is not remedied early, the appendix may rupture and then the child is much more seriously ill. Another practice that frequently leads to rupturing of an inflamed appendix is that of giving the child a laxative when he is suffering from appendicitis. If your child complains of pain in his "stomach" or abdomen, don't give him opening medicine, physic or laxatives. These drugs make the intestines, including the appendix, contract vigorously and this may cause the thin diseased wall of the appendix to break. This, of course, will hinder your child's recovery and will present the surgeon with a much more difficult problem.

Your Question Box

Question—My daughter, now 14, has had twitching face muscles for about four years. At first this appeared in her eyelids and after a period of weeks disappeared. Later it reappeared in her nose, again her mouth and throat. Sometimes it disappeared entirely for months. Last year it became worse and our physician recommended rest. She stayed out of school and rested nearly a year, with little improvement. This year it has again disappeared almost entirely for three short periods, only to recur. She has again started to school and lives normally without any further apparent attention being paid to the trouble.

She is a large heavy girl and has a happy disposition. What do you advise? She doesn't worry over school-work and I am careful that she does not become overtired at anything. I am sure she does not practice the habit to

force attention to herself. Will it always remain with her or will it likely disappear in time?—Mrs. A. M., Nova Scotia.

Answer—Although it is difficult to be sure without examining the patient, it sounds as if your daughter was suffering from what is known as "tics" or habit spasms. That doesn't mean of course that the child can voluntarily cure herself of this habit, that she is even aware she is jerking her muscles, or that talking about it will have any effect on it. In fact the best plan is for all the family to ignore the movements entirely.

Such children usually improve if they have plenty of outdoor exercise and if they are allowed to entertain themselves when they are out of school in a way that they really enjoy. They should have the usual amount of sleep but they don't need more rest than normal children. In fact, lying around doing nothing is bad for them. They, of course, should not be allowed to become grossly overtired. It usually occurs in children who for some reason or other are having a difficult time fitting into the home schedule, or who are under some other strain.

Editor's Note: The Canadian Council for Crippled Children tells us that as a result of Dr. Robertson's recent article they have received many letters from parents requesting expert advice on the home care of their spastic children. If the families live in Ontario, they are being visited by nurses from the Ontario Society for Crippled Children, wherever possible. Otherwise the letters are being referred to local public health nurses or the families are being contacted by mail. Letters from Quebec are being sent on to the Province of Quebec Society for Crippled Children. Those from the other provinces are being referred to the Canadian Junior Red Cross who have agreed to follow them up through their Provincial Branches. Until the much-needed training schools are established, this seems to be all that can be done. +

Women of Mexico

Continued from page 74

drive for better conditions for children and working women.

The groups which she leads are supporting Aleman for president, she explained, because although the opposing candidate has promised to give the vote, without qualifications, they think Aleman will be elected. So they will take his promise, of the vote for women in municipal elections, on the theory that it is better to be sure than to gamble. She thinks they can push on from there. For the first time in Mexican politics, the Presidential candidates competing for the elections next July have actually appealed for women's aid—and the rest must follow.

So Mexican women are not so very different from Canadian. They look with some envy to the northern neighbors, but they feel that all alike are concerned with the same task, making a better world for children who will come after them. They would welcome more news of Canadian women's work; they will be glad to share the triumphs when they come with the women of other countries who have succeeded before them. +

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Training Your Child

by **Dr. William E. Blatz**

Director, Institute of Child Study, University of Toronto.

The Evolution of a Parent

Part II. The First Year

DURING THE first year of the child's life the parents, and especially the mother, should provide a psychological "anchor to the windward." The mother, of course, has been acting this role while carrying her child.

During the first six or eight weeks the child is occupied largely with the processes of growth and little should be done to interfere with this important occupation. To be sure, the child is receiving through his senses impressions that are new and strange. How much these affect him is a matter of conjecture. It is unlikely that these new impressions are either clear cut or emphatic, but it is almost certain that they are profoundly different from the child's experience in the womb.

Very soon the child will show the kind of behavior that we will call curiosity. This is not a simple pattern and may be described briefly as follows. Any new sensation or experience tends to arouse fear from which the child recoils. On the other hand, any new experience is potentially fascinating and will tend to call forth in the child a seeking response. Thus there is a conflict between the tendency to recoil and the tendency to accept or approach. This double action is the core of curiosity. The tendency toward curiosity endures all through life and each child establishes a fairly stable method of solving the conflict involved. If the emphasis is toward withdrawal on account of fear, the child behaves timidly; if toward approach, the child's behavior tends toward foolhardiness.

DURING THE first year of life the role of the parent is to safeguard the child against undue withdrawal. The most effective way in which the mother can accomplish this task is by holding the child. The child will feel secure in its mother's arms and after the first four or six weeks, in addition to the handling of the child during dressing and feeding, there should be short periods during the day in which the mother holds the child in her arms, preferably at times when he is awake. It is important that the child be held firmly so that he feels the security of this position, but not so that he cannot move his arms and legs. It is during these periods that the parents usually manifest by their caresses the affection which they feel toward their children. It is fortunate that it is the exception rather than the rule for parents to have to be urged to show such affection. It must be remembered, however, that this show of affection is almost entirely one-sided and that it is the parents who are deriving satisfaction.

A little later when the child begins to

sit up, half supported by the mother's arms, and later still, without support, there is a tendency to handle him more roughly. Most children can survive more or less vigorous, playful handling, but it seems to me that adults on the whole are peculiarly insensitive to the fact that children are individuals whose integrity we should respect. How frequently does one see an adult poke a child in the stomach with, to be sure, an amiable grin or grimace, ruffle his hair, tweak his cheek, or throw him up in the air like a rubber ball. I am quite sure that children resent these familiarities, especially from strangers, even though they may be relations, equally as strongly as adults do. To bounce a child on one's knee, provided he is firmly held, is a respectable practice, but throwing a child into the air so that he feels momentarily the loss of support may cause a fear reaction at this early age, the results of which cannot be estimated. The fact that the child laughs is not necessarily an indication of enjoyment.

FROM ABOUT five months of age a daily tour of the house or garden is an excellent practice, but should be considered by the adult as a travelogue rather than a means of pacifying a restless child. Otherwise the child may get used to being carried around and find little satisfaction in exploring by means of his own efforts. It should be remembered that children, like adults, enjoy being alone. When the child is not being cared for or fondled and caressed, he should be allowed to remain undisturbed in his play pen or carriage, preferably in an adjoining room where he is aware that although you are not close beside him you are within call.

During the first months a child will rest peacefully in anyone's arms. There is little preference for any particular person. But very soon the person who looks after him most frequently becomes the most favored person because of familiarity. In most families this favored person is the mother. By about seven or eight months the child may act "strange," as the saying is. When a friend picks him up he may cry. When a stranger comes close he may turn his head away and bury it in his mother's breast. This is not necessarily a symptom of antisocial behavior, but a pattern that lasts throughout life. No matter how venturesome we become there are persons and things to which we return as to a haven. The child should not be urged to be "polite" on these occasions. The fascination of the new will operate and in a few moments he may hold up his arms to the newcomer. Oftentimes the father may feel a little piqued at the seeming preference of the child for the mother, and he must patiently bide his time.

The first year is not a period for excitement, but a period during which the child slowly and serenely explores his universe, advances and retreats and builds up, if he is fortunate and his parents have been wise, a background of trust and confidence in them which need never be effaced. ♦

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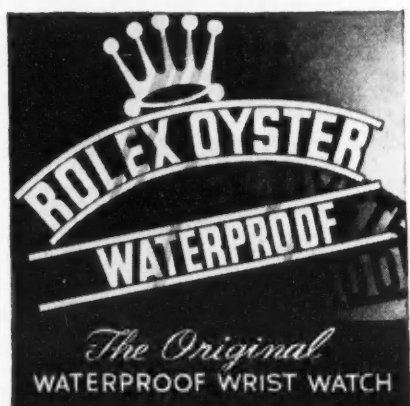
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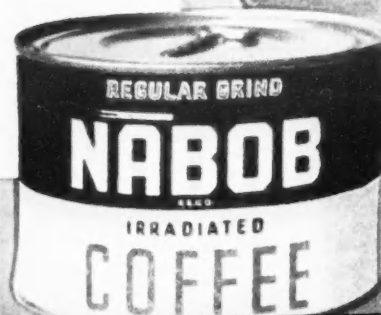


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A Woman and a Hat

ABOUT THAT hat on your cover," said the guy in the next office, "where do you figger a girl would wear it? Not, I hope, in the row ahead of me at the movies, or pushing a tray in the cafeteria, or squeezed into the next seat on the streetcar, or—well, you know what I mean."

Friend, you've got something there; in fact, you've got hold of one little facet of a problem that is cutting into the whole life and consciousness of civilized, modernized womankind. That hat, which is a rapturous throwback to Edwardian days, could hardly even be contemplated, as an idea or a visual fact, in an atmosphere of 35-cent salad plates or the salted peanut fans of the neighborhood cinema or the five o'clock press of the streetcars. That hat—and its prototype—was made for better things: for an hour of delicate fluttering with calling cards ("At home every first Thursday"); for expert coquetry under a flounced parasol at a race meet or a wedding; in short, for a lady, beautiful, witty, confident, and with little else to do except polish her femininity to a lovelier lustre and display it against an untroubled horizon.

But, you say, this is 1946 and no woman has time to leave cards or stand around flirting under a parasol; so what's she want with a hat like that? Ah, my friend, you are now approaching the real dilemma of modern woman. She wants a hat like that—she aches to own one and probably will—because she yearns for the elegance it represents, for the subtle feminine power which it expresses and must inevitably add to a beautiful face underneath. And the terrible embarrassment is that there is practically no place left to wear it. All the background scenery against which the ladylike tradition flourished has been shifted, changed, remodelled; instead of the cloudless sky there are harsh headlines and factories and offices and grocerias and balky carburetors; and when you look closely at the whole pageant you see that the woman of today is inextricably merged with the backdrop itself.

Years ago she had to set aside that hat to enter the struggle for equality as a person and a citizen. It was necessary to prove that she was part of the human race, with abilities to contribute and a capacity to learn the ways of the working world. Also, she needed the money—and still does. Never doubt that fact for a moment. Whether she is a factory hand of 18 or a busy mother at home or a brilliant career woman, she needs her fair share of income fairly earned, because it is she who seeks to raise the standard of living for herself and those for whom she is responsible; she is the one who knows, by intuition or bitter experience, the fear of insecurity and the misery of dependence. To hold on to what she has thus far got, and to seek something better for the future, she has had to plunge into the competitive maelstrom and master, however clumsily, some of the aggressiveness which modern life, anywhere, demands.

Mind you, she is not unhappy. She is a pretty cheerful person whether you happen to meet her at the back door of a farmhouse or plugging in the cords of a switchboard. She has work to do, wherever she is; and toward realization of the private goal she has set herself her mental resources can be fully engaged. But sometimes, particularly in spring, she is disturbed, deep down, by that old race memory of being a petted woman; a gay, carefree beautiful creature, made to be competed FOR, not with; a lady in rustling taffetas, to whom one man at least would give an utter devotion far beyond the dull expectations of that word "equality."

That, my friend, is the moment of danger. She will undoubtedly fall for "that hat."

Mary-Elle Macpherson



Vol. 18, No. 4.

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